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BRANT HOUSE is a versatile editor-anthologist whose range of interest is wide and deep. His previous anthologies include *Lincoln's Wit*; *Crimes That Shocked America* and *Great Trials of Famous Lawyers*. All are available in Ace Book editions.

strange powers of unusual people

Edited by

BRANT HOUSE

ACE BOOKS, INC.

1120 Avenue of the Americas

New York 36, N.Y.

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An ACE STAR BOOK Original

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

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Introduction

WE LIVE IN an age that looks to science for the answers to the questions raised by appearances of sudden, inexplicable phenomena in the natural world, and strangely gifted individuals possessed of extraordinary powers. Science is supposed to be our unfailing authority, our infallible instructor in all that is mysterious and impossible to understand.

But is it? Does science truly have "an answer for everything"?

The answer is a large, resounding NO!

Science has always been perplexed about curious people and events since the end of the Dark Ages and the beginning of free scientific investigation. With the passing of the centuries it has solved many of the puzzles. But even now in this Nuclear Age, there is much that it does not know, cannot fathom and refuses to consider.

Charles Fort, himself a phenomena of sorts, in the 1920's began collecting thousands upon thousands of data that science could not, would not explain. His books—*The Book Of The Damned*; *Lo!*; *Wild Talents* and *New Lands*—form a quartet of astounding people and events that defy present-day scientific understanding.

Fort's successors, mainly Frank Edwards and Rupert Furneaux, have added to his the lore of the unknowable and the unanswerable, and popularized many of Fort's original findings.

The compilation of data still goes on. As does the myriad of theories, theories, theories about why and how these irregularities occurred in the first place.

Ace Star Books' "Strange Facts" series' enormous success has shown that hundreds of thousands of people are still fascinated by these freakish incidences in the world around us.

Books like *The Book of the Damned* by Charles Fort; *Stranger than Science* and *Strangest of All* by Frank Edwards; *Impossible—Yet it Happened!* and *Stranger than Life* by R. DeWitt Miller; *The Strangest Things in the World* by T. R. Henry and *The World's Strangest Mysteries* by Rupert Furneaux receive a wide reader response both in direct cash sales and in letters to the editor and the authors of the several books.

STRANGE POWERS OF UNUSUAL PEOPLE is the latest volume in this "Strange Facts" series. It represents the most intriguing, mystifying people and their powers gathered from many, many sources. The book covers strange people in many lands and throughout many eras in history, for the range of remarkable people with remarkable powers is as broad as man's time on earth and as varied as is the individuality of man himself.

The front and back covers of this book can only hint at the wonders within, the imagination-staggering marvels that confound laymen and expert alike. Your appetite now suitably provoked, there is only one greater pleasure left for you. . . .

Turn the page, open the farthest corners of your mind, free your imagination, and visit a dizzying world crowded with **STRANGE POWERS OF UNUSUAL PEOPLE**.

—BRANT HOUSE

Certainly levitation—the raising of the body into the air without support—is one of the rarest of all strange powers. The most amazing recorded case of a person having this extraordinary ability is that of the feats of Friar Joseph of Copertino (1603-1663), who was canonized by the Church in 1767. The aerial flights of this religious mystic and ecstatic were witnessed by unimpeachable authorities on more than one occasion.

In the following article, Dr. Eric J. Dingwall, one of the greatest psychical researchers of our time, reviews the remarkable feats of St. Joseph of Copertino in the light of all available knowledge of the miracles and with a penetrating insight into psychology and the workings of mass delusion and religious faith.

The monk who could fly at will

IN APULIA, the district in the extreme south-east, or heel of Italy, lies the province of Lecce, and some nine miles south-east of the city of the same name is to be found the little town of Copertino. Founded in medieval times it has had a long and chequered history; and if one visits it to-day, and asks the way to the Via Vittoria, one will soon arrive at the Church of S. Guiseppe da Copertino, built during the years 1754-8 in honour of one Guiseppe (or Joseph in English) Desa, who was born here in 1603, and who was destined to be one of the most remarkable men ever canonized by the Roman Catholic Church.

His father, Felix Desa, was a carpenter, but, owing to financial difficulties and the importunities of creditors, he and his wife, Frances Panara, had to seek refuge away from home, and report has it that Joseph was born in a stable to which his mother had resorted when her time came.

The child was brought up under a system of pious but rigid maternal discipline; and he soon showed decided lean-

ings towards the religious life, going so far as to make up a small altar in a corner of the house (as did St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds a century later), which he used both by day and by night for prayers and for recitations of the rosary and litany. At the age of eight it was reported that he had his first ecstasy; and his behaviour at school, where occasionally he used to sit agape and motionless and with his eyes raised to heaven, earned him the nickname of "Open Mouth." His unhealthy way of living, poor food, and self-inflicted miseries were soon to have their effect, for he was afflicted by an internal abscess or sore of some kind which began to spread, and which compelled him to remain in bed as he could no longer walk. His mother became very worried about his condition, and sought out a hermit who had the reputation of a healer in cases such as those of Joseph, and who succeeded in effecting a miraculous cure.

From the records of the time we know how Joseph ate and what were the torments he inflicted upon himself. His fasting not only deprived him of meat, but he was accustomed to cover the few vegetables and herbs he ate with a bitter powder, and he often went without food altogether for two or three days at a time. Next to his skin he wore a rough hair-shirt, and the chroniclers seem to agree that this garment was of an exceptionally prickly nature.

At the age of seventeen he became determined to devote his life to religion; and thus he offered himself to the Friars Minor of the Conventuals, in which Order two of his uncles, Fr. Francheschino, his father's brother, and Fr. Giovanni Donato, his mother's brother, were religious. His two relations, however, resisted his application, as they thought that his ignorance and lack of education would hardly fit him for a priestly vocation.

Nothing daunted, however, and perhaps recognizing the justice behind the rebuff he had received, Joseph decided on a new idea, and forthwith presented himself to Fr. Antonio Francavilla of the Capuchins, hoping to be taken on as a lay-brother. To his great joy he was accepted, and taking the name of Stephen he was admitted to the Capuchin Order in August 1620. At first he was destined to work in the refectory, but the result of his frequent fits of absence of mind and ecstatic states on the crockery was disastrous, and Joseph added to the irritation caused by his breakages by wearing the pieces round his neck. From the refectory he was put to work in the kitchen, carrying firewood and doing odd jobs for

the staff working there. But his mental condition made his employment impossible, and after eight months had elapsed he was deprived of his habit and was dismissed.

On leaving the monastery Joseph went on to Vetrara to see another of his uncles who worked in the locality. On his journey he met numerous perils such as attacks by fierce dogs and an encounter with a devil. Having arrived at his destination he sought out his uncle who received him ill-humouredly, but with patience, telling him that he was a useless vagabond, and after a short time taking him back to Copertino, where his mother received him to the tune of what one of his biographers calls the most pungent invective.

After a time, however, it was arranged, partly through the good offices of Fr. Donato, that Joseph should be received as a tertiary into the Order of Conventuals at Grottella (Grottaglie), a mile or so to the east of Copertino, where he was put to work in the stable looking after the mule. Evidently remembering what had happened to him before, Joseph did not fail this time in his work, although he still went barefoot wearing his hair-shirt, and in addition, a narrow iron chain tightly fastened about his loins. Moreover, he still carried out his prolonged fasting, and slept upon three boards upon which had been thrown a bear-skin and a rough sack stuffed with straw to serve as a pillow.

Finally, his superiors thought that the time had come for a change; and to Joseph's great joy he was received into the Order of St. Francis as a cleric on 19th June 1625, at a Provincial Chapter at Altamura. He was clothed in the religious habit, took the name of Fr. Joseph Maria, and began his novitiate at the monastery at Grottella two years later (30th January 1627). He received minor orders without previous examination, passing on to a subdeaconship on 27th February, and a deaconship on 20th March. There still remained the priesthood to attain; and the examination of this was entrusted to Battista Deti, Bishop of Castro, a stern examiner when it was a question of admitting deacons to the priesthood. The first few students who were questioned did so well that the good Bishop thought that all were equally good, so did not continue the examination, admitting the rest without questioning, among whom was our Joseph, who thus became a priest on 28th March 1628.

On Joseph's return to Grottella he at once began the life of an extreme ascetic. He continued his fasting and consumption of herbs which, again like St. Mary Frances, he covered

with his special powder, thus making them so unpalatable and unpleasant that one of the monks, who put a portion on the end of his tongue, felt so ill that for three days he could not touch food without nausea. Joseph called himself "The Ass"; and when he was ordered by the Superior to have his beard attended to, he said: "We are going to wash and clean up this Ass." Day by day he continued his scourgings, inflicted both by himself and others; and indeed the whip was now more painful than ever, being furnished with pins and star-shaped metal pieces which caused the blood to spurt out and stain the walls of his cell. In addition to his hair-shirt and iron chain he now wore a large iron plate which bit into his flesh. Indeed, as we shall note later, his Superior had to prohibit the use of some of these contraptions; and moreover, Joseph's ecstasies disturbed the services to such an extent that he was not allowed to join with the others in the choir or even to eat with them in the refectory.

News of these regulations was not likely to be kept secret, and stories of miracles and legends began to cluster around Joseph's name, and at length the attention of the authorities was attracted and action was taken. He was ordered to leave Copertino and to proceed to Naples to be examined by the Holy Office. Whilst there he stayed at the monastery of S. Laurentio, and was thrice brought before the Inquisition; but the charges against him were dismissed and he was allowed to say Mass in their own church of St. Gregory of Armenia. Here a remarkable incident was said to have occurred. After having said Mass in the secret chapel, he went into a corner of the church to pray. Suddenly he rose up into the air, and with a cry flew in the upright position to the altar with his hands outstretched as on a cross, and alighted upon it in the middle of the flowers and candles which were burning in profusion. The nuns of St. Ligorio, who were observing each one of his acts and movements, and saw him first in the air and later among the burning candles, cried out loudly: "He will catch fire! He will catch fire!" But Fr. Lodovico, his companion, who was present and who made a statement in the Process, and who was accustomed to such sights, told the nuns not to lack faith as he would not burn himself. Then, with another cry, Joseph flew back into the church in a kneeling position and, alighting upon his knees, began to whirl round upon them, dancing and singing, being filled as he was with joy and exultation and exclaiming: "Oh! most Blessed Virgin, most Blessed Virgin!"

Had Joseph's power of levitation not been supported by evidence from high places it might have done Joseph more harm than good. But when he was in Rome another notable event occurred. The Father-General of his Order arranged for him to kiss the feet of the Pope, Urban VIII. On finding himself in the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, Joseph was seized by ecstatic rapture and rose into the air, remaining suspended until recalled to his senses by the Father-General. The Pope was so much impressed by this surprising event that he is said to have declared that, should Joseph die during his pontificate, then he himself would testify to the truth of what he had seen.

From Rome Joseph was sent to Assisi where he arrived in April 1639. Trouble awaited him there. The Custos, Fr. Antonio di S. Mauro, evidently had his suspicions regarding the genuineness of Joseph's ecstasies and raptures, for he regarded him at first with haughtiness, then with contempt, and finally with threats as if he were an untrained novice. Nevertheless, Joseph remained humble and obedient; and the more he found himself humiliated the more did he show his respect, attributing the offensive behaviour of his Superior to his own insufficiency, and converting to his own spiritual uses that bitterness which was his lot. Indeed, to be called a hypocrite and to be subject to penances, not only alone but sometimes in the presence of others, could not have been at all pleasant to Joseph, who began seriously to doubt his own worthiness. Moreover, he began to be assailed by every kind of hideous and unchaste dream, and he saw visions which were clearly hallucinatory in character. In this way, says one of his biographers, poor Joseph was reduced "from the high level of his own meditations to the low level of persecution, melancholy, sterility and temptation."

This deplorable state into which Joseph had fallen lasted for about two years and, according to the relevant documents, the Superior-General of the Order heard what was going on and sent for Joseph to join him in Rome, whence, after a short stay, the ascetic returned to Assisi and was enthusiastically received by the inhabitants. When he entered the basilica of the monastery and saw the crowds and notables who were gathered together, he raised his eyes to Heaven and saw the picture of the Virgin Mary painted on the ceiling surmounting the carved wooden group on the altar depicting the Immaculate Conception. Uttering a cry, Joseph rose into the air and flew eighteen paces (*diciotto passi*=about

15 yards) in order to embrace it, crying out: "Oh! My Mother! Thou has followed me!" This phenomenon excited great interest and fear, for apparently the story had already been circulated that, when Joseph had been told that he had been formally received into the Family of the Conventuals of the Sacred Convent, thus becoming a compatriot of St. Francis, he passed into the ecstatic condition, and having taken leave of his senses floated up as far as the ceiling of his cell.

During the years he spent in Copertino and in the monastery at Assisi the number of his flights and other miraculous doings are too numerous to describe. Indeed, there was almost a constant succession of raptures during which surprising cases of levitation were observed. For example, when at Copertino, he often used to become insensible for considerable periods of time when he listened to music being played in the church. On one occasion some shepherds, who used to tend their sheep near Grottella, were approached by Joseph with the proposal that on Christmas Eve they should play joyfully upon their pipes. They accepted, and all went into the church, which soon resounded with the music from pipe and reed. Fr. Joseph was so full of joy that he began to dance in the middle of the nave to the sound of the pipes, and then, giving a deep sigh and loud cry, he flew like an angel through the air from the middle of the church where he had been dancing on to the High Altar on which was the tabernacle which he embraced, and which was about twenty yards¹ distant from the spot from which he rose.

The shepherd who tells the story thought that what was especially wonderful was that the altar had many burning candles upon it, and that Joseph alighting thereon did not knock anything over, but remained kneeling for about a quarter of an hour, and then got down and blessed the shepherds, who thought that they had been present at a miracle. Indeed, one of Joseph's biographers says they were astounded beyond measure as, on another occasion, were some other monks and inhabitants of Copertino, when the Blessed Joseph had to assist at a procession which was held

¹ D. Bernino, *Vita del P. Fra Giuseppe de Copertino* (Venezia, 1753, p. 25), says *più de cinque canne*. Pastrovicchius (A.S., Sept., V, 1021A) says *plus quam quinque perticis*. Bernino (or Bernini) was the eldest son of the famous Italian artist, Gian Lorenzo Bernini, who died in 1680.

in the Church of St. Francis and in honour of that Saint. As the procession was just beginning, Joseph sank into a state of meditation and, forgetting the holy vestment which he was wearing and the sacred function at which he was officiating, and moreover, having already come out of the sacristy, he was overtaken by a brief ecstasy, followed quickly by rapture, during which he flew up to the pulpit, on which he knelt, and which was nearly four feet from the ground.¹

Following this account another incident is recorded which was said to have taken place on the night following a Thursday in Holy Week. He was in church along with other religious, and they were all praying in front of the altar on which the sepulchre or Altar of Repose had been placed and which had been decorated with ornamental clouds and lamps making a majestic and unified picture. Suddenly Joseph flew up on the altar to embrace the tabernacle without paying any attention to the clouds, lamps, ornaments and other obstacles, which he passed through as if he were making his way through a narrow lane or between stakes. There he remained upon his knees until the Superior recalled him to his place, to which he obediently returned without having done any damage to himself or to the altar with its decorations. In thus describing this incident Bernino (*op. cit.*, p. 154) goes so far as to say that in the Mass, which he then celebrated, he was suspended in the air longer than with his feet on the ground, although very often he stood on the points of his big toes in a most unnatural position. On another occasion when entering the church from the sacristy he heard the congregation repeating the words "Holy Mary, pray for us," and suddenly, uttering a cry, he sprang up and flew right over the heads of the congregation to alight upon the altar.

This story of Joseph's flight, and the fact that he was able to alight on an altar crowded with objects without disturbing any of them, is paralleled by another report of a flight where the same phenomenon was observed. It appears that one day Joseph went to see a sick man in whose room there was a sacred picture which attracted his attention. Under the picture was a small table on which had been placed a number of bottles containing various medicines, among which was also a phial containing some kind of balsam. At the sight

¹ Bernino, *op. cit.*, p. 151, has *quindici palmi*. Pastrovichius has *quindecim palmis* (A.S., 1021B).

of the picture Joseph immediately flew up in the air and landed on the table in the kneeling position, remained a few moments, and then flew back to the place from which he had risen without overturning or breaking anything.

The flights and levitations of Joseph did not always occur inside buildings, but sometimes out of doors. For instance, it is recorded that one day a priest, Antonio Chiarello, who was walking with him in the kitchen-garden, remarked how beautiful was the heaven which God had made. Thereupon Joseph, as if these words were an invitation to him from above, uttered a shriek, sprang from the ground and flew into the air, only coming to rest on the top of an olive tree where he remained in a kneeling position for half an hour. It was noticed with wonder at the time that the branch on which he rested only shook slightly as if a bird had been sitting upon it. It appears that in this case Joseph came to his senses whilst still on the tree, as the Rev. Antonio had to go to fetch a ladder to get him down. This seems all the more remarkable as the fact that his weight did not bend down the branch on which he rested whilst in trance might have been ascribed to the force responsible for his levitation, which presumably would no longer be active after Joseph had recovered his senses. Why, then, did not the branch break, or did the holy man crawl to a safer one before being rescued? The Process does not tell us, neither do his biographers, as far as I have been able to consult them.

On another occasion it is said that Joseph wanted three crosses erected on a little hill lying between Copertino and the Convent of Grotella. One of the crosses was of walnut, tall and very heavy, and ten workmen were engaged in dealing with it. All of them struggled vainly to place it in its proposed position, and Joseph became impatient at the delay. "Here I am," said he, and having taken off his cloak and rushing forward he rose like a bird into the air, flew a distance of fifteen paces¹ (about 12 yards) and with both hands seized the cross and, as if it were made of straw, carried it off and put it in the hole which had been prepared for it.

On more than one occasion the mystery of Joseph's levitations was deepened by the fact that he was reported to lift others with him on his aerial flights. For example, in the Church of Santa Chiara in Copertino a festival was once in progress in honour of the clothing of some novitiates.

¹ Pastrovicchius says "about eighty paces."

Joseph was present, and was on his knees in a corner of the church, when the words *Veni Sponsa Cristi* (Come, Bride of Christ) were being intoned. Giving his accustomed cry, he ran towards the convent's father confessor, a priest from Seclì, a village not far off, and who was attending the service and, seizing him, grasped him by the hand and (to quote Bernino) "in a joyous rapture began to whirl round and round just as David did before the Ark of the Lord.¹ Finally both rose into the air in an ecstasy, the one borne aloft by Joseph and the other by God Himself, both being sons of St. Francis, the one being beside himself with fear but the other with sanctity. Thus it is noted in the Processes how a Custos of the Sacro Convento of Assisi, a lunatic and a priest of the Order of the Reformati were all at different times and in different places seized and carried aloft by this Angel of God, like Habbakuk by the hair,² or like the prophet Elijah in his aerial journey. "Happy travellers," Joseph's biographer concludes, "to whom God conceded so rare a gift as to travel towards Heaven without regard to their own merit but in the company of others!"

The story of Joseph and the lunatic is, perhaps, worth recording here. It appears that one day a certain nobleman named Baldassare Rossi was brought to Joseph so that he might cure him of a mental trouble which had transformed him, according to Bernino, into a most furious madman (*furiosissimo Matto*). He was brought by his relations with considerable difficulty, as he had to be tied into his chair; and further trouble was encountered when he was untied and forced to kneel before Joseph who, on seeing him, drew him up from his chair, made him stand up, and then put his hand upon his head saying: "Sir Baldassare, do not be in doubt but commend yourself to God and to His most holy Mother." Whilst saying these words he seized his hair with the hand which he had placed upon the madman's head and, uttering his usual cry, he rose into the air in a rapture, taking with him the lunatic, the pair remaining in the air for about a quarter of an hour before they returned to earth. Then Joseph told Baldassare to be joyous, and the knight, having in the meantime become sane, went home, praising God and the servant of God for so marvellous an event.³

¹ See II Samuel, vi. 14.

² *Bel and the Dragon*, 36.

³ The seventeenth-century form of modern shock therapy.

From the records of the life of Joseph it would seem that the stories of his raptures and aerial journeys were not confined to the immediate surroundings of the monastery where he lived, but were bruited abroad and attracted the attention of lay persons who were anxious to make themselves personally acquainted with them. We may therefore collect a few of these incidents before passing on to review the remaining years of Joseph's life.

One of the most interesting events of this kind was that connected with Johann Friedrich, Duke of Brunswick, who died in 1679, and who was the patron and employer of the great German philosopher, G. W. Leibnitz (1646-1716), who for many years had charge of the Brunswick family library in Hanover. He visited Assisi in February 1651, and expressed a wish to see Joseph in the Sacro Convento. For this purpose the Duke, on his arrival and accompanied by two of his noble retinue, Johann Friedrich Blume and Georg Sittig, of whom Sittig was a Catholic and the other not, was conducted to a room in the Convent which was called the Pope's Room. The next morning, which happened to be Sunday, he with his two companions were secretly taken by a private staircase to the door of the chapel situated in the Noviziato Vecchio, where Joseph was accustomed to say Mass, but on this occasion had no idea that he was being observed. There they heard him give a loud cry and saw him rise in the air in a kneeling position, passing backwards five paces and then returning in front of the altar remaining in ecstasy for some time.

The Duke was naturally eager to see this unexpected phenomenon a second time, and it was arranged that the next day he should again see Joseph when he was saying Mass, as it seemed possible that the Duke, hitherto a Lutheran, might be converted to the Roman Catholic faith. On Monday morning, therefore, the Duke was again present at the service; and this time he saw Joseph raised a palm high from the altar step and remain floating for about a quarter of an hour. The Duke was so overcome by the sight that his doubts were resolved and he became a Catholic. Not so Heinrich Blume, who was of the Lutheran persuasion, although already tending towards Catholicism. He was frankly annoyed and exclaimed: "May I be cursed for coming to this country! I arrive with a quiet mind, but here I am always in a state of agitation and anger and, further, I have difficulties with my conscience."

Unfortunately, Leibnitz does not seem to have written much about the marvellous events which hastened the steps of his noble patron into the Catholic fold. It is true that he bluntly says that the Duke went to Assisi and was there converted to the Roman Catholic faith by the wonder-working Father Joseph,¹ but he appears to think that it was wiser not to comment upon the nature or explanation of these wonders. It ought, perhaps, to be recorded here that the recalcitrant chamberlain who accompanied the Duke to Assisi is reported to have become a Catholic also in 1653.

Another of Joseph's visitors was Frédéric Maurice de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon (1605-52). He was in Italy in 1644 and was said to have come to Assisi on purpose to see the friar; but in the account of his journey, which was published in 1656, I cannot find any mention of it. Similarly, Isabella of Austria, the daughter of the Archduke Leopold of Innsbruck and wife of Charles Gonzaga the Second, Duke of Mantua, visited Joseph, but again in her short biography, published in 1696, I can find no account of the incident. Another noble lady who was much attracted to Joseph was the Infanta Maria, daughter of Carlo Emanuele (Charles Emmanuel) the Great, Duke of Savoy (1630), and who was much drawn to the religious life, and who in her piety had visited many Italian shrines. She came to see the holy friar and remained about a month² in Perugia, whence she used to visit Assisi, and was much impressed by reason of the phenomenal events of which she herself was a witness and in which she participated. On one occasion, when at Mass, she saw Joseph, whilst elevating the Sacred Host, rise three palms above the ground. Very different was the experience of the Marchioness Artemisia, the sister of the Duke of Corgna, who with some ladies from Perugia came to Assisi to be present at the raptures of Joseph, and to see with their own eyes the inscrutable phenomena which accompanied them. The plan, however, failed, owing apparently to the sagacity of the holy man who, approaching the Marchioness with a look of disdain upon his face, asked her why she had thus come out of pure curiosity, and did she not know that God could work miracles on a piece of wood? The lady was so taken aback that, as the record puts it, she

¹ See G. W. Leibnitz, *Gesammelte Werke* . . . Hrsg. von G. H. Pertz, (Hannoverae, 1843, etc.), IV, 1^e Folge, p. 9.

² Bernino (*op. cit.*, p. 89) says "some months."

felt "like a wet hen," since she realized only too clearly that the secret thoughts of the heart were not hidden from Joseph.

Another of the famous visitors who came to see the flying friar in 1645 was Juan Alfonso Henriquez de Cabrera, Duke of Medina de Rio-Seco and an Admiral of Castile, together with his wife and family, who were making their way to Rome, since the Admiral had been appointed Spanish Ambassador to the Apostolic See. Born in 1597 the Admiral had had an active political and military life, and it was not until about 1645 that he was sent to Rome to present his papers to the new Pope, Innocent X. His stay in Italy, however, was far from untroubled, due apparently to various intrigues and ecclesiastical difficulties; and on his return to Spain after only a brief period in Rome, Naples and Genoa, he died in January 1647 from a fever which he had been unable to shake off.

On his way to Rome, "attracted by the fame of so great a Servant of God," as Bernino puts it (*op. cit.*, p. 83), he arranged to interview Joseph in his cell; and later told his wife, who was awaiting him in the church, that he had seen and spoken to another St. Francis. This so intrigued the good lady that she expressed the wish to talk to Joseph herself, a proposal which the Custos knew would be repugnant to Joseph, who avoided women. Evidently wishing to please the Admiral and his wife, the Custos, by virtue of his authority, told Joseph to go to the church and speak to the lady and the female retinue which accompanied her. Joseph smiled and said that he would obey, but did not know if he would be able to speak. Well did he foresee his own powerlessness in this matter which, as the chronicler observes, was derived from a higher source. Acting on the orders of his Superior, Joseph left his cell and entered the church by a little door facing the altar where there was a statue of the Immaculate Conception. On seeing the figure Joseph uttered a cry, rose into the air and flew a distance of twelve paces over the heads of the Admiral and his companions, only to alight at the foot of the image of the Queen of Heaven. where he remained immobile for a short time in dumb adoration. Then, again uttering his shriek, he flew back on his return journey through the air to the place whence he started, bowed to the Mother of God, kissed the ground, and with head inclined and cowl lowered, hastened off to his cell leaving many of the ladies fainting with amazement at so surprising

a phenomenon. The wife of the Admiral was indeed so overcome by this sudden and unexpected miracle that she was only revived with some difficulty by water sprinkled on her face and strong smelling-salts (*suffumigi*) applied to her nose.

The Admiral, being a man of stout heart, merely raised his eyebrows and threw out his arms in a state of stupefaction. It was true that he did not faint: all he did was to lose the power of feeling, as if he was half-way between life and death. As to Joseph himself, he later interpreted his rapture and flight as due to the intervention of the Blessed Virgin, who had thus solved the difficulty in which he found himself when ordered by a superior authority to overcome his repugnance to speak with the ladies awaiting him in the church.

Among other notables who visited Joseph at Assisi were Prince Leopold of Tuscany, son of Cosimo II and Maria Maddalena of Austria, and who, in 1667, was to become a cardinal under Pope Clement IX. This was the Leopold who founded the great Accademia del Cimento in Florence in 1657, which was formed mainly for experimental work as opposed to the medieval course of studies. Then there was John Casimir V of Poland (1609-72), the second son of Sigismund III, and who was made a cardinal in 1646 by Pope Innocent X, and who had long hankered for the religious life. He used to discuss his feelings with Joseph, but his political and religious aspirations clashed, and it was much later that, having lost his wife, he became disgusted with public life, abdicated and retired to the abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, finally dying at Nevers in 1672.

Apart from his frequent levitations Joseph exhibited other phenomena. He was credited with reading the thoughts of persons for whom he acted as confessor, giving examples both of clairvoyance and prevision. For instance, during his last illness Joseph asked the doctor attending him whether he had made his confession. "Yes," replied the doctor, to which Joseph countered, "Go and think a little more." After a moment's reflection the doctor said that he could not remember anything more, to which Joseph replied by saying: "Think of what you were doing on such and such a day and at such and such an hour," at which, recollection came back to the good man, who went forthwith to confess his fault.

Apart from his other miracles Joseph is reported as healing the sick, miraculously multiplying food, finding lost articles,

and was even credited with the power of bilocation.¹ Nevertheless it can hardly be doubted that his battles with the devil (who once appeared complete with horns some two feet long) partook of the nature of particularly vivid hallucinations. For example, one day, when he was praying at night in the church, he heard the door impetuously pushed open and a man appeared who sounded as if he were wearing iron clogs. Joseph followed him with his eyes and he noticed that, as he approached, the lamps round the altar of St. Francis became dimmed, and then went out one by one until a single lamp was left burning. Commending himself to St. Francis, Joseph prepared for the assault which soon followed, the devil pouncing upon him and seizing him by the throat. Invoking St. Francis, Joseph saw the Seraphic Father emerge from his tomb, which was near the foot of the altar, and with the help of a small candle relight the lamps which the devil had extinguished, and thus ended the terrible experience. Such stories as these are not uncommon in the lives of the Saints, and whether we believe or disbelieve them no real understanding of the psychology of sanctity can be achieved without taking them into account in our appraisal of the facts.

On 23rd July 1653 the Inquisition ordered Joseph to leave the monastery in Assisi and proceed to Pietra Rubea in the Duchy of Urbino, where he was instructed to take up his abode in a Capuchin monastery. It was on his way to Pietra Rubea that Hyacinth Libelli (1684), Archbishop of Avignon, met him at Città de Castello and observed one of his ecstasies. They had been discussing spiritual matters, and Joseph was remarking upon the lack of human gratitude when the sufferings of the Saviour were considered, and then he began to enumerate these sufferings one after the other. As the Archbishop looked at him he suddenly fell off the box on which he was sitting, with such violence that Libelli thought he had injured himself. He did not do so, however, but knelt down before the prelate, his eyes open but with pupils rolled up, and his arms extended in the shape of a cross and in the position in which St. Francis is often depicted when receiving the stigmata. After a short time Libelli tried to move one of his arms but could only do so with difficulty, and then it moved from the shoulder like a pendulum so that he was

¹ See J. Görres, *La Mystique divine* (Paris, 1854), II, p. 339.

able to make it swing or oscillate like a plumb-line suspended in the air. After about fifteen minutes Joseph came to himself and, addressing Libelli in the Neapolitan dialect, asked to be excused, since, he added, whilst taking his seat on the box, "sleep overtook me."¹

Great excitement seems to have occurred during the three months he lived at Pietra Rubea. The story of his raptures and flights had been spread abroad, and crowds of sight-seers arrived to see what might happen, even going so far as to try to remove the tiles from the roof of the church so as to observe what Joseph might do when saying Mass. He was therefore soon transferred to another Capuchin house in Fossombrone; and in the course of the journey it was observed that during a heavy shower Joseph's clothes remained dry. On his arrival his raptures were continued, and on one occasion when in the dormitory he was found stretched out on the floor as if dead, his eyes and mouth covered with flies, and apparently in some kind of cataleptic fit. Again, one Sunday he was in the kitchen-garden with some other brothers when he saw a lamb belonging to the monastery and, wishing to have a look at it, one of the young friars took it up and put it into Joseph's arms. He clasped it to his breast and then took it by the legs and flung it across his shoulders. Becoming gradually more and more agitated Joseph began to run through the garden, followed by his companions, anxious to see what was going to happen. Having thrown the lamb into the air, Joseph flew after it high up above the trees in the garden, and remained kneeling in space, as it were, for more than two hours (*per più di due ore*) speaking with the Good Shepherd and adoring that Lamb the counterpart of which he had thrown into the air.

From Fossombrone, where he stayed for three years, Joseph was moved to Montevecchio; and on the accession of Alexander VII to the Papacy, a request was made to restore Joseph to the Conventuals. He was thereupon sent to Osimo, an ancient city in the Marches, not far from the famous sanctuary of Loreto, which stands on a hill overlooking the Adriatic and not far from Ancona. The journey provided material for more stories of miracles which occurred as they went on their way. For instance, Joseph's horse was led through the night by his companion, Paolino; and the latter,

¹ For further descriptions of the trance state see Bernino, *op. cit.*, pp. 107, 155.

to avoid stumbling, carried in his hand a candle which neither went out, although a strong wind was blowing, nor diminished in size although burning for many hours. This miraculous candle Paolino kept as a relic, "a splendid testimonial," as the record adds, "to the sanctity of Fra Joseph."

Having almost arrived at Osimo, Joseph tarried a short time to gaze at the cupola of Loreto, a sight which brought on the state of rapture. Uttering his usual cry, Joseph declared that he saw the angels ascending and descending, and promptly rose into the air, and with his eyes fixed on the Holy House flew a distance of some twenty-five to thirty yards¹ and at a height of about twelve palms to the foot of an almond tree. Whilst Joseph was at Osimo the Bishop (and later [1657] Cardinal) Antonio Bichi saw him in a state of ecstatic rapture. Suddenly Joseph rose from where he was sitting, and knelt down on the ground with arms outspread and eyes wide open. Anaesthesia was so complete, according to the report, that a fly crawled over the pupil of one of his eyes for an appreciable time without Joseph batting an eyelid. These minor observations of Joseph's condition during his ecstasies are interesting from whatever point of view one chooses to regard them. For instance, one of his biographers, Roberto Nuti, records the fact that on one occasion during the singing of the canticles it was noticed that Joseph was apparently kneeling in space, although part of his habit still touched the ground. Wishing to be certain of his complete levitation, one of those present passed his hands beneath him, thus assuring himself that Joseph was completely raised from the ground.

The most remarkable of all these investigations was doubtless that made by the surgeon Francesco Pierpaoli, who attended Joseph during his last illness in the summer of 1663. It appears that this doctor gave an account of the incident which was included in the Processes and which Bernino (p. 124) includes in his biography of the Saint, and which I shall summarize for the benefit of the reader. During his last illness, the doctor writes, when cauterizing his right leg by order of Dr. Giancino Carosi, he noticed that he was rapt and deprived of his senses. Joseph was sitting down at the

¹ Bernino, *op. cit.*, p. 113, says *sei canne*: the *Acta Sanctorum* says *spatio sex perticarum*. The *canna* varied in different localities, but may, perhaps, be taken as about 2½ to 5 yards.

time with his right leg lying across Pierpaoli's knees: cauterization had already begun and his arms were opened wide, his eyes likewise open and face raised to Heaven, whilst his mouth was also half-open without showing the least sign of respiration. Pierpaoli also observed that he was raised almost a palm above his chair, but in the same position as he was before he became rapt. The doctor tried to lower his leg but found it impossible, for it remained in the same position. Moreover, he noticed that a fly had settled on the pupil of one of Joseph's eyes, and the more he drove it away the more obstinately did it return to the same position, where at last he let it remain. In order better to observe the position of Father Joseph, he went down on his knees together with the other doctor who was present, and they both saw clearly that not only was he in a state of rapture, and complete deprived of his senses, but that he was also raised from the ground in the air in the way and in the manner described above. As long as a quarter of an hour passed in this way when Fr. Silvestro Evangelista of the Osimo Monastery joined them. Having seen what was occurring, he spoke to Joseph and, using his superior authority, called him by name. Suddenly Joseph smiled and returned to his senses and again sat upon his chair saying: "My doctor, put on the cautery," to which Pierpaoli replied: "Father Joseph, I have already done so," to which he answered saying that they were laughing at him, so Pierpaoli let him see his bandaged leg and again told him, to which he replied that he had felt nothing.

This was not the only time that Dr. Pierpaoli had the opportunity of observing Joseph during his ecstatic states. On another occasion, when the physician was attending to his tongue, the Saint passed into a condition of rapture, which continued whilst the operation was in progress; and on still a third occasion the doctor observed him at Mass when kneeling in his little chapel. He gave a great cry, which alarmed the physician, and then he saw him extended on the ground completely devoid of his senses.

The observations which were made when Joseph was levitated are sometimes of particular interest since they record associated facts which help us to get a clearer idea of what happened during these strange occurrences. Thus in the present case it was, as his biographer Bernino puts it, always noticed how little were his clothes and vestments disarranged during his aerial flights. It was almost as though an invisible

hand were controlling his garments: his legs and feet were always covered by his robe, as was his neck by his cowl. On another occasion when one day he was praying in a small vestry off the church, he was seen by all the people in the church emerging from the windows of the vestry, and then remain turned towards the tabernacle and suspended in the air with his knees still together. During this rapture his sandals fell from his feet inside the chapel, whilst his face shone like that of a seraph. The Superior ran into the vestry, and from the windows signed and called upon Joseph to come back, which he did by the same route, "for to him every window was a door when he was borne aloft to his God in his raptures." A friar brought his sandals back to him, because in this spiritual state it seemed that he despised them as trappings which were always tending to remain on the ground.

On another occasion before rising in the air he impetuously threw his biretta far from him, perhaps, as Bernino says, to enjoy God better with his mind without any impediment and without the slightest covering. This story is very instructive since it implies that Joseph may have been aware of a coming rapture and flight before it occurred, a fact which is suggested by other stories included in the Process.

In August 1663 Joseph was seized by a fever and grew steadily worse. On 17th September, or the day before he died, he received the Viaticum and said that he heard the sound of a bell which was summoning him to God. Passing into the ecstatic state, he rose from his death-bed and flew from his cell as far as the steps of his little chapel. "The Ass is beginning to ascend the mountain," he said, and, having received Extreme Unction, he called out in a loud, clear voice, which hardly corresponded with his extreme weakness: "Oh! what chants, what sounds of Paradise! What perfumes, fragrance, sweets and tastes of Paradise." Fr. Silvestro Evangelista, who, with his physician, had seen him floating in the air, was with him till the end, which came on Tuesday, 18th September 1663. This time the spirit had flown leaving the body behind.

In a letter, written on 2nd October 1663, Cardinal Facchinetti of Spoleto tells of his friendship with Joseph, and of his life when on earth. Declaring that the ecstasies to which he was subject were known to all, he added that, speaking for himself, he had actually seen him levitated and that many of his household had shared the experience. Similar testimony

was given by Cardinal Giulio Spinola (1691) and Cardinal Francesco Augusto Rapaccioli (1657) as recorded by Bernino (*op. cit.*, p. 81).

The story of Joseph of Copertino does not close with his death. Within three years of his funeral, inquiries were set on foot by the authorities with the view of obtaining the deposition of actual witnesses of the miraculous events which were said to have been observed during his life. Nuti's biography includes the testimony of many persons who had known Joseph; and this book must have been prepared within a few years of his death, although it was not actually published till 1678. Bernino's book, first published in 1722, provides abundant references to the details as recorded in the Process, the printed record of which is so rare as to be known only in a few copies. The Process itself was concluded in 1735, when Pope Clement XII first made public the decree asserting the virtues of Joseph; and the Congregations for the discussion of the miracles were held from 1751 to 1752, Pope Benedict XIV publishing a decree in the latter year approving of two of the miracles which occurred after Joseph's death. Further inquiries were then set on foot before the decree by which Joseph was canonized was finally promulgated. These having proved satisfactory, the decree was formally announced by Pope Clement XIII on 16th July 1767. The flying friar had joined the Saints at last.

In connection with the investigations which were made during the proceedings for canonization, it must be remembered that this is no mere act by the Pope, which he authorizes or withholds at his own pleasure. The whole suit is argued before the Congregation of Rites, which acts as a tribunal before whom the matter is brought. Evidence is adduced by the official in charge who is called the *Postulator*, and the facts are examined with a view to rebuttal by another official called the *Promotor Fidei* who tries to pull the case to pieces and point out its weaknesses and lack of evidential standards. The whole procedure is very complicated, and there seems little doubt that great care is exercised as to the kind of evidence submitted and the amount of verification demanded for its acceptance. One of the chief authorities for both beatification and canonization was Prosper Lambertini, afterwards Pope Benedict XIV, who published his treatise on the subject in the eighteenth century. It so happens that this notable authority was the *Promotor Fidei* in the case of Joseph of Copertino, and thus he had before

him the reports of Joseph's levitations, the evidence for which it was his duty to examine, and in which to discover flaws if such existed. His testimony, therefore, is of some importance, and I shall quote it. "Whilst I was discharging the office of *Promotor Fidei*," he writes, "the cause of the venerable servant of God, Joseph of Copertino, was discussed by the Congregation of Sacred Rites, and eye-witnesses of unexceptionable integrity reported on the celebrated levitations and remarkable flights of this servant of God when in a condition of ecstatic rapture."¹

These are weighty words and there seems no reasonable doubt that Lambertini believed fully in the testimony of the witnesses whom he examined, and consequently in the reality of Joseph's levitations, and even possibly also of his aerial flights. Moreover, if we make all possible allowance for exaggeration, it is not easy to dismiss the testimony of the two medical men or other lay witnesses, although it is doubtless regrettable that independent accounts do not appear to have been recorded. But for those of my readers who are inclined to believe in the reality of these strange occurrences, a wealth of testimony exists from every part of the world. Men and women have been reported as floating in the air without visible support for many hundreds of years. The Saints of the Roman Catholic Church are not the only ones who are credited with these powers. Holy men and ascetics in India and the Far East have many times been described as being levitated, and the idea is not unknown among so-called savage tribes. Saints and demoniacs, magicians and mediums, queer men and women of all ages and all times are reported as being raised from the ground and transported bodily through the air. It was never very common even among those saints with whose names it is especially connected. And as the years go by it seems to be getting rarer. If a genuine photograph exists showing a levitated person, apart from one where the appearance is due to trickery, I have yet to see one. Perhaps we shall know more about these so-called physical phenomena of mediumship now that we can both see and take photographs in darkness. Perhaps they will disappear

¹ See *Opus de Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Beatarum Canonizatione*, Lib. III, cap. 49, 9: *Opera Omnia* (Prati, 1840), III, p. 566). It ought, perhaps, to be said that Lambertini seems to have believed in the levitations of Pythagoras and Simon Magus.

altogether, and dark séances become a thing of the past. If so, my more sceptical readers will hardly fail to draw their own conclusions. And I do not blame them for it.

It is, I think, to be regretted that the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church appear to be so unwilling to offer any co-operation when it is a question of investigating physical manifestations connected with persons professing the Catholic Faith.¹ It is true that the difficulties which confront the authorities are not easy to resolve. In any particular case the question has to be answered as to whether the phenomena are diabolic or divine: whether in fact they come from Heaven or from Hell. This was always the pitfall into which the unwary were accustomed to be trapped. Mysticism, and the phenomena which often accompanied it, were not manifestations of religious sanctity of which the Church was inclined to approve. Much of it seemed to be too independent, and possibly heresy was to be scented therein. How was it possible to determine whether any particular mystic, with his accompanying ecstasies and raptures, was deriving these gifts from God as a result of his divine communion, or was in reality drawing his powers from a diabolic source, perhaps as a result of a pact made with the Evil One in days gone by? That most Christian doctor, the great Jean Gerson (1363-1429), had tried to draw up a list of rules on the matter before the close of the fifteenth century. Others have followed, but the problem shows little sign of being fully solved. To the convinced Catholic the phenomenon of levitation is a miracle, divine or diabolic; and its origin must be sought in the details of the ethical pattern of each individual life in which it is reported. In the case of mediums, the fact that they demonstrate their powers, instead of trying to hide them from the outside world, is a circumstance which condemns them unreservedly in the eyes of the believing Catholic. To him, as to the mystics of the Orient, these miraculous powers are not for display, but are the mere accompaniments of certain aspects of a life devoted to communion with the divine.

Nevertheless, it has to be admitted that it is possible for

¹ Mgr. Ronald Knox has stated that Roman Catholics do not "resent scientific investigation into our stories of miracles," but rather, "we welcome it" (*Miracles*, London, 1927, p. 24). Perhaps, however, the phenomena themselves are not included under "the stories."

Catholics to be totally unable to distinguish the divine from the diabolic in a number of instances. Take the case of Magdalena de la Cruz, who was born in 1487 and died in 1560. Writing about 1545, Francisco de Enzinas, or Dryander as he is often called, the translator of the New Testament into Spanish, and at one time a Professor of Greek at Cambridge, says something about her in his memoirs. She was so religious, he declares, that her piety excited discussion and comment throughout the whole of Spain. Whatever she said was treated as an oracle: whatever she did seemed to have a divine origin. Her influence and example led several scions of noble families to the cloister; whilst Cardinals, Inquisitors and even the Empress Isabel herself, were eager to show her honour and ask her advice. As to her ecstasies and raptures they were known far beyond the limits of the monastery at Córdoba, where she wore the Franciscan habit and held the position of Abbess. Sometimes on feast-days it was said that she was to be seen rapt and floating in the air some three or possibly four feet above the ground. She declared that she had conceived and brought forth the infant Jesus, who had actually played with her and she with him. She was clairvoyant, and knew the sins of the novices before they had confessed them to her; and on other occasions she told priests that they were celebrating Mass in a state of mortal sin. She materialized cherries when they were out of season, and transformed rotten ones into fresh ones merely by washing them. Again, when she dropped eggs on the ground they did not break, which was thought to be a miracle in itself.

In 1543 the saintly Abbess fell sick and seemed likely to die. Her confession, however, was not that which might have been expected. Seized by convulsions, she poured forth a story which reduced her audience to a state of horrified immobility, and which was subsequently investigated by the authorities down to the last detail.

According to Magdalena she had been controlled by a demon since she was about five years old. It was this evil spirit who had taught her how to feign sanctity and ecstasies; how to appear to refrain from all food, and how to simulate the wounds of Jesus Christ upon her own body. When she was twelve she made a pact with this demon, who was called Balban. He appeared to her in various forms. Sometimes it was a bull; at other times a Negro. On still other occasions Balban put on the semblance of an angel, or even arrived

as St. Francis or St. Jerome. Another of her attendant demons was called Patonio, and it was these who whispered the secrets of the lives of penitents in her ears, and who enabled her to perform the miracles which had been observed as occurring during her raptures.

Having made her confession, Magdalena did not die but, the facts having been investigated, she was sent to another convent under strict discipline and there she died in 1560 at Andujar.

It might have been thought by those unversed in the political intrigues and jealousies of the various monastic orders of the Roman Catholic Church that the frauds of Magdalena de la Cruz, if such they were, might have been unveiled before she was, seemingly, on the point of departing this life. It might well be asked what would have happened if she had suddenly been killed in an accident, or had been let drop from a great height by Balban or Patonio when one or other of them had raised her from the ground during one of her diabolic raptures. It was not always that exposure came at what was supposed to be a death-bed repentance. At times the frauds could scarcely be concealed. Take the case of Maria de la Visitacion, whose miracles were long the talk of many in Portugal, where she was living at the Convent of the Anunciada in Lisbon towards the year 1584. Born about four years before Magdalena's death, she had a rather similar childhood, although it does not seem that she pleaded any extreme diabolic interference with her personal affairs. Hard soap and hot water sufficed to remove her stigmata, since they were due to a less severe device than the caustic which San Maria Patrocinio employed over two hundred years later. When she was asked to explain the brilliance which illuminated her face during her raptures, or the methods she used to simulate her levitations, her answers were direct and to the point. Thus in order to light up her face she used a chafing-dish in which a small flame was burning, the light from which was reflected on to her face by means of a simple looking-glass. Similarly her elevation from the ground, when in supposed ecstasy in her cell, was easily managed. All she had to do was put on high-soled shoes,¹ or if these proved insufficient, to stand upon pieces of

¹ These *chapins*, as they were called, sometimes had cork or wooden soles a foot high.

wood with which she had provided herself for just such an effect. Indeed, it was as simple as that.

If the modern reader, who is not committed to any theological beliefs regarding divine and diabolic mysticism, runs through the lives of these queer servants of God, he cannot fail to be absorbed by the amazing mixture to be found therein. Here there is quite clearly to be found psychosis and neurosis, hysteria and hallucination, sly opportunism and downright imposture. But apart from all these factors, which doubtless sometimes played their part, there were others of a type which has led so many of these wonder-workers to become beatified and canonized by the Church to which they dedicated so much of their lives. With many of them the physical phenomena, which accompanied their raptures, were neither prayed for nor encouraged. Rarely does it seem that ecstasies like those of St. Joseph of Copertino were used to provide visitors with thrills, as quite clearly seems to have been the case when the Saint was told to meet the Admiral of Castile and his retinue; or when Dominic of Jesus-Mary was said to have floated in the air before Philip II of Spain and some members of his court in 1601. More usually are such wonders reserved for close associates; although in the case of some of the Catholic saints it can hardly be doubted that the phenomena were utilized for purposes of publicity in order to spread abroad the fame of the monastery housing the ecstatic, thus gaining financial and other advantages.

With regard to Joseph of Copertino we do not know enough to obtain any clear picture of his psychological make-up. Certainly the accounts of his childhood, lack of education and later mental development suggest that he was not far from what to-day we should call a state of feeble-mindedness;¹ and from the physical point of view he can hardly be considered a healthy person. When the Custos at Grottella heard of his austerities, he went to see him one day in his cell. "What are you doing standing there like a young pig," he asked Joseph, "lift up your habit." At this command Joseph was confused, since to obey meant that he had to reveal his hair-shirt, so he asked the Custos to excuse him. "Ah," he replied, "you are not going to obey? Then through holy obedience to my wishes I order you to undress." Joseph

¹ Bishop Bonaventura Claver said that he was *idiota*, meaning completely untaught.

could not hardly refuse to comply, so he took off his monastic habit, appearing only in his hair-shirt. But the Guardian now told him to take this off also so as to strip completely. It was then seen the state to which Joseph had reduced himself. He was wearing chains and a metal plate, and his body was macerated and afflicted with sores. Thereupon the Superior forbade Joseph to wear these instruments of torture, and the chain, to which bits of flesh were attached, was taken away, together with the iron plate which had been pressed against the bleeding and festering surface of some sore spot on the Saint's body. It was hardly likely that the sores would heal properly considering Joseph's diet. As Bernino says, it was nothing less than one long fast. For five years he did not touch bread, his meals as has already been said, consisting of herbs, a few dried fruits or baked beans without salt, over which he sprinkled his bitter powder, which is said to have resembled pepper in colour, and which was once apparently mistaken for such by some religious belonging to the monastery. Before Mass, which he celebrated every morning, Joseph appeared pale and weak, but after having communicated he became ruddy of face and lively in body.

From these accounts it could hardly be maintained that Joseph was a healthy person; and the records of his dreams and hallucinations do not suggest that his mortifications and penances were particularly successful in their object.

As to his levitations and other apparent miracles what is there to be said? The evidence is available and can either be accepted or rejected. Whatever view the orthodox Roman Catholic may take of the levitation of the Saints, he must, it would seem, hold *some* view as to the explanation of the purely physical problem involved. It is true that some Catholic authorities on mysticism make a few suggestions as to how the body is raised, and what sustains it when suspended. But these ideas are not supported, as far as I am aware, by any experimental procedure which could be applied in the circumstances. The majority of Catholic writers are content to regard the levitations of the Saints as "miracles," which are certainly opposed to what we know of natural laws. As to the levitation of mediums and demoniacs, the general Catholic view appears to be that it is due to diabolic intervention, whatever that may mean.

From the scientific, as opposed to the theological point of view, the position is equally unsatisfactory. Although the

levitation of mediums has been reported for many years, there has been no serious and competent investigation of the occurrence; and with the increasing rarity of the phenomenon it does not seem very likely that the opportunity will present itself in the near future. Saints do not seem to fly as they used to do; and at the moment of writing I do not know of a single medium who can claim to present this manifestation under even moderately satisfactory conditions. Certainly there have been few at any time who could in any way equal the levitations and aerial flights of that venerable Servant of God, Saint Joseph of Copertino.

Many unusual people have possessed the power of clairvoyance, the ability to perceive objects not discernible to the five senses. But in Edgar Cayce (1877-1945) this power took a truly extraordinary turn: he became an amazingly accurate clairvoyant diagnostician. Over distances of thousands of miles, while under a deep hypnotic state, Cayce diagnosed and prescribed for ailing persons he had never seen or previously heard of. From letters sent to him, from conversations about the sick person related to him by a friend, Cayce formed a clear mental picture of the person and his illness. Not a doctor, never trained at all in medicine, the record of his cures staggers the imagination. They are on file at the Cayce Foundation at Virginia Beach.

Where did his remarkable power come from? Was Cayce a great physician in a previous reincarnation? In the following chapter Dr. Gina Cerminara, a long-time student of Cayce's career, highlights this unique man's life and startling successes.

The medical clairvoyance of Edgar Cayce

It is exciting to speculate on the possibilities of the clairvoyant faculty. It is even more exciting to find a man who, possessing the gift, was able to put it both to practical and to intellectually meaningful uses. Such a man was Edgar Cayce.

Cayce (pronounced Kay-see) was, in the last years of his life, referred to as "The Miracle Man of Virginia Beach." The

title is a misleading one; though hundreds of people experienced remarkable cures as a result of his assistance, he was by no means a miracle worker in the usual sense of the term. There was no laying on of hands, no magical presence, no throwing away of crutches on the mere kissing of a garment. Edgar Cayce's so-called miracles were accomplished purely through the agency of his amazingly accurate clairvoyant diagnoses, which were frequently given at a distance of thousands of miles from the patient. Moreover, his clairvoyance was induced entirely under hypnosis—a fact which should be of special interest to those psychotherapists who are making increasing use of hypnosis as a therapeutic device or as a tool for the investigation of the unconscious mind.

One of the most dramatic examples of the manner in which Cayce's hypnotic clairvoyance demonstrated itself is to be seen in the case of a young girl in Selma, Alabama, who unaccountably lost her reason and was committed to a mental institution, her brother, deeply concerned, requested Cayce's help. Cayce lay down on his couch, took a few deep breaths, and put himself to sleep. He then accepted a brief hypnotic suggestion that he see and diagnose the body of the girl in question. After a pause of a few moments he began to speak, as all hypnotic subjects will when so instructed. Unlike most hypnotic subjects, however, he began to outline, as if possessed of X-ray vision, the physical condition of the demented girl. He stated that one of her wisdom teeth was impacted, and was thus impinging on a nerve in the brain. Removal of the tooth, he said, would relieve the pressure and restore the girl to normalcy. Examination was made of the area of the mouth which he described; the unsuspected impaction was found. Appropriate dental surgery resulted in a complete return to sanity.

Another striking example is that of a young Kentucky woman, who gave birth to a premature baby. When four months old the child, who had been sickly since birth, experienced so severe an attack of convulsions that the three attending physicians, including the child's father, doubted that it could last the day. In desperation the mother asked Cayce to diagnose the case. Under hypnosis Cayce prescribed a dosage of the poison, belladonna, to be followed shortly by an antidote if necessary. Defying the scandalized objections of the physicians, the mother insisted on administering the poisonous dose herself. Almost immediately the convulsions ceased; after the antidote was given, the infant

stretched out, relaxed, and went quietly to sleep. Its life was saved.

These instances, and hundreds like them, do not properly belong in the category of psychological "faith cures." In very few cases was the cure so nearly instantaneous as in the two just cited; and in every case a very tangible and sometimes a very long method of treatment was prescribed—whether by drugs, surgery, diet, vitamin therapy, hydrotherapy, osteopathy, electrical treatments, massage, or auto-suggestion. Moreover they cannot be regarded as the exaggerations or fabrications of credulous people; careful records have been kept in the files at Virginia Beach of every one of the more than thirty thousand cases which came within Cayce's sphere of influence. These records can be examined by any qualified person who wishes to do so. They include dated letters of inquiry, appeal, and gratitude from suffering people in all parts of the world; letters, records, and affidavits of physicians; and the stenographic transcription of every word spoken by Cayce while under hypnosis. Together, they comprise impressive documentary evidence for the validity of the phenomenon in question.

Edgar Cayce was born in 1877 near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, of uneducated farming parents. He attended country school as far as the ninth grade, and though he nourished a youthful ambition to become a preacher, circumstances never permitted further study. Life on the farm did not appeal to young Cayce, so he migrated to town where he worked first as clerk in a bookstore and then as an insurance salesman.

When he was twenty-one there occurred a queer turn of fate which altered his destiny: he became afflicted with laryngitis and lost his voice. All medication proved ineffective; none of the doctors he consulted was able to help him. Unable to continue his work as a salesman, the young Cayce lived at the home of his parents for almost a year, inactive and despondent over his seemingly incurable condition.

Finally he decided to take up the trade of photography, an occupation that would make few demands on his voice. While he was working as a photographer's apprentice, a traveling entertainer and hypnotist by the name of Hart came to town and put on a nightly performance at the Hopkinsville Opera House. Hart was told about Cayce's condition and offered to attempt a cure through hypnotic means. Cayce gladly agreed to the experiment. It proved successful

only to the extent that while under hypnosis he responded to Hart's suggestion and talked in a normal voice; after re-awakening, however, the abnormal condition of the voice reasserted itself. The suggestion was then given him, while in hypnotic trance, that *after* awakening he could speak normally. Although this procedure, known as post-hypnotic suggestion, is frequently effective, and has helped numerous people to overcome excessive smoking and other habits, it did not succeed in Cayce's case.

Hart had theatrical engagements in other cities and was therefore unable to continue the experiments, but a local man by the name of Layne had followed the case with some interest; he himself was studying suggestive therapeutics and osteopathy and had some talent as a hypnotist. Layne asked if he might try his skill upon the still abnormal throat; Cayce was agreeable to anything that might help him regain his voice.

Layne's idea was to suggest to Cayce that he himself describe the nature of his ailment while under hypnosis. Strangely enough, Cayce did exactly that in response to the suggestion given him. Speaking in a normal voice (also in response to Layne's suggestion), he began to describe the condition of his own vocal cords. "Yes," he began, "we can see the body [He was using, here and always thereafter, a kind of editorial *we*]. . . . In the normal state, this body is unable to speak, because of a partial paralysis of the inferior muscles of the vocal cords, produced by nerve strain. This is a psychological condition producing a physical effect. It may be removed by increasing the circulation to the affected parts by suggestion while in the unconscious condition."

Layne promptly suggested to Cayce that his circulation would increase to the affected parts and the condition would be alleviated. Gradually Cayce's upper chest and then his throat began to turn pink—then rose—then a violent red. After about twenty minutes the sleeping man cleared his throat and said: "It's all right now. The condition is removed. Make the suggestion that the circulation return to normal and that after that, the body awaken." Layne gave the suggestion as directed; Cayce awoke, and began to speak normally for the first time in more than a year. In the following months he experienced occasional relapses. Each time Layne made the same suggestion with regard to circulation, and each time the condition was removed.

The matter would have ended there, so far as Cayce was

concerned, but Layne was alert to its implications. He was familiar with the history of hypnosis and knew of comparable cases in the early experience of De Puysegur, a successor of Mesmer, in France. It occurred to him that if, in the hypnotic state, Cayce could see and diagnose the condition of his own body, he might also be able to see and diagnose that of others. They tried the experiment on Layne himself, who had been suffering from a stomach ailment for some time. The experiment proved successful. Cayce, under hypnosis, described the inner condition of Layne's body and suggested certain modes of treatment. Layne was delighted; the description exactly fitted his symptoms as he himself knew them, and as several doctors had already diagnosed them, though the proposed methods of cure included drugs, diet, and exercises that had not been recommended before. He tried the suggested treatment, and after three weeks felt that his condition had improved noticeably.

Cayce was dubious of the entire affair, but Layne was excited and eager to see if they could help other persons suffering from ill health. As a boy of ten, when he first began to read the Bible from cover to cover once each year, Cayce had longed to be, like a disciple of Christ, a helper and healer of other people. Later he had thought he should be a preacher—but this ambition had been thwarted by circumstance. Now he was being offered, strangely enough, the opportunity to heal people—but he feared to accept it. Suppose he should say something while asleep that might prove harmful—even fatal? Layne assured him there was no danger; he himself knew enough about therapeutics to veto any recommendation that might be unsafe. Cayce searched the Scriptures for guidance. Finally he agreed to help people who desired to be helped in so unorthodox a manner, but he insisted that it be regarded as an experiment and refused to take any money for what he did.

Layne began to take down in shorthand what Cayce said under hypnosis and to call these written transcriptions "readings." It was not a particularly accurate term, but none more appropriate seemed to suggest itself.

One of the most surprising elements of the diagnoses that Cayce now began to give for ailing townspeople in the time he could spare from his photographic studio was that they were accurately phrased in the technical terms of anatomy and physiology, though Cayce in his waking state knew nothing of medicine and had never even read a book on the sub-

ject. But most surprising of all, to Cayce, was the fact that people were actually being helped by what he told them to do. Layne's case had seemed questionable to him; perhaps it was only Layne's imagination that led him to believe he was feeling better. His own regained voice was certainly not imaginary, but perhaps that was due only to a lucky accident; perhaps the gift was reliable only with regard to himself. All these doubts, with which he wrestled continuously in the early years of the readings, were gradually dissolved by the undeniable fact that cures were being accomplished even in cases called incurable.

Word of his remarkable gift gradually spread. One day Cayce received a long-distance call from the former superintendent of the Hopkinsville public schools, whose five-year-old daughter had been ill for three years. At the age of two she had had an attack of grippe, and afterward her mind had not developed normally. The parents consulted one specialist after another, but none had been able to do anything for the child. Lately she was suffering from convulsions of increasing frequency, and the last specialist they consulted said that the girl had a rare brain affliction which invariably proved fatal. With sorrow in their hearts, the parents had brought her home to die, when they heard through a friend of the strange gift of Edgar Cayce.

Cayce was touched by the story and agreed to make a special trip out of town for the purpose of giving a reading. Since he was financially at low ebb, he found it necessary to accept the railroad fare which the father offered him; this was the first time he accepted anything tangible for the giving of his services.

He undertook the trip with misgivings in his heart, however. After he saw the little abnormal child he felt still more keenly the magnitude of his own presumption. He, an uneducated farmer's son who knew nothing of medicine, attempting to help a child whom the finest specialists in the country had been unable to help. It was with a sense of trepidation that he lay down on the family's parlor sofa and put himself to sleep. Under hypnosis, however, all self-doubt disappeared. Layne was present and gave the suggestion; then he transcribed as usual what Cayce had to say. With the same calm, fluent certainty of all previous readings, the sleeping photographer began to describe the child's condition. He stated that the girl had had a fall from a carriage just previous to the attack of grippe, and that the grippe germs

had settled in the afflicted area, thus causing the convulsive attacks. Proper osteopathic adjustments would relieve the pressures and would result in normalcy.

The mother confirmed the fact that the child had fallen from a carriage; it had never occurred to her, however—there being no apparent injury—that this could have had any relationship to the girl's abnormal condition.

The adjustments were given by Layne as directed by the readings; within three weeks the child was free from all convulsive attacks and her mind showed definite signs of clearing. She called the name of a doll that had been her favorite plaything before the onset of her illness; then she called her father and mother by name for the first time in years. After three months the grateful parents reported that the girl was normal in all respects, and was rapidly regaining the ground lost in the three beclouded years.

Instances like these gave Cayce reassurance that he was not wrong in using a faculty so strange and unaccountable. They also caused his fame to spread. Newspapers suddenly discovered him and publicized him; he began to receive long-distance calls and telegrams from desperate people who wanted his help. It was then that he learned it was possible to conduct readings at a distance, provided he was given in the suggestion the exact name of the person, and his location at the time the reading was made—street address, town, and state. Often he would begin these distant readings with some comment in an undertone on the surroundings of the person for whom he was giving the reading. "Pretty rough wind here this morning." "Winterhur, Switzerland, Isn't it pretty! Nice, beautiful stream." "The body is just leaving—going down in the elevator now." "Not bad-looking pajamas." "Yes. We find the mother praying." These descriptions invariably proved accurate, and provide one more piece of evidence for the validity of his clairvoyance.

The procedure, however, was always the same, whether he was giving readings for people at a distance or in the same room. He needed only to remove his shoes, loosen his collar and tie, lie down on a couch or bed, and relax completely. It was preferable, he found, to lie in a south-north direction, with his head to the south and his feet to the north. Other than the couch and a pillow for his head, no equipment was necessary; even these could be dispensed with, except for reasons of comfort. Readings could be taken at night or in broad daylight; darkness or light had no effect on the pro-

cedure. A few minutes after lying down he would have put himself to sleep. Then Layne, or Cayce's wife, or in later years his son Hugh Lynn, or any other responsible person whom he entrusted with the task, would give him an appropriate suggestion. The usual formula ran:

You will now have before you (*individual's name*) who is located at (*street address, town, state*). You will go over this body carefully, examine it thoroughly, and tell me the conditions you find at the present time, giving the cause of existing conditions; also suggestions for help and relief of this body. You will answer questions as I ask them.

After a few minutes Cayce would begin to speak, and Layne, or later on Miss Gladys Davis, recorded in shorthand what he said. Later these written records were transcribed on the typewriter; one copy would in most cases be given to the subject of the reading, or to his parent, guardian, or physician; the yellow-sheet carbon copy remained in the permanent files which he had begun to keep.

The newspaper publicity, together with his growing word-of-mouth fame, soon began to attract the attention of eager fortune hunters. A cotton merchant offered Cayce a hundred dollars a day for two weeks for daily readings on the cotton market. He needed money badly at the time, but he refused. Others wanted to know where to hunt for buried treasure; how to play the horses. Several times he allowed himself to be persuaded to try readings of this type as an experiment. A few times he was successful in predicting the outcome of a horse race; a few times unsuccessful; but each time, when he awoke, he felt depleted in energy and dissatisfied with himself. Once he was induced to embark on a venture in Texas, using his clairvoyant faculty for the discovery of the position of oil wells. Results were unsatisfactory. He came finally to the conviction that his gift could be depended on only with respect to helping the sick; that it should be used for this purpose alone, and never merely to help anyone, including himself, to make money.

Offers of publicity left him as unmoved as offers of great shared fame. In 1922 the editor of the *Denver Post* heard of Cayce and summoned him to Denver. After witnessing a convincing demonstration of his work, the editor suggested an arrangement where by he would pay Cayce a thousand

dollars a day and make complete arrangements for his triumphal appearances on these terms: that Cayce should wear a turban and assume an Oriental name, and that he should give the readings hidden from the listeners by a translucent curtain. Cayce flatly refused.

David Kahn, president of the Brunswick Radio and Television Corporation and lifelong friend of Cayce's, did much to make the latter's work known among his wide circle of friends and business associates in private conversation; yet when he proposed more spectacular means of publicizing him, Cayce was adamant in his refusal. With the exception of one lecture announcement in a Birmingham, Alabama paper, he never in his entire career permitted any kind of advertising, either for his readings or for his public lectures. In conversations with people who knew him slightly he never spoke about his unusual gift unless asked about it. Most people in his town knew little about him, beyond the fact that he taught in one of the local Sunday School classes; he was a member of no social, fraternal, or civic organization. Unswervingly he lived by the conviction that he was only an instrument through which healing and help could be given to suffering people; that attention should never be called to himself; and that those whom he could help would hear of him through personal recommendation rather than by the blazoning of headlines.

During the early years Cayce continued his trade of photographer, scrupulously refusing to accept money for the readings. It was only later, when the demand for his services became so pressing that he was unable to work at his trade, that he felt justified in making a charge for what he did in order to support his family. Even then he gave a great number of readings free to people who could not afford to pay for them. His attitude remained throughout fundamentally unbusinesslike. Carbon copies of his letters on file at Virginia Beach (where he moved in 1927, at the readings' recommendation) are eloquent testimony of this fact. Ungrammatical, badly punctuated, and badly spelled, they breathe none the less a spirit of eagerness to help and to teach his fellow-men.

Throughout these years he was besieged by doubts as to what he was doing. Sometimes, when a reading was asked for, the sleeping Cayce simply remained silent. Apparently his own health and state of mind affected his ability. Though he was on the whole a mild-dispositioned man, he was not

free from bursts of temper; worry about finances frequently enveloped him. Emotional states like these evidently inhibited his gift. In most instances the unsuccessful readings were obtained at a later time, when the suggestion was repeated to him and when his physical or emotional tone was improved.

What troubled him most, however, was when people sometimes reported indignantly that the reading did not accurately describe their condition or that, after trying its recommendations, they had not been helped. Humbly and apologetically Cayce would write them long letters, explaining that he did not pretend to be infallible; that many conditions he did not fully understand seemed to affect the readings; that sometimes, like a radio receiving set, he did not get clear reception. He would conclude: "Our only purpose is to help you; if you have not been helped, I want you have your money back." And he would enclose a check in full amount of their payment.

Sometimes he would hear from these people again, many months later, telling him that a later medical diagnosis had confirmed what he had originally said and what they had disbelieved. Sometimes, too, he would discover that persons who had complained about the failure of the treatment had been careless in omitting an essential part of the diet, medication, adjustments, or mental discipline that had been prescribed.

In any case, he knew that the readings were not infallible. But as time went on their clarity and accuracy improved as he understood more and more how to use his gift. The occasional failures and apparent inaccuracies were counterbalanced, moreover, by the almost spectacular cures accomplished as years went by. A Catholic priest in Canada was healed of epilepsy; a young high-school graduate of Dayton, Ohio, was relieved of a severe case of arthritis; a New York dentist was released in two weeks of a migraine headache that had been tormenting him for two years; a young woman musician of Kentucky, given up as a hopeless case by a famous Tennessee clinic, was cured in a year of the strange malady called scleroderma; a boy in Philadelphia, born with infant glaucoma (commonly regarded as incurable), gained normal eyesight under treatment from a doctor who followed the instructions given by Cayce. It was cases such as these that cumulatively and finally convinced the ever-modest, ever-doubting, ever-scrupulous Cayce that, barring minor distortions and difficulties, his gift could be trusted;

that it was in reality a gift of God rather than a tool of the devil.

At several points in his career Cayce was confronted by investigators who were as suspicious and skeptical of him as he was of himself. Hugo Munsterberg, a psychologist from Harvard University, was one of these. Munsterberg came expecting to find a cabinet, a darkened room, and the other usual paraphernalia of mediumistic charlatans. He was surprised to discover that Cayce needed none of these things, that he simply lay down on a couch in full daylight, and that, after receiving a simply hypnotic suggestion, he began to talk coherently in his sleep.

Munsterberg observed Cayce closely as he gave a reading; he interviewed persons who had experienced cures as a result of Cayce's clairvoyance; he scrutinized the records of previous readings. He went away convinced—like all others before and after him who came to expose what they thought to be a clever deception—that whatever Cayce was, he was not a charlatan. Munsterberg had been persuaded both by the testimony of the cases themselves, and by the simple unpretentious honesty of the man himself.

On the other hand, men of vision and good will appeared at various times in Cayce's life who, recognizing the humanitarian and scientific importance of what he was doing, gave him both moral and financial assistance in the vicissitudes of his strange career. Several of these persons conceived the idea of a hospital in which readings could be given and the somewhat unusual prescriptions of the readings carried out by a sympathetic staff. A wealthy man by the name of Morton Blumenthal, who had himself benefited from the readings, made this dream an actuality; in 1929 the Cayce Hospital was established at Virginia Beach, Virginia. The hospital was in existence for two years, but had to close because of the financial losses of its sponsor in the stock-market crash.

The publication of Cayce's biography in 1942 (*There Is a River*, by Thomas Sugrue), followed by the appearance of a magazine article entitled "Miracle Man of Virginia Beach" in the September, 1943, issue of *Coronet* magazine, gave the phenomenon of Cayce's gift nationwide publicity. As a result he was deluged by mail from all parts of the country.

The tragic urgency of some of these cases was heartrending. Cayce could not bear to turn anyone away, and appointments were scheduled as far as a year and a half in advance. Instead of giving only two or three readings a day, he found

himself giving as many as eight—four in the morning and four in the afternoon. To work in one's sleep might seem to be an easy way of life, but it was a tremendous drain on his nervous energy. The strain of this constant service told on him, and on January 3, 1945, he died, at the age of sixty-seven.

So ended the life history of the man Edgar Cayce; but his significance was not buried with him. If a man's immortality can be said to rise from the transforming good he has accomplished in the lives of his fellow-beings, then Cayce's title to immortality is secure. But more important even than this is Cayce's contribution to the ever-growing body of evidence that attests to the reality of the clairvoyant faculty in man. For the clairvoyance of Cayce passed a rigorous pragmatic test. Not only did he see what other people could not see, but his seeing was afterwards verifiable. Not only was it verifiable; it was workable. Not only was it workable; but it worked.

When every method of modern, scientific detective work is utilized and still the murder is unsolved, the murderer uncaptured, where does a police department turn?

Some of them, without fuss or fanfare, employ the services of amateur sleuths who through their powers of psychometry or knowledge of a person through contact with an object belonging to him achieve great success at solving the most perplexing of crimes.

How do they do it? Do criminals leave some psychic emanations in the air at the scene of their crime that these strangely talented people can perceive and interpret?

Veteran journalist and devotee of the world of parapsychology Jess Stearn probes the fascinating possibilities in the following chapter.

Crime busters with a sixth sense

IN TIME there may be no crime because the criminal won't have a chance. And there may be no political coups or surprise attacks on frontiers because surprise will be impossible. Even now psychics are solving crimes that baffle our greatest

sleuths. In Holland, the clairvoyant Croiset described the disappearance, step by step, of a girl mysteriously missing in Kansas, and correctly predicted a break in the case. In Virginia, Peter Hurkos, merely going over the scene of a crime, successfully identified a man sought for the murder of a family of four, and foretold the day he would be arrested. He also predicted, accurately, that the man would be held for other murders. In Georgia, an elderly fortune-teller, scoffed at by police, foretold when and where the body of a missing woman would turn up—and by her vision gave police their first inkling of foul play.

In Washington, Jeane Dixon, merely looking at a trusted officer of a business house, was able to predict that he would one day betray his trust, though her warning to that effect was blandly ignored by his employers.

In New Jersey, police have turned so often to a psychic for help in murders and missing person cases that she has taken the professional name Florence Psychic, and is so listed in the New York City telephone directory.

On the diplomatic front, Mrs. Dixon had been able to foresee the Korean War, and its stalemate, after meeting an American foreign service officer who could not himself have logically foreseen both developments.

In performing these wonders, the psychics displayed no powers of deduction, and intellectually were often several cuts below the sleuths who appealed to them for aid. But still, given the slimmest clues, or none at all, they would often break cases without stirring from their chairs.

Even in the laboratory experiments, dear to the hearts of parapsychologists, these crime detectors have been amazing. Holland's Gerard Croiset, for instance, ten days before a meeting, was asked to describe the person who would occupy each chair at the conference. One chair stumped him. He could only shake his head over it, and repeat, "I see nothing." Dr. W. H. C. Tenhaeff of the University of Utrecht, supervising the experiment pointed to another chair. Croiset's face immediately brightened. "I see a woman, her face scarred in a recent auto accident."

Thirty persons had been expected for the conference, and only twenty-nine showed up. The empty chair? The one Croiset could find nothing for. And the lady with the scarred face? "How," she asked Croiset, "did you know about my road crash in Italy two months ago?"

Croiset excels in missing person cases. Once he was con-

sulted by telephone about a four-year-old child living fifty miles away, who had vanished twenty-four hours before. He said that the child's body would be found three days later in a canal near a bridge in its home town in Eindhoven.

And that was exactly where it was found three days later.

Croiset is also a psychometrist, getting impressions of the past, present, and future by merely touching an object. Once he was asked to feel a hammer, which a pretty girl had wrenched from the man who had battered her with it, and run off. He described her assailant, whom she could not identify in the darkness, as a "tall dark man with a disfigured left ear." And when a man fitting this description was picked up for another crime, police taxed him with the hammer attack, and he confessed.

Time and distance made little difference to Croiset. When his twenty-four-year-old daughter disappeared from a Topeka, Kansas hospital, Dr. Walter Sandelius, professor of political science at the University of Kansas and a Rhodes scholar, picked up a phone to ask Croiset about it. Six weeks had passed since the girl had been reported missing on October 18, 1959, and the police had been getting nowhere.

"Can you help me?" Sandelius asked Tenhaeff.

Croiset was put on an extension. "Is there a river near the hospital?" he asked.

"The Kansas River," Sandelius replied.

Croiset nodded, closed his eyes, and began tracing the girl's movements on leaving the hospital. "I can see her running over a broad lawn," he said, "and crossing a viaduct." On the other end of the line, Sandelius excitedly affirmed the description of the landscape.

Then Croiset saw the girl riding in a truck and a large car and arriving at a city on a body of water, with many small boats dotting its surface.

"Do not worry," he assured the father, "she is alive and well, and you will have more definite news in six days."

He asked for photographs and maps of the area to pinpoint the girl's location.

Exactly six days later, as he came down the stairs of his Kansas home to make a second call to Tenhaeff in Holland, Professor Sandelius got a jolt—there was his daughter, sitting comfortably on a sofa, as though she had never left. There was a tearful reunion, and then the father asked his questions. Carol had hitched two rides after fleeing across the hospital lawn, one in a truck, the other in a big sports car.

And at the very time that her father was engaged in his three-way conversation with Tenhaeff and Croiset, she was in Corpus Christi, Texas, near a large body of water, with many small boats.

In the meantime, Sandelius had sent on the maps, and received a letter from Tenhaeff reminding him "that there would be news in six days, a little plus or minus."

The forecast had made little impression on the distracted father. "I did not have this prediction in mind," Professor Sandelius told me, "when I wired to arrange for another session on the telephone, as soon as I thought Dr. Tenhaeff would have received my letter for Croiset. Only when I got up on the morning of the second telephone conversation to Tenhaeff, and found that Carol had come in an hour before, did I realize that she had come in precisely an hour and a half less than six days after Croiset's statement to this effect."

From another psychic Sandelius had received more definite assurance of Carol's return. Consulting a sensitive closer to home he had been told that she would return unharmed "before Christmas." On December 17, she strolled into her home.

To fretful relatives, routine police methods often seem painfully slow and unavailing. When her sister, Mrs. Jane Coats, disappeared suddenly from her home in suburban Atlanta, Miss Evelyn Stowers, an Atlanta saleswoman, couldn't banish an uneasy sense of disaster. She had spoken to her sister only the day before, when they had discussed Christmas presents for the three Coats children. But Jane's husband told police that his wife had merely grown tired of their marriage and had taken two thousand dollars and cleared out. Miss Stowers was openly skeptical. "My sister," she said, "would never leave the children."

Miss Stowers reported her sister's disappearance to De Kalb County police in November 1958. The disappearance was duly noted, and men were routinely assigned to the case. But the sister was not satisfied with the way things were going. When she wasn't checking police, she was bringing pictures and descriptions of the missing housewife to the Atlanta newspapers, talking to reporters, and knocking on doors in the Coatses' neighborhood in the slim hope that somebody might have a clue.

She eagerly agreed when her aunt, Mrs. Edna Farmer, suggested they consult a fortune-teller, a Mrs. Josephine Pittman, who had a reputation for locating misplaced jewelry

and people. But when they drew up to the seer's ramshackle house in Stone Mountain, fifteen miles north of Atlanta, Miss Stowers felt her first misgivings when an elderly, unkempt woman with an unhealthy pallor came to the door.

But Mrs. Pittman became more impressive as the sitting proceeded. She peered into a crystal ball and then looked off into space broodingly. Everything that she said was etched forever into the mind of the sister, listening entranced.

"She said that my sister was dead," Miss Stowers recalled shortly thereafter, "and that she had been strangled with a cord and buried in a shallow grave. She said the grave was beside a new road not far from where my sister lived, and she described a bridge under construction nearby."

There was a more singular prediction, inexplicable at the time:

"A little animal with a sharp nose and pointed ears would lead the way to her." There were more details of the grave scene, water that did not appear to be a lake or river, and a grove of trees. There was even a description of the missing woman's attire. "She saw my sister dressed in night clothes with a bedcover wrapped around her."

Continuing her own investigation, Miss Stowers began searching for terrain that fitted Mrs. Pittman's description. Meanwhile, police had received reports of the Pittman revelations, and had decided this sort of thing must stop. "We knew that what she had told the family had upset them terribly," said De. Kalb County Detective B. S. Ivey, "and we went out there to tell Mrs. Pittman to cut it out."

Mrs. Pittman calmly listened to Ivey and his superior, Detective Captain T. L. Wayne, and then said quietly, "I told them the truth."

The officers dryly asked when the body would be found. "If not in January," Mrs. Pittman said, "it will be in mid-March."

Three months later, on March 17, 1959, construction work was resumed on a section of highway in north De Kalb County after a long winter layoff. During the noon break, workmen observed two opossums fighting with each other on the dirt ramp of a bridge they were building. As the possums fled, the men noticed an object jutting out of the loose dirt. This was what the "little animal with a sharp nose and pointed ears" had been fighting over. It was a human hand.

As Mrs. Pittman had foreseen, there were pools of water

around the shallow grave, from recent rains, and grove-like clumps of trees lined the right of way. Though the remains were unrecognizable, an autopsy revealed that the victim—a woman—had been strangled with a cord. "In my opinion," testified Dr. Herman Jones of the Georgia Crime Laboratory, "she died from strangulation or suffocation from this cord being wrapped around her neck."

The body was in night clothing, as Mrs. Pittman had foreseen—shreds of green pajamas, a blue housecoat. And it was wrapped in a plaid bedspread. There was little Mrs. Pittman had missed.

Coats denied that the undistinguishable remains were those of his missing wife. But Miss Stowers identified the engagement and wedding rings found near the body. She had given her sister the blue housecoat only the year before.

Three months later, Coats was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. During his trial, it developed that he had been seeing another woman, a divorcee, just before his wife disappeared.

To the psychic, in a very literal sense, murder does—sometimes—out. With his theory of the odic force, Dr. Reisenman feels that the murderer leaves a trail of emotion—anger, fear, resentment, appendages of the crime—that the psychic can latch onto years after the incident. In the same way, the psychic can enter a room where diplomats have sat, and penetrate their plans better than any spy. "Give a psychometrist like Hurkos a scrap of Krushchev's clothing, or"—he laughed—"a wisp of his hair and he might be able to tell you everything Khrushchev had done and was planning to do."

But Jeane Dixon needed no such clue. Reading a State Department career officer in the spring of 1950, she foresaw not only his own future cloak-and-dagger activities, of which he knew nothing at the time, but the imminent "police action" in Korea. She also predicted to this aide, Frank Schuler, now a Washington executive, that the Korean War would end in a stalemate. "If we had all known that at the time," Schuler observed later, "there wouldn't have been any point in getting involved."

He remembered the prediction well because he had thought it so harebrained at the time. "She said the war would end with neither the United States nor the Communists getting what they desired because of factors introduced after the conflict. It was a pretty good hit. The Chinese threat of

intervention at the Alu, subsequent to hostilities, was an outside factor that checked our drive for complete victory, while we were still strong enough to deny the Communists their victory."

She also told the incredulous Schuler of Stalin's death, hastened by associates, and pictured his replacement. "He will be succeeded by a fat man with a round, pasty face and a hair style similar to Napoleon's, a hank of hair slapped down over his forehead." When Malenkov succeeded Stalin three years later, Schuler felt he already knew him. And reports of Stalin's demise being expedited by frightened subalterns came as no surprise.

Although Schuler was then moving in top-secret levels, Mrs. Dixon, meeting him for the first time, seemed to know more about his plans than his superiors did.

"She told me I would be leaving for Europe in two weeks on a special mission," Schuler recalled, "and that while it was designed originally to take me only to West Germany, it would broaden unexpectedly and carry me all over Europe, the Middle East, and North Africa in a most delicate operation."

Shortly thereafter, as predicted, Schular was sent to Frankfurt as an aide to High Commissioner John McCloy. "The mission was designed to keep me in West Germany," he said, "but within a couple of weeks, the whole nature of my job changed, and I became a roving emissary with headquarters in Paris." His mission was so hush-hush that in many capitals of Europe he was known only as Mr. X. "And I covered all the areas that Mrs. Dixon had said I would, before leaving the foreign service in two years." This departure had also been predicted.

In the crime field, Mrs. Dixon has done better than the detectors, anticipating felonies before they occur. She warned one of the country's wealthiest widows that she would be blackmailed if she were not more discreet. The following day, the woman—whom I have met—telephoned frantically. She had just received a blackmail note from a young man she had made the mistake of being kind to.

In 1957, Mrs. Dixon was closing a real estate deal in the offices of the Realty Title Insurance Company in Washintgon, when an executive, Charles Mitchell, suggested she give his concern more of her business. "Not while this man is with you," she said, referring to a company vice president whom

she had just met. "I won't trust him with any of my money and you should watch out for yours."

Mitchell was flabbergasted. "Why, he's one of our most trusted officials."

"Well," Mrs. Dixon repeated, "you'd better watch out."

Three weeks later, the trusted vice president, as reported in the *Washington Post*, fled the city, while his associates counted a forty-thousand-dollar shortage.

"Yes, she told us about him," Mitchell confirmed, "but how could anybody pay any attention to it—the man had been with us for twelve years, and we had implicit confidence in him."

The most publicized of the psychic detectives is Peter Hurkos, the Dutchman who has claimed solving twenty-seven murders in seventeen countries. He had also received considerable publicity for recovering the Stone of Scone, taken from Westminster Abbey before Elizabeth's coronation. But Scotland Yard said otherwise. While the search for the Coronation Stone was making the headlines, Hurkos had traveled to England at his own expense. In London, he was permitted to go over the Abbey ground and handle objects presumably touched by the bandits. He had then given a press conference, at which he described the thieves, said they were in England but would soon be leaving for Scotland, and predicted: "The Stone will be returned in three weeks."

On a tip, Scotland Yard traced the fugitives to Glasgow. Then, in the belief they were Scottish nationalists trying to draw attention to their dream of partition, the Yard promised to look away if the Stone was returned intact.

As mysteriously as it had disappeared, the Stone returned—three weeks later. But Hurkos, Scotland Yard insisted, had nothing to do with it, even if he had accurately predicted its return.

Still, Hurkos got so much of the credit that in the House of Commons Her Majesty's Government felt compelled to publicly deny that his intervention had been helpful.

In this country, Hurkos has become a regular crime consultant. In Miami, police put him on the faded trail of the killer of five-year-old Judy Roberts. After eight years the case is still unsolved, but Miami police say that Hurkos accurately described how the child was slain, revealed gruesome details of the attack that only they and the killer supposedly knew, and indicated a suspect. "We can't say

he was wrong," a police official observed, "but we weren't able to prove he was right."

He is remembered favorably in Miami for his work in the Smith case. It opened in October 1958 when Navy Commander John T. Stewart, fifty-three, retired, was shot to death in his Key Largo apartment, and his car stolen. A few hours later, Edward Sentnor, sixty-three, a cab driver, was shot and killed in his cab in down-town Miami, a short drive from Key Largo. Both men were killed by bullets from a .22 automatic, and later, as the cases were connected, police theorized that the killer might be the same man, without having the slightest idea who that man might be. In their quandary, they asked Hurkos if he would sit in the dead man's cab and tell them what impressions he got, if any. After a few minutes of intense concentration, the psychic clambered out of the taxi and began his report in his peculiar full-throated guttural voice. As police listened amazed, he described not only one murder but two. Lieutenant Tom Lipe, head of the Miami homicide squad, directing the investigation, disclosed that Hurkos not only drew a word portrait of the killer, describing even his stance, but went into his past, and actually named him. "It was also the first real intimation," Lipe said, "that the same man was responsible for both murders. Hurkos said he had killed a man in the Keys, which we didn't know at that point, and had been in trouble before. He said he was tall and thin, with a tattoo on his right arm, walked with a slow ambling gait, like a sailor, but could move like lightning when he had to. He was well known in Havana and Detroit, and his name was Smitty."

Actually, Hurkos was off a bit on the name. The fugitive, as it developed, was not Smitty, but Smith, Charles Smith. He was a merchant seaman who had shipped into Cuba, and he had served time in Michigan. At the request of Miami police, a rogues' gallery picture of Smitty was obtained from Michigan authorities. It was identified by a Miami waitress who told police of a customer—tall and slim, with the rolling walk of a sailor—who had boasted one night of killing two men. Convinced "Smitty" was their man, Miami police sent a "wanted" flyer with his picture and description to police around the country. Less than a month later, after pulling a stickup in New Orleans, Smith was picked up there, and returned to Miami to face trial. Found guilty of the cabbie's murder, he went to prison for life.

In some published reports of the case, Hurkos didn't rate a mention. While Lipe was ready to give the Dutchman his due, many of his colleagues were not. "Some police," the homicide chief observed, "aren't able constitutionally to accept the sort of thing Hurkos is doing any more than they could have accepted a flight to the moon twenty-five or thirty years ago." He smiled. "I don't understand it myself, but I'm willing to use anything that works, and accordingly give credit. Twenty to thirty years from now, what Hurkos is doing may be accepted as commonplace, and it may even be understood. Who knows?"

Lipe had found Hurkos trustworthy. "In our work with him," the policeman said, "I have never known him to claim anything that wasn't so, nor did he ever ask leading questions. When he gets into a case, he isn't so much concerned with what the police are telling him as with what he sees himself. If anybody breaks in on him when he's talking, he asks them not to interrupt. He just isn't interested in knowing what the police know."

Hurkos has agreed with this conception of himself. "All I ask the police to do," he said with characteristic modesty, "is to take me to the scene, and then let me alone." On the scene, as he concentrates on the crime, flashes of newsreels unfold before his eyes. "It's like a film being played only for me," he said. "I can see things in great detail, and I can describe what I see."

In the case of missing Florida Judge Curtis Chillingworth and his wife, Hurkos told Florida authorities long before the case was cracked that Chillingworth and his wife had been abducted, their bodies tossed into the ocean, and that Mrs. Chillingworth had been slain only because she was a witness. He named as instigator former Judge Joseph Peel of West Palm Beach and said, as a tape recorder spun, that while Peel didn't do the actual slaying, he knew all about it. At Peel's trial, subsequently, all developed as Hurkos had said, and the former Florida magistrate is now serving time for masterminding the murders.

Hurkos' greatest triumph came in a case for which he was publicly ridiculed. In June 1960, he burst onto the scene of a Virginia murder probe in a bright blaze of publicity. Three days after he hit Falls Church, Virginia, center of the investigation, he was taking credit for solving four murders—the eighteen-month-old slaying of motorist Carroll Jackson, his wife, and their two small daughters. With the

apprehension of a thirty-four-year-old trash collector, who had supposedly confessed the crimes, Hurkos was quoted by the newspapers as saying: "I've done a good job here. I worked three days and cracked the case." And then came an elaboration, vainglorious even for Hurkos: "With Dr. Reisenman (the psychiatrist and criminologist who had brought him into the case) I went to the churchyard where Carroll Jackson and his wife, Mildred, and their two daughters were buried. I went later to the scene of the crime and to the Jacksons' former home, where I was able to handle some of their clothing and personal possessions." At the contact, he had felt a series of strong vibrations, which had translated themselves into revealing mental pictures. He even saw the suspect's wife—she had "two missing upper teeth and a pointed nose."

Yet ten days later it all looked like a grim fiasco on Hurkos' part, with the arrest in Arkansas of another man for the murders and the release of the suspect Hurkos had apparently fingered.

The new suspect, Melvin Davis Rees, thirty-one, a jazz musician from Hyattsville, Maryland, had been arrested by the FBI, and a diary found in his old home seemed to settle his guilt. The excerpts told the story. "Caught on lonely road, then after pulling them over, leveled pistol, and ordered them out . . . car trunk was open for husband and both bound. Now the mother and daughter were all mine."

Rees was also implicated in the earlier murder of Mrs. Margaret Harold, thirty-six, a clerk at nearby Fort Meade. Her body had been found not far from the shallow grave near Annapolis, Maryland, where the bodies of Mrs. Jackson and six-year-old Susan Ann were to be exhumed three years later. Jackson and eighteen-month-old Janet were found under a brush pile in woods near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

After Rees's arrest, the Washington newspapers cried out against crystal-ball justice, bitterly attacking Hurkos and the Virginia police, who had co-operated with him. In New York, newspapers that had been planning features on the three-day psychic wonder canceled their plans. The Hurkos bubble had burst.

A year or so later, as the Rees trial was making headlines in Washington, I mentioned Hurkos' failure to Dr. Reisenman. The doctor looked puzzled. "What failure?" he said. "He was fantastically successful."

It was my turn to appear surprised. "He picked out the

trash man from Falls Church, Virginia, and it was Rees who committed the murders."

Reisenman smiled. "You've been reading the papers. Actually, though the papers never got hold of it, Hurkos also got Rees, and described him down to the last detail."

"Then why was the first man arrested?"

"Peter got both men—the trash man and Rees, and he described both. The difficulty was that he got one through telepathy and the other through psychometry. He read the minds of the police officers who thought the Virginia man guilty, and he got Rees through his contact with the dead people's belongings—the odic force."

"Did he tell the police about Rees?"

"He was quite specific. After touching Jackson's shoes and and the little girl's dress, he closed his eyes and began to describe the killer. He got Rees's height correctly—slightly over six feet—said he was left-handed with a tattoo on his arm, and added that he walked like a duck and stood like an ape. That description fit the long-armed, muscular Rees, and had no application at all to the other man. There was no question whom he meant."

"Then why didn't they pick Rees up?"

"Oh, they were going to, and they sent two men out to West Memphis, Arkansas, to get him, but the FBI got there first."

I was surprised that the police had shown this much confidence.

"He impressed them right off," Reisenman said. "Standing where the bodies had been found months before, he described the position in which they had lain, told how each of the four had been killed, and in what order. Although only the police knew it then, he said that Mrs. Jackson had been sexually assaulted. On the Harold murder scene, he went to a grove a mile from where the body had been found and plucked the woman's skirt off a bush, where it had hung unnoticed for three years. He said that Mrs. Harold had been killed unintentionally, and that coincided with police information, and then he said that the Jacksons and Mrs. Harold were killed by the same man."

Along with the trash man, the musician Rees had been one of many suspects, and so Hurkos had actually pinpointed things for the police in describing the killer as an artist, which the trash man certainly was not.

But I still wasn't sold on Hurkos' role.

"From the papers," I said, "I gathered that Hurkos thought the case ended with the trash man's arrest."

"Not at all," Reisenman said, "because this man really wasn't even arrested, but was committed for observation at his wife's request. But even so, his being picked up in three days didn't conform with Hurkos' prediction . . ."

I hadn't realized Hurkos had made any predictions.

"Oh, yes, that was the most remarkable thing of all. The day Hurkos arrived, appearing on television he said the case would be cleared up in fourteen days with the arrest of the murderer. Rees was picked up two weeks afterward to the day."

He had also predicted the killer would eventually be indicted for nine murders. "He has already been officially tied to five—the Jacksons and Mrs. Harold," Reisenman said, "and police say they have information tying him with two more, and they may yet get to nine. But they could tell you more about that."

"How about his announcement that he had solved the case in three days?" I persisted.

"Actually he had; it only remained for Rees to be picked up."

"But he described the 'killer's' wife, and Rees had no wife."

"This was telepathy intruding again, but obviously Hurkos' prediction excluded anybody picked up before the two weeks were up."

As a newspaperman, I was still baffled. "If all this is true and Hurkos helped solve the murders, how did the wrong stories get out without ever being corrected?"

Reisenman shrugged. "Obviously, the police weren't going to talk their heads off about bringing in a sensitive to help them solve a murder. The reporters found out about the trash man because that happened right within the area, but Hurkos' connection with the Rees pickup didn't come out since reporters hadn't stumbled on it and the police had no interest in blowing up Hurkos."

He looked at me frankly. "However, if you have any doubts about Hurkos' role in the case, you can check with Inspector Jack Hall of the Virginia State Police, who handled the investigation." He laughed. "Peter certainly impressed him before he got through."

"In what way?" I asked.

"In every way, personally and professionally."

It had been a meeting, apparently, that Hall wouldn't soon

forget. "When he first met Hall," Reisenman related, "he told him, 'Don't worry, your wife is all right,' and then as Hall looked up with a start, he said, 'She's going to the doctor's office to keep a noon appointment and she's going to be annoyed when she gets there because he's going to have to see three emergency cases before he gets to her, and she'll have to wait.'"

And so it happened, as a phone call by Hall determined.

As Hall looked at him wide-eyed, Hurkos continued, "You haven't had any children in eighteen years, and you don't expect any anymore, but you're going to have another child, a girl, and she will be born on June 24, 1961, just about a year from today."

At this, Hall smiled, but was impressed in spite of himself.

"Did it all come true?" I asked.

"Ask Hall," Reisenman said, "he'll tell you."

I got back to the murders. "How did you happen to call in Hurkos?" I asked Reisenman.

"The police had picked up and questioned more than fifteen hundred suspects, and still had one hundred and sixty-five suspects under consideration, including two of my private patients. I was concerned with clearing these two, since I felt they were innocent, and the knowledge they were under suspicion for so heinous a crime was certainly not conducive to mental health."

"But weren't the police a little reluctant to put up the money for Hurkos? I understand he's expensive."

"I footed the bill," the doctor said. "It cost me three thousand dollars, and it was worth it in more ways than one."

He looked up with a smile. "Actually, Hurkos was more amazing with people around him—like Inspector Hall—than even in putting police onto Rees. Some of his predictions were remarkable; there were at least twelve instances of precognition on his part that have already come true."

"Were they things he might have known about or learned through judicious inquiry?" I asked.

"I don't know how he would go about schooling himself, since he didn't know anybody he met here, we didn't know him, and he flew in from Miami right after I put through a phone call for him."

"He may have sensed trends or probabilities from the attitudes of the people around him, guessed at things, and told them what they wanted to hear."

He laughed. "Okay, dissect this one from the analytical

point of view. I met Hurkos at the airport in Washington and, recognizing him from his pictures, went over to greet him." As Reisenman reached into his wallet for an identifying card, the picture of an elderly man dropped out. Hurkos bent down and picked it up. As he handed it back to Reisenman, the words catapulted out of him. "That man is eighty-two years old," he said, "he has had four accidents in the last two years, and his condition is going to gradually deteriorate, with the blood vessels shrinking in his head. He will live from six to twelve months."

The picture was of Reisenman's father, who lived in Meadville, Pennsylvania, with a son, Joseph.

"Except for the forecast of death, everything Hurkos said was right," Reisenman said, "but the doctors had said my father was improving and as a doctor myself I thought they were right."

This was on June 10, 1960.

Brother Joseph still reported that the men of medicine gave the elder Reisenman another five to ten years, but on February 8, 1961, eight months later, he passed away.

Hurkos seemed to enjoy his performance and its impact. At the airport, in the presence of police, he made a weather prediction. "For the next three and a half days," he said, "all the time I am here, the weather will be perfect—sunny and mild, and then, as I leave, you will have a terrible storm."

And how had it happened?

"Just as he predicted; the moment he stepped on the plane, it started to pour," the doctor said, "—the worst cloudburst in five years, with the cellar in my home flooded for the first time."

In Reisenman's home Hurkos continued to perform. "He looked at a picture of my mother on the wall, not knowing it was my mother, and said: 'That woman died on May 8, 1959, at three in the morning, and nobody was with her at the time.'"

But Hurkos had made a mistake. The death had occurred on July 8 of that year. "May 8 was my mother's birthday," Reisenman said, "and I suppose this date flashed through his mind and he confused it with the other mental picture he had."

Introduced to the doctor's eighteen-year-old son, Robert, he blurted out: "You know, your girl friend looked better before she dyed her hair." And then as Robert's eyes bugged, he having previously given the girl this bit of information

himself, Hurkos said: "Another thing, her father died eighteen years ago while reading the funny papers."

Meeting Robert later, I asked about Hurkos. "My girl friend had dyed her hair," he said, "but she didn't know about her father dying like that. So she asked her mother, and her mother looked at her a little strangely and said, 'Yes, but who told you?'"

But Hurkos' greatest prodigy around the Reisenman home was reserved for a small child. Little Mary Alice, then about two and a half years old and the youngest of seven children, had been ill almost from birth, and could not walk or toddle. The doctors said she suffered from cerebral palsy and would never walk. "Hurkos put his hand on little Mary Alice's back as she sat on the porch," Dr. Reisenman said, "—this was on June 11—and said: 'She'll walk on her birthday, December 21, for the first time, and then four days later, on Christmas, she'll walk to the tree and pick up her presents, and will continue to walk.'"

I interrupted. "Did you tell him the child's birth date?"

"No, he apparently picked that up, like he did the other dates, through that universal newsreel of his."

And how right had he been on Mary Alice?

"When December 21 came around," Reisenman said, "we deliberately made no effort, my wife or I, to encourage her to stand up, toddle, or walk. If anything was going to happen, it was not going to be induced through any coaxing or urging on our part and I had no wish to implant the idea in the child's mind—though we had repeatedly tried to get her to walk before this."

Without urging, as her parents half-averted their eyes, the child miraculously took her first few tentative steps. She fell down, but got up and started over again. During the next few days, she made a few more exploratory steps, without showing any real progress, and then on Christmas Day—as Hurkos had forecast—she toddled triumphantly to the tree and stood there, smiling, as her parents' moist eyes reflected their emotion on this anniversary of Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

I had caught a glimpse of Mary Alice. She was then almost four, and she skipped and romped about like any healthy normal girl her age. Her legs were sturdy and strong.

Knowing how skeptically doctors regarded the laying on of hands, I still felt bound to ask, "Do you think Hurkos has healing powers?"

"I can only accept the evidence. He predicted she would walk after five doctors said otherwise, and he predicted the date. That, to me, is evidence of precognition and Hurkos only foresaw the event."

I was still intrigued by the murders. In the Jackson case, Hurkos had been like a bloodhound picking up scents all over the place, and his difficulty in separating the scents struck me as rather unfair. "Doesn't this make it awkward for an innocent man who happens to confuse the bloodhound's trail?" I asked.

"There shouldn't have been all that confusion," the doctor said, "after all, Hurkos did tell them that the killer was out West, and they went out West for him."

"Then how," I asked, "did the FBI get there first if the Virginia police had all this information?"

Reisenman gently tilted his eyebrows. "Why not ask the police," he said, "that's their department."

Just outside the drowsy little town of Culpeper, Virginia, at State Police Headquarters, I looked up the man who could answer my questions—Inspector Jack Hall.

Hall was a dark, handsome Virginian with graying hair and a soft drawl. "Hurkos," he said, with a shake of the head and a quizzical smile, "we won't forget that name for a long time."

"Did he really help break that case?"

"Everything Dr. Reisenman told you was true, and then some."

"How about Rees being indicted for nine murders?"

"We've already got him tied in for seven, and we know of two more."

"How do you account for the newspaper stories saying that Hurkos had failed?"

"They were right about Hurkos having put the finger on one suspect, but they didn't know about the other, and we certainly weren't letting out anything at the time that would have warned the man we were trying to pick up. But he did put his finger on Rees, and he told us pretty much how it was done." He shook his head. "That man could pick up the strangest things. For instance, he told us that Mrs. Jackson had only thirty-one teeth, and checking the autopsy report we discovered that he was right."

"How do you think he got two men?"

"Dr. Reisenman's theory about reading our minds on one and getting the other through touching things might be right

—I don't know. But the two suspects had lots in common. What the public doesn't know is that they even lived in the same house, an abandoned shack, for a while, though not at the same time, and Hurkos might have confused the pair there."

"Did Hurkos actually put the finger on Rees or the other man?"

"From what he told us of the way the crimes were committed, and his description, it became obvious that Rees was our man."

I thought again about the mix-up in the newspaper accounts.

"Did Hurkos meet any of the reporters himself?" I asked.

"Yes, they were all skeptical, as was to be expected, but he converted one or two."

"How was that?"

"As I recall it, we were at Dr. Reisenman's office in Falls Church, and one of the reporters from a local newspaper was passing disparaging remarks about Hurkos' powers, and Hurkos suddenly turned on him and said, 'You know, you're a nice fellow, and all that, but you're a married man, and you shouldn't be going out and doing what you do with Helen, because she's a married woman.'"

Hall laughed as he recalled the scene.

"You know," he said, "that reporter turned white and slunk out of the room, and from that time on he started writing favorable stories about Hurkos."

"How come, with all that Hurkos did, the Virginia police didn't pick Rees up?"

"Oh, well, Rees was a hot suspect, and the FBI had him under surveillance too; and then when our boys went out there to pick him up, as the doctor mentioned, they grabbed him first."

Studying Hall's saturnine countenance, I wondered how a veteran police officer with his hardheaded experience could have seriously listened to a psychic. "Wasn't there any resentment or opposition by the police toward bringing in a man like Hurkos?"

"Captain Lindsay at the State Police Headquarters in Richmond decided that it couldn't do any harm since we didn't seem to be getting anywhere."

"What was your own reaction?"

"Oh, I thought it might be interesting, but policemen, as

you probably know, are pretty dubious about this sort of thing."

But Hall's skepticism had soon turned to wonder.

"When Hurkos met me, he started telling me things about myself and my family that no outsiders knew. He told me that I had hurt my back years before and that it was bothering me; he said I had a brother who was a cripple and that I had a son who had died of Leukemia several years ago, and he gave the date; and he told me my wife and I were going to have another child, a girl."

After eighteen years the Halls had given up hope of another child.

"And did you have that child?" I asked.

"Yes, we had a girl, born one year later on June 24, 1961, the very day he predicted." He shook his head marvelingly. "I meant to send him an announcement, but I didn't have his new address handy"—Hall's dark face broke into another smile—"and I figured he probably knew he was right anyway."

"You're sold on Hurkos then?"

The inspector turned the toe of his boot thoughtfully as we stood there talking on the steps of the police station on a warm, sunny day. "Put it this way," he said, "he's got something that I don't understand and that nobody else seems to understand, and I don't know if he understands it himself. But when he starts telling you things about yourself that even you never knew before you've got to wonder."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Five or six years ago I had been set down, suspended a few days, by my superiors for an infraction of the rules. I had forgotten all about it. But when Hurkos came here I took him inside and introduced him to my superior, the lieutenant. He shook hands, looked at the lieutenant, and then spoke out. 'This is very unusual,' he said. 'You two men are friends, but five or six years ago, you'—and he pointed to the lieutenant—'recommended the dismissal of the inspector for breaking the rules.'"

There was a dead silence for several moments, with the lieutenant turning beet red. "You know," the inspector said casually, "I had never know of that recommendation before."

"Well, was Hurkos right?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, looking at the lieutenant I could tell that—not that it really matters now, as we all have a pretty good working relationship here."

"Would you bring Hurkos in again if you had another difficult case on your hands?"

"If it were up to me," the inspector said, "I wouldn't hesitate. As I said before, I don't know how he does it, but he certainly knows things that no ordinary thinking man could ever know." His face broke into a half-sheepish smile. "Once when we were riding along on the highway, Hurkos turned to me and said, 'Your wife is not far from us, she's in a car a few hundred yards ahead of our car.' We were in a little hollow at the time. I picked up speed and rode over the crest of a small hill, and there I saw my car with my wife in it."

"Could somebody have told him?"

"He had never seen my wife before, and besides, he had been with me in the police car long before she even thought of taking the car out."

"How do you think he does it?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I haven't got the slightest idea, but he must have something working for him."

"What is that?" I asked.

He turned his face to the sky, without answering directly. "It's enough," he said softly, "to make you believe in the Almighty God."

Is there a cure for unoperable cancer? Can life be made to flow back into paralyzed limbs? Can the blind be given sight again?

When medical science has no answer for these questions, or when the answers are negative, then many people turn to spiritual healing for help. The spiritual healer attempts his cures by working with the cooperation with forces in the spirit world adept at healing. Through the earthly spirit healer's touch, these powers are brought to bear on the afflicted person. Throughout the centuries and on into our own times many almost incredible cures allegedly have been effected through spiritual healing.

Paul Miller, a noted writer on spiritual healing, writes of the extraordinary successes of a contemporary practitioner of this mystifying gift, Harry Edwards, in the following chapter.

The man who cures cancer and paralysis by touch

THERE ARE many healers and many kinds of healing, but ultimately all derive from the spirit. The closer to the spirit source the better the healing, and the more nearly the healer is in tune or in co-operation with the forces which produce healing, the greater the number of cures or cases of relief. There is in it no magic, nothing depends on ceremonial, the "correct" passes, the right stance, the proper kind of incense, or the ancient prayer intoned in the appropriately humble voice. The healing done by Edwards and those who work similarly is, first, to send out a force which is a thought to those in the spirit world who are trained for this work. They are skilled in the manipulation of forces finer than the physical, and, adapting them to blend with the physical and nervous forces of the human body, they produce a change in condition which often develops into a cure. It is Edwards's conviction that the bases of the work he does can be summed up thus:

"An emission of thought is common to all healing.

"Nothing takes place by chance or accident.

"Spirit healings are the result of law-governed force put into operation as a result of the emission of a thought-force."

The effect of the range of healing is unlimited, for at the same ceremony or treatment widely different diseases are treated successfully, such as restoration of an unbalanced mind, removal of a malignant growth, restoration of sight or other senses. From this it follows that the force is altered or tempered or changed in some way under expert guidance to suit the needs of each patient. And from this, it follows, he says—and I have always thought so since first investigating the subject—that there is someone or something with the ability to select which force or degree of force shall be employed in a specific case. Edwards declares, "To achieve this there must be a directing discarnate intelligence capable of so directing and differentiating." The answer to those who say that all, or much, or some of this is due to the operation of that much relied upon thing, the subconscious mind, is: "But whether it be healing, clairvoyance, or physical activity the same answer applies; that there is not any evidence that mankind possesses today, or has ever possessed, the detailed knowledge for its accomplishment and therefore

it cannot be existent in the subconscious mind; there has been no human experience upon which this subconscious mind can draw such precise and profound wisdom. The implication follows that the directing, discarnate intelligence has been able to acquire wider knowledge than man possesses. To carry out such healings of the physical body this wisdom must not only include the employment of metaphysical forces, but the intelligence must know how to combine them with the physical forces that govern the human anatomy far in advance of our own."

And he sums up his generalisations by stating: "Consequent of a thought appeal by a human instrument, a discarnate mind is able to receive the request, and is then able to apply the correct quality of force to the particular disharmony in the body of the patient." There is in this conclusion no escape that either the healings are the result of knowledge applied by spirit healers or that God has favourites. This latter view might suit the crudities of the orthodox in religion, but it is instantly seen to be incompatible with the endlessly repeated assertion from the spirit world that the universe, as distinct from those portions of this earth under the sway of man, is ruled by exact justice; that no cries for mercy can alter the operation of laws set in motion by individual action to produce disease.

That spirit healers, in co-operation with healers on earth, can alleviate and very often cure where doctors fail, is well known from the hundreds of attested cases. But this is done, not by virtue of blind appeal to blind force or unknown gods, but through the operation of precisely ascertained force under the sway of clearly observed law to the mind or anatomy of a sufferer to effect either a mitigation of illness or the relief and later cure of a disease.

That the process of healing is deliberate is shown by the fact that healers do experience changes of personality during their work when treating people with different maladies, in a way comparable to changing the subject of conversation. The healer's own views on the subject are expressed in everything he has written, and while the following passage deals with his idea and experience of trance, it can apply to his mode of healing generally, for it indicates how the consciousness is affected by co-operation with those who are called dead:

"He divorces from his mind every thought of ordinary things and allows his spirit mind to become superior. This art of surrender is the hardest part of psychic development, but

with perseverance becomes a natural change. This change may be described (inadequately) as the healer feeling a sense or condition enshrouding him, as if a blind had been drawn over his normal, alert mind. In its place he experiences the presence of a new personality—one with an entirely new character—which imbues him with a super-feeling of confidence and power. An absorbing interest in the patient's condition occupies the entire mind, and there is no room for any other thought. Should any outside interference occur, the healer feels it acutely. His whole energy and power is focused upon the patient with zeal and directiveness whilst endeavouring to investigate and remove the cause of the trouble.

"The healer is conscious of intelligent movement with a directive purpose behind it. There is no automatic movement. If the hands are being used to dissolve a growth, it seems as if the mind occupies the fingertips—they seem to become mentally sensitive. If the hand is used to remove pain, then the hand possesses the sense of 'wiping away' the pain. If the healer, aware that strength must be given to a weak part of the patient's body, rests his hand over the affected part, he feels the flow of vitalising power pass from himself, through his arm and hand to the patient. There is intelligence behind every act the healer performs under the direction of his guide.

"While this takes place, the healer may be only dimly aware of normal movement, speech, etc., taking place around him. If a question is addressed to him about the patient's condition, he will find himself able to respond with extraordinary ease and without mental effort—in other words, the more knowledgeable personality of the guide provides the answer. Thus does the healer 'tune in'—it is the subjection of the physical senses to the spirit part of himself, the latter becoming for the time being the superior self under the control of a director.

"The great joy of healing in this way is experienced when the treatment is nearing completion. The healer becomes aware of a feeling of intense pleasure, as he knows inwardly that the healing has been successful, a feeling of ecstasy that pervades his whole being."

I have heard that also from other healers, and without being able to do what they do, it is not difficult to realise what they mean. Unfortunately, the experience is not so widespread that it is discussed freely, but when this stage is reached it may lead to that change of mind and heart

that the world so desperately needs; the exaltation that comes from service to someone in need as opposed to the feeling of gratification which follows from the affairs of life which involve getting something for oneself in opposition to all others.

The changes of consciousness while healing are not the same in all, but to some extent they are similar. Those not familiar with the general teachings and evidence of Spiritualism will readily understand from their own experience of life that all mediums, healers or instruments are not the same; they are diverse in their gifts and they vary in their reactions to the presence of those beneficent spirits who work with them. To some is given the power to know much that passes during co-operation, others are entranced wholly and have to rely on what is reported to them to learn what has been said or done.

To Edwards there come many clear experiences of what has happened to those who come to him for help. When he seeks the aid of the spirit healers, or "intercedes," as it is called, especially in absent healing, this will occur:

"... So is there registered on his consciousness, either as a thought or in picture form, incidents connected with the cause of the illness. For example, he may see the patient falling on his back down some stairs, and his inner mind tells him that it occurred, say, six years ago. Incidents such as these, to which the cause of illness can be reasonably traced, have been confirmed many times. It is not suggested that the patient has been able to confirm the information in a hundred percent of the incidents cited, but he invariably does so. In recalling these incidents, the patient often has difficulty in remembering the happening out of the dim past, thus ruling out the explanation of thought transference or guesswork. The inference here is that the healer's spirit mind has contacted the spirit mind of the patient (the repository of experience). It cannot be the physical mind of the patient, for the patient was not thinking of the incident and had, perchance, temporarily forgotten it. The two spirit minds, being in tune, are able to communicate and 'converse,' and so the healer is aware, *via* his spirit mind, of the incident connected with the illness."

Edwards has also discovered that healing is not a matter of course or that treatment is applied automatically to all who are seen by spirit doctors and others to be in pain or suffering from disease. A case in point was the healing of the

wife of the medium, Arnold Clare, who was seriously ill. When Clare's guide was asked why nothing had been done to help her he replied, "We have not been asked." But a request for spirit help was made that night, and while Clare was entranced a rapid cure was effected. Within an hour of that seance Mrs. Clare recovered, and was able to rise the following morning to greet the London specialist who had travelled specially to a country hospital outside London to encase her in plaster. This point is made to show that among the many things to be avoided in spirit healing is the attitude of casualness or taking it for granted that treatment will be given before it is even sought. This attitude of mind does not produce co-operation, nor does it impress the idea of responsibility. I found this to be so when I was closely associated with W. T. Parish, and he agreed that it was better for the first request to come from the sufferer himself, showing that he had put himself into a mood of co-operation and was thereby the better able to receive what was given from the spirit world.

"The point which should not be overlooked," said Edwards, "is the possibility that the thought emission for help by the patient (or third party) in the first place may provide the essential spirit link for treatment to be given. This is not generally so, but the possibility exists, and it may explain why unrecognised spirit healings are obtained as the result of the thought desires of the patient's doctor, clergyman, or friends unconsciously invoking the spirit healing powers with their sympathetic thoughts for the betterment of the patient." But as a rule, he continues, the services of a healing medium are called in, and since the medium can be brought into tune more readily with the spirit healers more people can be helped than if the whole process is left to unconscious activity. And it is better by far that the truth of the power of spirit doctors to heal should be known than that the whole beneficent work should be left to the haphazard theories of the ignorant who, in a very short time, will construct a new superstition out of a misunderstood phenomenon.

In many types of psychic and spiritual healing it is considered essential for the patient to link his thoughts with those of the healer or healers (for there may be many co-operating) at the moment of treatment. Now Edwards does not consider this necessary in his work, for he is able to travel out of his physical body to the place where the patient is, and then the work can begin very often without the patient's

knowledge, and sometimes in opposition to his religious views. And since he and others can so travel, it is only a step to the consideration of the fact that all spirit people can travel more speedily to any point they desire in carrying out their mission of healing.

Edwards had his first experience of absent healing at another circle which he and his wife had joined. He was told of a friend of a member of the circle who was suffering from galloping consumption, pleurisy and haemorrhage. As he settled to start his initial attempt at absent treatment he had a vision of a hospital ward, and he reports that his attention was focused on a particular bed. He "saw" the patient clearly and told his friend, Mrs. Layton, who had asked that healing be given, and she confirmed the vision in all its details. Edwards says that he can still recall what he saw then so clearly.

The healer was informed that on the night he began his absent treatment the victim of consumption began to improve, fever abated, haemorrhage stopped, and pleurisy ceased. In a week the patient was taken off the danger list and was sent to a sanatorium. Before the end of the year he was discharged as being fit, and was back at his work.

That was how the great power of healing began to work in Edwards. He was aware in the weeks succeeding his first case that intense efforts were being made by spirit guides to make him realise the truth of the healing power. This was instanced by the case which immediately followed, of a man suffering from cancer of the lung. In a very long letter Mrs. N. tells how, in 1937, her husband, after influenza, returned to work too soon, the results being increased by shock following family trouble. He suffered from weakness, stomach trouble, dizziness and continued loss of weight until he had to give up work. An X-ray examination disclosed that the stomach was not affected but that the heart was. A further examination of the heart and chest showed that the heart trouble was not of long standing, but that there was a cancer on the right lung. The wife visited the doctor privately—previous consultations having been held in her husband's presence. He read to her the specialist's report, adding that Mr. N. was a very sick man, and advising that if he could not go into hospital he ought to be "made as comfortable as possible at home."

The wife goes on to say that she was very unhappy, and on

a Sunday evening she felt a strong urge to enter a Spiritualist church which she was passing. She was surprised to find that she knew the speaker (Edwards) although she had not seen him for a few years. During the following week she went into a shop in the ordinary way of business, and was again surprised to find the speaker she had heard at the Spiritualist church. He had known her family when young, and after mutual inquiries she told him of her sorrow over her husband's health. The Spiritualist suggested that the patient should be put on a healing list at the next meeting. She was not present at the meeting, but was asked to give sympathetic co-operation, which she did. "My husband naturally knew nothing of this," she adds, "because it was not intended that he should be told of the feared and dreaded growth upon his lung. In his bad, nervous condition this was not to be thought of, and as an agnostic he would have laughed at the whole affair. However, during the night he became so much better that he got up quite early in the morning, announcing he felt remarkably well, and made an early cup of tea. Even when I had complained of cramp he got and filled me a rubber bottle to relieve the pain. He looked a new man. The most surprising thing was his altered complexion, and the tired look had vanished from his eyes. This was Tuesday"—the healing meeting had taken place on the previous day. "I phoned my daughter, who came the next day to see him. She was astounded at the change in his appearance. My son, who saw him at the week end, was equally impressed with the change."

Mrs. N. records that her husband ceased to lose weight, and many who knew him commented on the change in his appearance. Despite his nervous trouble he gained two pounds in two weeks, and in the five weeks following the healing, six pounds. Her own doctor was on holiday, and in the second week after the healing her husband was seen by another who concluded that the patient had been to hospital because of the improvement in his condition compared with what was recorded in his medical papers. This doctor was so much impressed with the improvement that he recommended light work for the husband, which the wife did not think wise. The doctor said he could not comment on the state of the lung until there was a further X-ray. But the improvement continued and a gain in weight was noted. The letter ended: "I am convinced that the sudden, wonderful change in my

husband's condition was due to the help given to him through the prayers of my Spiritualist friends."

The healer's comment on this case was that Mr. N. did not know previously of his existence, and that at no time did they meet. The improvement in his condition could not have been due to faith, since he was agnostic in this matter. But he became well enough to receive notice in the national press a year later for making violins. The husband and wife went to the North of England during the war, and in 1943 Mrs. N. wrote for help for her husband who was ill. Healing was given but no report of progress was made. "Here," adds Edwards, "is another instance of that lack of consideration which unfortunately is all too frequent."

Next in order came this experience. A young woman was told by a medium at a Spiritualist meeting in Brixton that her sister was very ill and that she should seek out a man named Edwards who lived at Bedford Hill, Balham. He did not reside there, but in the vicinity, and that same evening she found him by inquiring at a Spiritualist church. He saw the young woman at 10:30 P.M., heard how ill her sister was, and said he would call on her next morning, but in the meantime would ask for help to be given. When he called the following morning, he found that the sister's temperature had receded to near normal from 103 degrees, and he gave her more healing. That afternoon the patient brought up a large mass of black matter, which so alarmed her mother that she immediately sent for a doctor, who said the patient was in a dangerous condition, in fact, too dangerous to be moved to hospital. He ordered her absolute quiet. The blinds were drawn to ensure that not even light would disturb her.

The woman's sister again visited Edwards and told him what happened. He called on her, and while there experienced a feeling of calmness and happiness, and told the patient's mother and sister that he could see no cause for alarm, and that she would be convalescing by the Sunday following. He read unbelief in the mother's face, but on the Sunday the young woman was well enough to rise and take tea. When next he saw her she was dressed normally and was walking about.

This healing was one of several given to various members of this family. Only after the young woman had been healed did Edwards learn from her that she had been in a sanatorium as a result of tuberculosis, that one lung was collapsed, and that she was expected to have air refills for at least three

years. She asked for spirit healing so that she could recover her health and marry. She had no more refills. Her doctors were puzzled and sent her back to the sanatorium for observation. The following spring the medical superintendent wrote this letter:

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
Public Health Department
Pinewood Sanatorium,
Wokingham, Berkshire.
5th May, 1938.

Miss Gladys C.

Dear Gladys,

You will be glad to know that I was entirely satisfied with your film. There is no sign whatever of the cavity now, and I think you have done remarkably well. I hope you will keep well and be happy at Nayland.

With best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
(signed) M. FORBES,
Medical Superintendent.

This patient married later, has had children, and there has been no recurrence of the tuberculosis. Nine years later she was engaged on fairly heavy work in the furnishing department of a Clapham store. The second healing in this family was given to the younger sister who had sought out Edwards as a result of the message given to her by the medium at Brixton. This young woman had a foot deformed from birth. There had been two operations, and it was stated that some bones had been removed. To complicate matters, a bony growth was developing between the toes. Three days after her first treatment the bony growth had disappeared, leaving only loose skin where the growth had been. For months healing was given and the foot gradually grew stronger, flesh forming over the skeleton-like limb until the support was discarded. She walked normally and during the war drove a motor car, using, of course, her right foot which before had been so deformed as to require support. Among other members of the family treated successfully was the father, who was cured of a cataract.

Edwards did not believe that all the healing was coincidental or the result of natural recoveries, because his help

was specifically sought out in the case of this one family, and the cures were all striking. So he concentrated on healing. Before long his work was known in the district, and requests for help grew week by week. Then local newspapers heard, and reporters asked to be present while he worked. For three successive weeks his efforts were featured in one newspaper. This increased the volume of work.

Edwards set aside Tuesdays of each week to receive patients. Often he would come from his printing shop tired, and after tea prepare for the evening's healing. Two rooms were used for this, and by eight o'clock they would be filled with patients, and with another healer assisting work would go on till 10 or 10:30 P.M. Records of all healing were, at this time, kept by Mrs. Edwards, including the names of sufferers, the diagnoses made by doctors, the psychic diagnoses, and the weekly rate of progress or lack of it. The work grew, and another evening a week was set aside for absent healing, apart from what the healer calls the nightly intercessions, which are, in fact, the concentrations of thought on the cases he has in hand and the requests to spirit healers for their co-operation.

The public healing demonstrations given by Edwards are in the truest sense of the word unique in this world. I say so who have seen many healers and have witnessed public demonstrations of many kinds. This is the kind of thing that has to be seen to be realised. I do not say that the case cannot be made in such books as this for the acceptance, even as a working theory, of the truths of spirit healing. But there is an atmosphere, an air of reality, a sense of something vital happening when Edwards treats patients in public that cannot be conveyed by words, at least not by my words, alone. So many factors are involved, the feelings of the sufferers as they hobble, walk or are carried to the platform where the healer stands so that all can see him at work, the attitude of Edwards, the reactions of hundreds of watchful people, and every eye painting pictures for the mind to compare with the arguments for and against this very fact before them being true. But since we cannot do all things, let us try to do this one useful thing, as well as we can, so that a picture may be painted in true colours for those who cannot witness the healing demonstrations for themselves.

In June, 1947, I reported in *Psychic World* what I saw at my first experience of Edwards's public healing, although I

had seen many healings given in public. The meeting was in Kingsway Hall, London. Every seat was filled. Behind the platform were many other healers who had come, by arrangement, to co-operate. The first person to be treated was a girl. A few moments before Edwards touched her she had a paralysed left hand. Then, when he had worked on her spine for a few moments, she said, "I am cured." It was as simple and as speedy as that. The young woman had been paralysed as the result of shock caused when an air-raid siren sounded while she was in a bath.

"As she sat in the chair," I wrote, "Edwards spoke to her, as he did to all of them to distract their attention from the healing. He turned her (the young woman with the paralysed hand) so that her back was to the audience, and with his finger traced the curvature of the spine. A doctor who was invited to the platform to see what was happening also observed the degree of curvature from the normal. The doctor was a stranger to the healer. He agreed with all the statements made by Edwards about the spines of patients whom he treated, except in one case where he said he could not tell what had happened because of the patient's clothing.

"Without using force, which he says is unnecessary in healing, Edwards placed his fingers across the backbone and shortly afterwards said simply, 'That's beautiful, that's done.' Then he showed the audience how stiff the patient's elbow was. He moved it gently and slowly took it up higher and higher until the girl was touching the back of her hair. (I should have written head). It was then he asked how long it was since she had done that, but she said quietly, her face covered with a smile of wonder, 'I am cured.' Her fingers had before bent upwards, but now they were moving at her desire as she looked at them.

"Only a healer can tell what strain is imposed on the medium who does that kind of work in public. Although he worked for more than an hour and treated more than a dozen people, despite the fact that he had asked for only twelve, he showed no signs of tiredness. But he did say that he would stop because he began to feel an atmosphere of tension. A deaf woman found relief, and the healer told her much of her trouble was due to straining to catch sounds. Another, deaf in both ears, improved so much after a few seconds' treatment that Edwards tested it by walking slowly away from the patient who had her back turned to him, and

he spoke in the same voice all the time. She heard him up to a distance of six feet; yet she had come to the platform deaf in both ears.

"The healer requested that only those cases should be brought to him which were said by doctors to be incurable. The first was of a man with a deformed foot. The healer, then the doctor, tested the patient's statement that he could not move it sideways. He had received medical attention for nine years, he said. Edwards moved the foot sideways, and as he did so it creaked, but the man suffered no pain. I sat not more than five feet from him and the others, and especially I watched their faces for signs of those moments of acute pain which are common in manipulative treatment, which relies on a sudden jerk or a forcible movement. But the healer appeared to be making the foot do as he wished. Slowly the foot was turned in a circular movement until it was supple. The man wriggled his toes, which he said he had not been able to do for years.

"The next patient was a woman with a spine that had set. The doctor agreed that it was so. As the healer knelt before the woman and put her arms on his shoulders, she said she had been in that condition for ten years, and two and a half years ago was told that she had 'exhausted medical knowledge.' 'Let your backbone yield,' said the healer as they swayed together. The doctor put his hand on the woman's spine as she was moved sideways by Edwards, who said, 'There is no human knowledge that can remove that condition,' meaning that it was being done by spirit power. He then made the woman bend gently backward. Soon she leaned back of her own accord. Again the doctor felt the spine. Next Edwards healed her leg which was affected by the condition of the back, and showed how she could walk more freely. When she came to the platform with a stiff carriage she looked a spinal case, but now she seemed more supple in her movement and looked pleased as she left.

"The next case was pathetic, a woman who had for twenty-eight years suffered with a spine so badly displaced that it was showing beneath one shoulder blade. Edwards said he had given this woman healing before, and told the audience that he could not remedy the whole defect that night because the ribs were also displaced. Nevertheless the doctor agreed with the healer that after treatment the spine had been straightened for some distance. The patient said she had been helped a lot with that one treatment. There

was the case of the woman who had to be taken away for the removal of her spinal jacket before she could have treatment. She was attended to later, and in her place came a paralysed woman who dragged one leg. She gave the healer a note saying her speech was affected by the paralysis which spread down her right side. She had two curvatures in her spine—one at her shoulder and the other at the pelvis.

"The doctor was asked by Edwards to put his hands on the spine. 'I want you to feel the movement as it takes place,' he said and, as the healer moved the woman's body gently, the doctor said the spine had straightened. Edwards announced that he had removed the pressure on the nerves, and was asking his spirit guides and healers to restore the hand. The woman was asked to grip the rail with her affected hand, and she did so firmly, shaking the rail to show her grip had been restored. The leg on which she had not been able to stand was treated, and soon she was raising herself on her toes.

"And so it went on, right through the sad procession of the deformed, the crippled, the deaf, the blind, until most were healed but all greatly relieved where there was not a cure. Edwards urged those who had been suffering for years and had lost the use of their limbs to go to Spiritualist churches or centres for treatment by other healers. To him, he said, it was all one power. Whatever the power is, it is great. In one instance, a boy with a wasted leg in an iron was told after treatment to walk, and he did so, although he had been paralysed from the age of three. Now the lad will have to learn to walk afresh. But he looked confident enough as he held the healer's hands and took a few steps along the platform.

"Edwards showed that spirit healing is effective in the most varied cases, so much so that one woman who for ten years had rheumatoid arthritis, lifted her leg that was stiff before, swung it freely about. 'It's lovely,' she said. She moved her legs awkwardly at first, then more freely, and the healer said she was going to walk down the stairs with him. But on the way he stopped to treat her elbow which was stiff. Then together, the woman holding the healer's hands, they walked down the steps.

"For twenty years a man had suffered from disseminated sclerosis. He came forward on a stick. His back was as straight and stiff as a rod. He could not bend. In less than a minute after the healing he bent down and touched his toes,

first sitting, then standing. Edwards was not satisfied, so he treated the leg which had been stiff for twenty years, and the man who before had shuffled up to the platform, walked across it with Edwards, still with the aid of his stick, but no longer shuffling. Again the healer explained that after twenty years the legs would require time to regain their normal function.

"There were bursts of applause during the healing, and there were many, many more who desired to be healed. It was a remarkable sight, as more sufferers edged their way to the platform in the hope of being treated. No doctor would publicly take on such cases."

There were fifty other healers on the platform that day co-operating with Edwards, and I take it that all the power which normally would be used by them was in this case employed by Edwards's spirit guides to provide an impressive demonstration. There is nothing exclusive in Edwards's methods. He does not mind if patients go to other healers; indeed at that Kingsway Hall meeting he stated that since he could not see all those who wished to be treated by him personally they should, after receiving treatment in public, as on that occasion, go to other healers who would complete the work. There are, and there have been, healers who maintain that a sufferer should be treated by only one healer at a time, since to do otherwise would "mix the vibrations." I do not understand the technical implications of that standpoint, but surmise that it is not unconnected with personal feelings. Yet there may be much in it. I do not know, and set down here Edwards's views and practice to show that he is not exclusive, and since he is the most successful healer in the world today, there must be something in what he says.

This healer has given public demonstrations in many places in England, and at each there is the same parade of the sick and the suffering, the rejects of the medical profession who come to him with hope and leave, if not cured, then with their aches and diseases robbed of their sharpest sting. In May, 1947, he healed many in the Old Church, Hove, with the vicar, the Rev. C. McDonald Hobley, co-operating. This priest, mindful of what was said and done at the founding of the movement which gave birth to his religion, conducts a guild of healing once a fortnight to administer "the sacrament of the laying on of hands."

This account of the meeting, by Maurice Barbanell, appeared in *Psychic World*: "In one case there was a spontane-

ous cure. Part of a growth was removed by a few moments' treatment. Edwards said that the rest of it might disperse before the service ended. 'The growth has gone,' the woman told me afterwards. A clairvoyant present said she saw two other healers helping from the spirit world, W. T. Parish and Fred Jones, both famous in their time for the number of people they cured. Together, healer and priest, probably for the first time in many centuries, joined hands that day to help the sick.

"A girl in her teens, a victim of infantile paralysis, was brought forward. 'This hip is causing the trouble' said the healer. 'The only way to help is to put it right. Give me your hands, vicar.' So, together they laid their hands on the girl. This was followed by manipulation by Edwards, who soon was able to straighten her hands and fingers.

"Then a woman who came with her arm in a sling was surprised and showed it in her look when told that she could now touch the back of her head. She did so, and remarked that it was the first time for years. So they came, the lame, the halt and the blind, and all in some manner were relieved of their pains, and all because one man made himself an instrument of spirit power and remains faithful to his task of healing without deviation or coloration of any kind."

There are many who would like demonstrations of the truths of Spiritualism but shrink from the public healings such as those given by Edwards. There are even some who are convinced of its reality and think, perhaps, that this kind of thing is going a little too far to suit their ideas of conventionality—even in healing. The answer to objections of all kinds is to try to state what good is done by this work. The anti-Spiritualist who says that we cannot publicly show what we claim is true is hereby confuted, for the demonstrations of the spiritual gifts are now a normal part of the life of the nation. But for long it was considered that healing was too slow a process to be illustrated, let alone even done in public. Sufficient has already been reported in this book to answer that objection.

A spinal deformity, for example, which has resisted all other kinds of treatment and yet yields rapidly to the touch of the healer, as has been shown here, cannot be said to have been cured by faith, imagination or suggestion. Physical obstructions are moved by force and, as Edwards asserts, from the

position of one with much experience, all healing is the overcoming of one force by a superior force. Others may express the same fact otherwise, but in essence it holds everywhere along the line in this war against disease, medical and religious orthodoxy, and the ignorance of the nation which has for long been misled in these truths.

That specific good is done by these public demonstrations is shown by the number of people who after being present and "seeing with their own eyes" write for treatment for themselves or for someone they know to be in need. At Redhill, Surrey, in May, 1947, members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade brought sufferers to Edwards at the largest hall in the town. He chose those with chronic ailments, the "incurable" diseases which included paralysis in various forms, disseminated sclerosis, arthritis, locked limbs and spinal curvatures. After he had assisted several patients to the platform the healer asked the captain in charge of the ambulance workers to observe the changes that took place during the healing. The report goes on:

"Edwards let the captain place her fingers on one side of each vertebra as he placed his fingers on the other. As the healing forces flowed through, so the bones were separated and the backbone bent. This continued down the spine until it was comparatively free, and the captain willingly confirmed the movement. Then came the supreme test. The St. John officer was asked to place her hands at the small of the patient's back. The medium stood away and asked the patient to 'arch' her back by herself. This she was able to do. The captain testified to the movement and flexibility of the now mobile backbone.

"There was similar co-operation in the case of a double curvature of the spine. One curve was outward and the other sideways. With the captain's fingers interlocked between his, Edwards gently moved the patient's body until the spine was made straight. The audience acclaimed each healing as relief was seen to be given. Only three cases failed to show immediate response. . . . The relief given was demonstrated by the fact that, while the patients had to be helped up the platform steps, with the exception of a blind woman, they went down the same steps to their seats by themselves. One woman, after treatment, went up and down the steps more than once to show the audience her new freedom from pain and stiffness. In all cases where patients came using sticks for support, they returned to their seats without their aid."

Not even those who admit there are limits to medical orthodoxy agree that Edwards should be encouraged or even allowed to go on with his work. "Leave it all to the qualified men and women" is the argument, especially when healing of this kind is discussed in non-Spiritualist newspapers and magazines. The mere publication of a photograph of a healer manipulating a spine is sufficient to send shudders down the healthy backs of those who do not realise that but for Edwards and many like him the army of cripples and so-called incurables would be far larger than it is. No argument, no convention, and no orthodoxy can stand for ever against such demonstrations as Edwards gives in public, for his meetings are well reported wherever he goes, and the great work of absent healing continues silently. The purpose of working in public as well as in private is clear to all who have the welfare of the human race at heart; it is to heal the sick and educate public opinion to the factual knowledge of another stage of life, and to give the comfort which was promised so long ago but which has been a long time in the fulfilment.

Wherever Edwards goes in public he heals. Already we have dealt with reports of successes in the Kingsway Hall, London, at Redhill, Surrey, and at Hove. Now at Newcastle-on-Tyne the account of his work begins: "In the crowded Newcastle City Hall a young mother watched the platform with anxious eyes as Harry Edwards passed his hands over the head of Margaret Ritchie, aged four, of North Shields, stone deaf since she was a year old. The hands continued their treatment and Margaret stared at the face before her. The healer clicked his finger nails. The child showed response. 'She can hear now,' said Edwards. 'That's my bairn,' said the woman in the body of the hall, as she fainted. 'It's a wonderful thing,' she said later to the correspondent of *Psychic World* who wrote the report. 'My baby will have to learn now to talk and understand sounds.'

"That was only one of the cures that day. Another was of a young girl suffering from a deformity of the spine. The backbone was actually behind the shoulder blade. Her knees were locked and she could not walk. Treatment straightened the spine and brought it from behind the shoulder blade. Edwards then said, 'As the spine is now clear the shoulder blade should go back into its correct position.' He put his hand on the shoulder and there was an audible gasp from people when they saw the deformity had gone. Next the

healer tried to free the knees, but these did not yield so readily. He returned to the spine."

The climax—says the report of that wonderful day's work—was this: "It was obvious to the audience that the healer was himself amazed. While he had been treating the knees, the backbone had straightened further and its general line was much nearer the centre of the back. This further change had been affected by the spirit healers without the conscious effort of the medium."

Now, all this work and travelling is done without interfering with Edwards's already large, absent healing practice. To fulfil these engagements the healer travels the previous night and goes home on the night of the meeting so that only one whole day is spent away from his very heavy duties.

What of the argument now that it all could be done by "faith," by psychological reaction? The answer resides in all the variety of cures that cannot be explained away or accounted for by that theory. Take this case: "I had another medical examination and the surgeon was pleased to see that there is a vast difference. He was astonished at the change in the position of the womb, and stated that from being upside down it is now completely normal." Could the change in the position of that womb have been due to psychological reaction? If so, then why did the surgeon not bring about a psychological reaction?

And another instance: "The doctor told me that the new X-rays of my kidneys show such an improvement that the operation need not now take place." And yet another. "The doctor says the impossible has happened, and the operation will not be necessary." All psychological reaction?

Those instances just quoted were taken from a hundred cases in the first four months of 1947, and all concern the removal of diseased parts of the body or changes in diseased organs to such an extent that operations which surgeons said were necessary were avoided because the same surgeons found that the trouble had been removed. Before surgeons reach a decision to operate in cases where they have to study the patient, they make examinations by X-ray and are largely guided by what they see or infer. Yet, after the decision to operate the patient consults the healer, or someone else does so for him, and the trouble is remedied or ended, and sometimes new tissue grows, or an organ is moved. How is it done? Not, assuredly, by psychological reaction, but by the working of a superior force which heals and

cleanses. I have reports before me now of a public healing session at Brighton, of one at Kingston, Surrey, where the disfigurement of a hunchback became visibly smaller, of one at Balham, South-West London, another at the Kingsway Hall, London, and at Sheffield, Reading and many other places.

Has any new idea been so well demonstrated as this one? Yet it is new only in its modern manifestation; the force is as old as creation, and as mankind has evolved the power has grown with it. Nothing in this world is static; neither is it in the spirit world where spirit healers learn from their failures and their successes, and strive always to find new and different and better ways of passing on the mighty healing balm to a mankind sorely in need of it.

I say this here to try to instil the idea of an orderly, progressive movement on both sides of the veil, wherein healers and teachers and clairvoyants and trance mediums and others with diverse spiritual gifts can work out their missions with the maximum of good will and understanding. It is not incumbent on these instruments to do what they do; many of them could find life easier than it is if they would retire to ordinary pursuits and leave the work of the spirit to others. Those who serve in this great cause have more work to do than they can manage. Every well-developed medium has a waiting list, and every healer worthy of the name has not enough time to cope with all the demands of the thousands who cry out for help. Can this all be stopped, then, because it does not conform to any of the current fashions of medicine or surgery? By no means. Let the field be made fair for all teachings, and allow mankind to judge for itself which is the most effective. But that would be to expect fair play, and we must not dream of that. It is not in the nature of men to be fair to a revolutionary idea or ideal until they have tried all others or are brought low by some extreme condition where all the old ideas and ways cannot help. That is the unfortunate truth. It is true of us all. Our individual slowness to perceive that this is how the process operates is the measure of the work that still remains to be done before mankind can begin to live as it should, possessed of spiritual as well as physical gifts. And when to these is added the wisdom of the ages, which men call evolution, but which others call true spiritual knowledge in action in the affairs of men, men will begin to live full lives, free from fear and pain.

Edwards has personal experiences when he heals, for he is not an automaton worked by levers. His views on what transpires when he is at work and even before he starts were given in an article he wrote in *Psychic World* some time ago and I now summarise it, for it is very long. "Before the service begins," he writes, "I am perhaps the least affected person present. I experience no tension or apprehension, and my mind is quite free as to what may or may not take place. Experience has taught me that healings take place simply and without the employment of any technique on my part. This knowledge, plus my supreme confidence in the spirit doctors to overcome any ill conditions within the confines of the natural law, helps me to avoid any concern or nervousness."

He has practised attuning himself to the spirit realm for so long that it has now become second nature, and in this state he is exceedingly sensitive. He gives an example. He was about to start healing when his attention was "focused on a cripple in a bath chair and he heard clearly a voice say, 'That one.' The voice almost made him start, and he looked round to see where it came from. Then he realised that it was a clairaudient message. At another meeting he walked up some stairs to the platform feeling stiff as the result of playing badminton, and thought it was not the right state for a healer to be in before he did healing. But as he worked he felt no pain and no ache, and when his demonstration was done the stiffness did not return.

These and many other instances of spirit co-operation give him complete confidence in his guides. They are always proving their presence because they always heal when he is ready to work. While at public meetings hymns are being sung Edwards mentally notes those who are so crippled that they cannot stand and decides that healing shall be given to them. "No prearrangement is ever made for healing to be given to any sufferer," he writes, meaning that no plans are made before the meeting starts who shall come first or who shall be treated at all. "This not only avoids any question of collusion," he adds, "but leaves my mind free until the actual moment of healing arrives. While I ignore any mental limitation of the good that can be done, sometimes I meet physical disharmonies that may be outside the possibility of recovery under natural law. The term natural law is used in its widest sense, incorporating both physical and metaphysical laws." He gives these examples of the limits of his power to heal: "Cases where limbs are so perished through

long disuse that they cannot support the weight of the body, or where surgical operations have removed bones or altered artificially the structure of the body to such an extent that a return of normal functioning is not possible."

Since all healing is a demonstration of spirit power he picks the most difficult cases, and as the patients are brought to the platform he receives an inward diagnosis as to where the cause of the trouble is and where the healing power has to be applied. Thus, if a patient has leg trouble, he states, "I know whether the cause lies in the leg itself, or in the spine, or in the head where the affected nerve centre is. I am then conscious only of the directive effort to remove the cause. If the cause be in the spine, the sensitivity in the fingers soon discovers it. . . . The diagnosis made, the moments of healing begin. As soon as the fingers centre on the seat of the trouble, the healing force flows through. If it is a curvature, the backbone is gently moved like links in a chain, and the vertebrae slip back into place. If it is a spastic condition the fingers centre on the vertebrae and, with gentle movement of the patient, the backbone becomes flexible. No force is ever needed. No physical force can heal. No pain is caused. This has only happened once and that was quickly removed. As soon as the healing has taken place, I feel within me a sense of happiness that the work has been done."

The personal reactions on the healer are, to my mind, important, since they indicate the effect on any given personality of the passage of power through a medium for a work the results of which can be seen very often immediately. This healer has learned over the years to trust his guides, and now he has what he calls "this inward knowledge" which at first he had to take on faith, "for sometimes I could not bring myself to believe the end had been achieved." And when the end has been achieved, this is what Edwards does: "I can then tell the patient to get up and walk, or do this or that. Sometimes the long duration of the complaint has locked the joints or rendered the muscles weak. Supplementary healing is then given, following the same general procedure of allowing the healing forces to unlock the joints or strengthen the muscles. The actual healing may take only a flash of time."

There is another aspect of the co-operative nature of this work, for the healer adds: "I am always conscious of the help given by my friends and helpers, Mr. And Mrs. Burton, and from other sensitives present. They seem to provide a reser-

voir of strength (not qualitative healing power), but general strength upon which I can freely draw."

The fascinating character of this kind of healing is shown by the fact that it requires no physical strength beyond that possessed by a normally healthy and active man, for Edwards says: "Apart from purely physical reactions, due to the heat of the hall, or my own movements, I do not feel any other fatigue, in fact, I often feel fresher after a service than before. There comes a sensing of exquisite pleasure, a sheer delight, greater than any physical exaltation as the healings go on. Yet at the end of the session there is a sense of sadness that so many are left untreated.

"An example of how I have to avoid mind limitation as to what can be done was when a patient came suffering from blindness. I looked at the eyes and saw they were disintegrated. No iris, no pupil, only a smeary mass of streaks. My mind could not help the thought, 'not possible.' Then I recovered my inner confidence. In a few moments those eyes, blind from birth, could see shades of light. Before I left the hall, I was told they could see colour. This was in February last (the statements were made in May, 1947). Today these eyes, not yet clear, can see telegraph poles passing from a carriage window. . . . There are occasions when I am startled by the rapidity of the healing. The cause is found. I prepare to give healing when, to my astonishment, I find the healing has taken place before I consciously co-operate. This has happened in restoring senses, locked joints, curvatures, etc." And the conclusions which arise from those experiences are these:

"Supreme faith in the spirit doctors.

"Avoid all personal technique.

"Healing is a simple act, as simple as a finger beckoning.

"Appeal to, or attune with, the spirit realm rather than to one spirit personality, and then know that all that can be done will be done."

Because the fruits of knowledge are hard to find I feel justified in reprinting the further conclusions reached by Edwards who, as an observant man with wide experience of the affairs of men and of their ills, has seen much and has been taught more by his labours. In an article in *Psychic Truth* in June, 1947, he declared:

"In the past it was rightly considered that the highest ideal

a medium could attain was the gift of healing physical disease. That this is not sufficient has been stressed by the guides by emphasis being laid on the need for the healing of the soul or spirit self as a vital factor in the complete healing of a sufferer. Many diseases have their root in the disharmony of the soul and therefore the healing has first to be done in the soul, and is then reflected in the physical body. Thus we are now consciously adding to our service, as healers, by accepting higher spiritual responsibilities. True, these responsibilities have always been present and known in an abstract way. They had been part of our work all the time, but the conscious knowledge of how this can be done is now becoming more clear.

"The wise one will always seek evidence and factual support for every claim that is put forward. This also applies as to how we can be instruments for the healing of souls. There are pitfalls to be avoided. In the effort to obtain 'understanding' we must, at all costs, avoid fatuous egotism or accept theories until they are proved. Even statements by guides must stand this test. We must avoid all forms of ritual or think it is done by broadcasting 'God bless you.'

"Disharmony of the soul is seen in ignoble habits, perverse conduct, misery of the inner self, melancholia, irritability, anger, selfishness, drug habits, drunkenness, and in those who cause domestic suffering in, unfortunately, many ways. We have already often seen, after spirit aid has been asked, the changing of bad conduct, restoration of domestic harmony and the overcoming of melancholia, life-taking tendencies, and in general happiness and body health restored. A sense of 'inner happiness' invariably accompanies spiritual healing, which is, in effect, happiness within the spirit self—and this indicates the healing of the soul.

"True progression is the ennobling of character and when this is seen to take place, as the direct result of spirit healing, it provides *prima facie* evidence that soul-healing is a real and practical service we can render to our fellows. One cannot become spiritually healthy by shutting oneself away from the world, away from the sordidness and suffering. One has to know of these things to be able to appreciate the opposite. There are more 'angels' in the slums than in Mayfair.

"Let us get down to the basic things. No human instrument of the spirit can heal the soul of another. No spirit guide, of himself, can heal the soul of another. Everyone has the privilege of free will and self-determination. What can be

done is to influence another person's inner self (or spirit mind or soul) for good. This is well within the province of the spirit healing guides who are able to influence the spirit of a sufferer, just as we are able to influence the normal consciousness by speech or writing. Thus, while we influence the inner self through the normal mind, the spirit people influence first through the spirit mind. This is important, for many sufferers can be helped in spite of themselves—the many who would pay no heed to the spoken word.

“The spirit mind and the normal conscious mind are closely and intimately allied, so that one can reflect on the other. We can understand this more easily when we talk about our actions being altered by ‘our conscience.’ Let us take an imaginary case. A man is guilty of harmful acts, causing distress to his wife and disharmony in his home. This is an illness of his soul, building up his ‘karmic debt.’ The wife or friend asks a healer to intercede in the case. The healer in his intercession presents the case to his spirit healers. They receive it and then exert what influences they can (by thought or other means) on the man to readjust his way of life.

“In their own way and at the right time, they re-awaken his conscience, and if the man is perceptive the change of habit will follow. It must be remembered that the healing of a soul is the final responsibility of the man himself. It cannot be compelled, ordered, or forced. The writer has seen the regeneration of men and women suffering from soul disharmonies on many occasions, and that is surely the healing of the soul. This has invariably taken place through absent healing. In dealing with all ill phases of the mind or nerves, absent healing is obviously the best method. Much of our physical distress is the product of mind and nerve trouble. I think I am right in saying that the bulk of our human ills are closely linked with mind and nerve stress. Both of these are intimately related.

“I have proved that many diseases are the direct result of such disharmony. As calmness and balance are restored to the mind and nerve centres, so the healing of seeming physical disease is overcome. As we appreciate how closely allied is the spirit mind to the normal consciousness, so do we see how the healing of the soul becomes part of practical psychic science. And as we become aware of the implications behind this form of healing we can only be but dimly aware of the infinite scope that lies within these healing powers for the progression of all souls in all ways. Thus we are not only

THE WOMAN WHO DISCOVERED 2,100 "BRIDEY MURPHYS"

instruments of the spirit life in this plane of existence, but by helping to accomplish work now, that hitherto could only be done on the spirit side of life, instruments for the spirit realm also. Let us, therefore labour in service and co-operation, with the spirit guides, ever seeking to take advantage of the experience and the knowledge that is ever before us—as we are given the power and ability to see and comprehend it."

Many sciences help us understand ourselves—psychology, psychiatry, therapy, pastoral counseling, among others—but a means of self-understanding has been developed recently that lies outside the orthodox branches of science. It is called Life Readings, and the woman who gives these Life Readings, Grace Wittenberger, is a remarkable woman who is possessed with the power to delve into our pastlives in order to comprehend our present-day life on earth.

In the following article, written especially for this anthology, The Reverend Franklin Loehr, Director of Research for The Religious Research Foundation, Inc., and Grace Wittenberger's husband, outlines the amazing process and results of Miss Wittenberger's powers of Life Reading.

The woman who discovered 2,100 "Bridey Murphys"

THE MOST unusual person I've met, and with a strange power, indeed, is now my wife. But I knew of the strange powers of this unusual woman long before I married her. In fact, I helped her develop them. She is a Life Reading medium.

Mediums themselves were all fakes and "weirdos" to me until 1948. I was a Congregational minister, son of a Presbyterian minister, and as has been aptly said, "My prejudices were inherited and strictly orthodox." Everybody in our class of people knew that anybody who claimed to get "messages" from the dead was either a quack out to get your money or some deluded loose-wit. True, at every funeral service I conducted and every Easter service I preached, I assured everybody present that our loved ones "live after death" and that we all are immortal souls. But I never did get

practical about it, nor did I have any realistic knowledge of work done in the psychical field. Then in a New England ministers' study group late in 1948 I met Mrs. Ruth Mathias, a fine medium of Everett, Mass., suburb of Boston. Through her "my boys" and other dead people came back to me (I had been a U. S. Army Air Force Chaplain with a Heavy Bomber Group in World War II) and in dozens of ways I had it proved to me that not only do we live after death, but that there are ways of getting messages back through.

This still had nothing to do with reincarnation, of course; and a Life Reading medium, which is what Grace Wittenberger is, is one who can read the previous lives we have lived on this earth.

My college degree (Monmouth College, Illinois) was in Science, earned at its justly famous Chemistry Department. And while there I had worked briefly in some chemical research for Dow Chemical Company before going on to McCormick Seminary (Presbyterian) in Chicago. In all my four years of college and three years of Seminary I suppose the subject of reincarnation never once came up. I didn't know the difference between reincarnation and transmigration. Reincarnation is the simple discovery that we as souls take more than one earthlife to learn what this earth has to teach us, but always as a human being. Transmigration is the much looser theory that the soul "migrates" across the various life streams—that you may be a human this time, a cow next time, a tree the next time, etc.

Since 1948 I have been quite active in Psychical Research. In 1952 I became full-time Director of Research for the Religious Research Foundation of America, Inc. (Our best-known work to date is our prayer research with plants, published in 1959 in the bestseller *The Power of Prayer On Plants*).

In these fifteen years I have done, directed, and become acquainted with a great amount of spiritual research. I have found no research evidence to substantiate transmigration. Reincarnation, yes—apparently we live from forty to a hundred lifetimes in different bodies and as different personalities upon this planet earth. This seems to be part of the growth, the spiritual evolution, of the soul. Also, our bodies seem to be the result of long centuries of physical evolution; therefore, in our bodies are carried thousands of years of earthly evolution from both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. But when the spiritual component, usually called the soul,

comes into earthbody expression, apparently it is never less than human. This research finding is likewise supported by the teachings of the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings.

I met Grace simply enough. She simply called my office one day late in August or early in September, 1951, and asked for an appointment. I was then a staff minister of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. There were ten ministers on the staff at that time. I was administrative assistant to Dr. James Fifield, the head minister. Actually, Grace Wittenberger's path and mine had almost crossed twice before. Her father, Rev. Arthur F. Wittenberger, D.D. is a Presbyterian minister, as is my father (both now retired). Dr. Wittenberger had twice been elected moderator (president) of the St. Paul, Minnesota association of Presbyterian Churches, as had my father, and the two of them were acquainted there in the late 1920's. Grace herself had been one of the staff secretaries of the cathedral-like First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, then the largest Congregational Church in the world, in 1948-49, before leaving to become Church Secretary of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. I came to the Los Angeles Church in 1950.

But even as we had never quite met, so also I had no inkling of her strange powers when she entered my office that first time. And neither did she! The discovery of her ability to read other people's past lives was to come later. But I never will forget her first words that September day: "You are the minister I would like to have help me offer up unto God, as a spiritual sacrifice, my yearning to have a child."

She said it unpretentiously. But it was such an unusual conversation-opener that I remember it to this day! "*You are the minister I would like to have help me offer up, unto God, as a spiritual sacrifice, my yearning to have a child*"!!!

I started probing for details. Why couldn't she have a child?

"Closure of the Fallopian tubes," was her reply.

"That could be psychosomatic, you know," I answered. I probed further, for both in Seminary and in Army Chaplain School at Harvard, and later at the special Army Air Force Chaplain School in San Antonio, I had taken all the psychological and pastoral psychiatry training I could get. Also my ministry in its several pastorates, as well as my chaplaincy, had involved a lot of counselling.

"Yes," she replied. Then she went on to recount her story

briefly and factually. She and her husband had been married for more than two years. Both wanted children, but none came. Medical diagnosis revealed that her Fallopian tubes, which must carry each ripened ovum from ovary to womb, and within which actual conception takes place, were closed down tight. Physical treatment, sometimes called "blowing" the tubes, and various medical treatments, had proved useless. Knowing that this could be psychosomatic—tensions in the mind sealing the tubes—her gynecologist had sent her to a psychologist. The psychologist had found nothing in the present life and personality of this healthy, normal American girl to produce this effect. And just to make sure, a psychiatrist, too, had been called in. The psychiatrist could only corroborate the findings of the psychologist that there seemed to be no reason in her mind or emotions for this condition.

Finally, the long work ending in failure, her doctor told her she simply would have to accept it as a fact that she would never have a child, and would have to learn to live with it. Grace had heard me speak for a Camp Farthest Out ("CFO") spiritual group in August, about the time she got the verdict. She had thought I might understand her approach to accepting her sterility by "offering up unto God as a spiritual sacrifice" her inability to bear a child. Actually, this approach struck me as being psychological sublimation of an extremely high order. I certainly would be willing to help anyone adjust on such a high level to one of life's cruelest blows.

But by September of 1951 I knew something I had not known even a year before: I knew that in our own subconscious minds we carry the memories of our own past lives, and that these past lives can and often do have tremendous effect upon our present lives. I had found this out the hard way, by facing the breakup of my own home, which came after sixteen years of successful and happy marriage, and for which only pastlives—pastlives which I recalled myself, working with a skilled psychologist—supplied the answer. But I certainly was in no position for what followed!

For at this point that overworked but sometimes unpredictable guardian angel which God had assigned to me "opened his big mouth." I'm sure it wasn't I! Oh, it was my voice, the sound came from me, but the words were utterly ridiculous. The words I heard my voice saying to that poor girl were, "It still could be psychosomatic, but with the cause in a previous life."

At that moment I was willing to exchange my guardian

angel for just about anything, even some little gnome or pixiel But the young woman picked it right up. If there was any chance that this long dream she had carried from girlhood days might yet come true, that she could have a baby, that the dolls she played with when she was young could come to life and be her living children in her own arms, she wanted to know more about that chance.

I thought to myself, "Oh, my goodness! Here she's not even a member of our church! I'm busy, I've got lots to do. What have I said? Reincarnation!! She doesn't know anything about it, and I don't know very much about it." I knew only that in the recall of a dozen and more of my own past lives I had found the missing links of myself, the missing parts of me and the answers to my own life, the truth, the key, and the sustainment that brought me through my own Gethsemane and which had made me more of a person than I had ever been before. But really, I knew so little about it! Why, only a few short years before I had taken up offerings to send missionaries to the poor benighted heathen who believed in reincarnation! And this woman before me—I knew nothing about her except that her heart cried out to have a baby, and that she was trying to accept in the best way she knew how the brutal "fact" the doctors had given her of being doomed never to have her own child. Yes, the doctors, the experts had told her her sterility was beyond help. Why should I raise, even momentarily, foolhardy expectations that almost certainly would be doomed to even further disappointment? So I tried to dissuade her.

"I don't suppose there's one chance in a hundred, one in a thousand" I began. But she answered, "That's all right, if there is *any* chance at all."

"It will be a long process, very likely," I continued, "and you'll have to work hard at it."

"That's all right," she said, "let's try."

So I was in for it. With some choice but unspoken thoughts to my guardian angel or whatever it was that had gotten me into this, I made an appointment for the woman to return, and we set up a tentative schedule for a reverie session once a week.

Well, we found it. We started work in September, and I think it was late that very month that she recalled a former life that I could see probably held the key to her present life's sterility. I was still not too sure in those early days about reincarnation, despite my own self-discovery and integration

through it. But at the very least, this picture that came forth in her second or third reverie session, even if it were only symbolism as I told myself then it might be, *could* hold the key to the powerful psychological forces in her subconscious mind, shutting off the tubes in her body. After finding the cause, we still had to work with it for four or five months of really intensive, hard, psychotherapy. But the diagnosis proved true, the work was accomplished, and her healing came. In December of 1952 their first child was born. And the second summer after that, as if to underscore the fact of the healing, their second child was born.

I still had no inkling that Grace might be good medium material. Indeed, I wasn't looking for mediums. I was far too engrossed in the challenges and the tasks of that great church to have any but an occasional hour for a medium, or to give any thought to finding and developing one. But something about the deep, relaxed reverie into which she entered reminded me, during her fifth session, of Mrs. Mathias in a trance. I don't know what it was, but something at the end of that session prodded me to ask her what turned out to be a fateful question: "Are you a medium?"

"A medium? What is that?" was her reply.

So I explained that even as money is a medium for the exchange of goods and services, and a telephone is a medium for carrying vocal communication, so a psychic, or sensitive, or "medium" used in that sense, is simply a person who is a means by which persons on the discarnate ("dead", no physical body) realm of human life make contact with persons on the incarnate (in-the-body) realm. During man's long centuries of ignorance he has been inclined either to worship these mediums as prophets, saints, and seeresses, or to condemn them as warlocks and witches. Actually their special quality is that they have developed the faculty of seeing, hearing, or somehow perceiving a dimension of life which is beyond our usual obtuse physical sense.

I asked Grace if she had ever experienced trance.

"Trance? What is that?" was her reply.

So I explained that whereas our usual state of consciousness keeps our own ego-mind always in the forefront, there are those who can put aside their own personality-consciousness and let other consciousness, other intelligences, make contact and express through them.

I told her that her deep state of relaxation and reverie in her session that day had somehow reminded me of Mrs.

Mathias in trance, and I asked Grace if I could try dropping her into trance. By this time she had enough confidence in what we were doing, which was producing results for her that doctors and psychologists and ministers had not been able to produce, and enough confidence in me, that she agreed. So when her appointment time came the following week, I not only put her into the reverie state, but dropped her further into the subconscious and asked if there were another entity present who wished to speak through her. This all sounds quite simple and casual, and so it was to us at the time. Only later did I come to appreciate how skillfully we had been led, and what a vast amount of planning, careful thinking, and long preparation must have gone into the seemingly simple and casual events, to bring about this discovery of Grace's mediumship. For when I asked if another entity were present and wished to speak, the guide whom we have come to know as our beloved "Dr. John" spoke right up! And although many entities (deceased human beings) have spoken through Grace, it is this particular one, he who has chosen to be known as Dr. John Christopher Daniels, who is the guardian of Grace, the chief instructor coming through her, and the particular guide who, acting as research librarian in the Akashic records, brings through the Life Readings from the spirit world.

The first contact with Dr. John, through Grace in her sixth reverie session (her first trance session), was the beginning of her mediumship. Really, even that was not the beginning. The beginning goes back I feel, to the Plan of God which outlined the possibilities and desired progress of this soul now incarnate as Grace Wittenberger long before that soul ever saw earth for even the first time. There were various lifetimes of psychic development and experience; I believe no good medium ever becomes so in only one lifetime of psychic interest. I have developed at least a dozen mediums (Grace being the first, the best known, and the only Life Reading medium among them), but even as I say that, I also know that they had developed psychical abilities in previous lifetimes, under other teachers, before they ever came to me. So it was with Grace. I was her discoverer much more than her developer.

Moreover, another teacher in this lifetime did important work with Grace long before I ever met her—the late, beloved Glenn Clark, author (*I Will Lift up Mine Eyes, A Man's Reach*, etc., etc.), prayer teacher, and founder of the

CFO (Camps Farthest Out) movement. Following high school in Cloquet, Minnesota, Grace had gone to Macalester College, a Presbyterian church-affiliated college in St. Paul, where Dr. Clark was first football coach, then teacher, and finally professor of creative writing and prayer. Here she very soon became his secretary. For ten years that was her life: typing his books, traveling with him throughout the country as he set up various camps, and meeting the famous people around him—George Washington Carver, Walter Russell, Frank Laubach, Starr Daily, etc. During those ten years Glenn Clark, who understood intuitively and mystically many of the prayer laws which in former lifetimes he had learned and taught, had Grace getting up at 4:00 o'clock in the morning for two hours of prayer. This was her regular routine, 364 days of the year—"He did give me Christmas off," she says—for ten years! Moreover, this was a specific kind of prayer, one not of any direction or effort of her own, but a getting-herself-out-of-the-way kind of prayer. And often Glenn, in his own home, would awaken at 4:00, prop himself up in bed, and write his books and plan his talks and the other activities of his busy, creative life. Students of the psychical field will understand immediately Grace's role as "booster battery" for Glenn, even as our own Prayer-Sitters for the Life Readings are the booster-batteries who help supply the energy required, and keep Grace and me from being too drained, too depleted, by the Readings.

Grace's home life likewise is a part of her background and preparation as a Life Reading medium. Her minister-father (Grace is the third of five children) was honored in both Utah and Minnesota by election to the highest honorary state office in Presbyterianism, Moderator of the state Synod.

So, with God's plan working for her (my reincarnation research has convinced me that God does have a plan for each one of us in each earthlife) and previous psychic lives in Egypt, India, Greece and an American Indian tribe (which we later dredged up from her subconscious mind), plus her ministerial-home upbringing and her ten years with Glenn Clark in this life, Grace Wittenberger came with singular qualifications. But she was still far from being a Life Reading medium.

I worked with her for four years and four months before any public announcement was made of the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings. Indeed, our early work was of exactly

the general exploratory nature that you would expect it to be, when a quite new psychical researcher (I was only three years old in it when I met Grace) and a just-discovered medium begin. Her own reverie program took precedence over the psychic exploration, and I am glad I insisted on that. It is in the exploring, cleansing, and aligning of our sub-conscious areas, which is what the reverie work primarily does, that our personalities become integrated and the channels cleared for super-conscious work, both psychical and mystical. But in between her own pastlife-recall sessions, and the long hours of integrating them into her present life, we sandwiched teaching sessions with Dr. John, and came to know him as a fellow-member of our team, and a fine personal companion and friend. Through him we also were in time introduced to his stand-in, whom we call "John L." rather than "John C.," and who began by giving portions of certain Readings, but who now can take over an entire Reading and does so on occasion.

We got into giving Life Readings, which has proved to be Grace's particular specialty, quite simply. In the fall of 1951, when I had been with the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles a full year, I proposed that that great church have a weekly prayer group. This request was granted. (A year later, when I went fulltime into the Religious Research work, that prayer group came with me and became the main powerhouse of our prayer-plant research; for five full years we met every Sunday, for two hours or more, at least half of every session being spent in actual prayer.) People from many churches joined this prayer group. A count one Sunday showed persons from thirteen different churches, and some from no church at all. In addition, I organized a prayer band, mainly of the older members and shut-ins of the church, who each took a certain time of prayer daily.

About 125 persons were in this daily prayer band, and we had the clock covered almost all the twenty-four hours with someone praying. Naturally, prayer requests flowed into us from many parts of the country; each request received prayer at least one Sunday, and was on the prayer list for the entire prayer band at least one full day.

Usually I knew how to lead in the prayers requested. Often it was a guidance to ask some particular member of the prayer group to lead in that particular prayer; sometimes the guidance was given to me directly. But sometimes I felt "stumped." Rather than resort to only a general type of

prayer in such instances, I would often ask Dr. John, during the week ahead, for what we called a "Prayer Prescription." After I had given the name and a capsule of information for that specific request, we always got a prayer prescription. These always fit, and often they made mention of pastlife events contributing to the present condition for which the inquirer had asked prayer help. Thus we were giving little pieces, as it were, of Life Readings, without realizing it.

Also, while on the staff of that great Church, I was often called for funerals at Forest Lawn, or Utter-McKinley, or Pierce Brothers, or other of the city's funeral establishments. I was accustomed to parishes of my own, where I knew the people I buried! So to conduct memorial services for a stranger seemed to me almost a breach of human courtesy. But all too often the only contact I could make with the family was "Phone the widow after 11:00 tonight," or "Come ten minutes before the time for the funeral, and meet the family." So I took to calling Grace when these requests came. If nothing else, I'd ask her to ride to the funeral home or out to Forest Lawn with me. I'd stop at her home, she'd get into the car, I'd say, "Get quiet and tell me what you feel about. . ." Then I'd give the name, birthdate, and what little had been given me about the person whom I was to bury. She would quiet herself into a state of consciousness where Dr. John could reach her, and then tell me, "I feel this . . . I feel that. . ." Often she told me things about the surviving family members, as well as the deceased.

Always, this material "fit." I could not then put it into the reincarnation framework, of course. Only recently, and only on special occasions, can I talk openly at funerals of the possibility of reincarnation. But there are *ways* of saying things which are quite orthodox, and by using these acceptable modes of expression I was able to incorporate the material which had come through Grace, often out of a background of pastlives and of the place of the present life in the ongoing pattern. The prayers that were based on the prayer prescriptions had an uncanny way of "hitting the nail on the head," personally, and with spiritual effectiveness. And often after a funeral for someone of whom I had never heard until perhaps the afternoon before, I've had members of the family say, "I don't know how you did it, but you said just exactly the right thing." Friends would say, "You must have known him for years, you described so accurately just what he felt and did and was." Once I made the

mistake of saying to such a friend, "No, I never met the man." But from his startled reaction I learned not to do that again!

We began to give Life Readings in October, 1951. It was not until August of 1952 that I ran across the book *Many Mansions* by Gina Cerminara, Ph. D. which introduced me to the story of Edgar Cayce and his Life Readings. I was so glad to discover that somebody else had done it, too. Maybe we weren't crazy after all!

After four years and four months of development and testing, of giving several hundred test Readings which we were able to check up on and follow through, I finally, in January of 1956, made a modest announcement in our monthly report to our members, of the results of this long research project, and that we would consider requests from such of them as wished to try having a Life Reading done for themselves. We do not urge people to get these. Indeed, unless you feel inwardly led to get a Life Reading, we suggest you do *not* do it! If you *should* have a Life Reading the way will open for you, and we respect your inward leading. But we do not ever try to "sell" a Reading. The Grace Wittenberger Life Readings have spread simply because people who first got them found them helpful, and told their relatives and friends about them. For example, a man in Trinidad, British West Indies, had a child who started to develop a frightening physical state which appeared to have a psychological origin. He wrote to a friend of his in Philadelphia about his daughter. That Philadelphia friend had had a Grace Wittenberger Life Reading, and suggested that he contact us in Los Angeles. This he did, and secured a Consultation Reading for his child. Several months later he wrote saying that the Reading seemed to be "working" all right. The suggestions given for healing the child, based upon the pastlife forces which had been feeding into the child's present development and thus contributing to the upset, were proving effective in handling the situation.

By now (July 1963) more than 2100 Grace Wittenberger Life Readings have been given for persons from 38 states and 16 foreign countries. Physical questions may be asked in these Readings, but we do not give Physical Readings of the kind that Mr. Edgar Cayce did. Any pastlife force entering into a presentlife situation, including those with physical influence upon bodily conditions, will be gone into, and suggestions made for how to handle it. But the major purpose of these Grace Wittenberger Life Readings is to trace the long-

term progression of the soul which is now incarnate in and as the person getting that Reading the past lives feeding into this life. Another central purpose is to know how to handle most constructively the relationships and the problems and opportunities of the present life (that is always the central emphasis of Dr. John in the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings—*how to live this life* most constructively for the present and for the eternity ahead of us); and the spiritual purpose and progression of the individual getting each Reading. Many of the persons writing back to thank us (we ask each one to report shortly after getting the transcript of his Reading; also six months later, and each year after that; and many of them *do* report) for help in specific problems, go on to say that perhaps the greatest help of all from their Life Readings was in the understanding of themselves, the forces at work within them, why they have this kind of life, why they are the persons they are, and the place of their present life and its experiences in the long spiritual evolution of their being.

Most persons getting the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings are not able to come in person for their Reading. If they are nearby, we are glad for them to come, for it is an interesting experience to be present in person while your own pastlives are being explored. But it is not necessary to be here in person. The Readings can be given equally well with the recipient absent or present. Each Reading is a major production for us. I act as proxy for the person getting the Reading, and spend an average of two hours or more preparing for it before I conduct a Reading. Grace and I both are involved in the approximately two hours of the regular Life Reading, and in addition we have a "booster-battery" whom we call a "prayer-sitter", who goes into prayer before we go into the Reading. There are Shortform and Consultation Readings, shorter than the Regular Life Reading, and Family Karmic History and Patrons' Readings which are longer. Every reading is recorded and then transcribed. The typescript of the regular Life Reading runs usually from sixteen to twenty pages, and is personally checked by Grace or myself for typographical errors in transcription. So each Reading is a careful, major undertaking. Readings are given by appointment only, with the time being set as quickly as we can, usually within a month or two after the application is received.

If you were to attend an actual Grace Wittenberger Life Reading, you would find it goes something like this: Before

the Reading ever begins, I will have spent from two to four hours getting to know the person for whom the Reading is to be given as best I can. This is my job, to make the Reading as complete and clear as possible, and for that I need a pretty good "introduction" to the person getting the Reading. This can be by mail, or by personal interview. When the appointed hour of the Reading comes, Grace comes in to the special Faraday-Cage-type room we have had built for the Readings (and for other Psychological Research), and stretches out on the cot there. Her bodily metabolism goes down during these Readings, so she usually covers up with an afghan an appreciative client once knit especially for her. I turn on the tape recorders. A full typescript of the Reading goes to the person getting it, but a tape is also available if he wishes it. Then, as we say, I "head the tape," speaking aloud the name, date, place, etc. (Most of these Readings are given at our Life Reading Research Center, 437 N. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif., a very few are given on our lecture tours.)

Prior to this, our Prayer Sitter will have gone into prayer for this particular Reading. We have found three or four who are quite effective as "Prayer-sitters" or spiritual booster-batteries but we usually use Mrs. Helen White Duvall, a retired school teacher with a lifelong interest in psychical and spiritual things. She goes into prayer about 15 minutes before the Reading begins; we have found it best if we can "ride in on a pathway of prayer" into each Reading. We then, at the start of each Reading, have a prayer of our own to further get ourselves out of the way and become channels for a wisdom and a perspective beyond our vantage point.

If you were present, you would then hear me say, "Ready?" and perhaps you would see the slight nod from Grace, who already has her eyes closed and is on her way into a deep, impersonal quietness. Then you might begin to wonder for I would count, slowly, from one to ten, with a fingersnap following the counts eight, nine and ten. This actually is the process by which Grace goes into the communication-state of consciousness, as we call it, in which she makes contact with Dr. John who brings the Readings through her. This is a semi-trance. In our earlier days, it was largely a full trance, and after several hours of it (upon one occasion, in the early years, I had her "in" for four and a half hours) she would be physically quite stiff! So we gave instructions that

the body would move freely whenever it wished, for its own comfort. So she no longer lies motionless throughout an entire Reading, though her eyes are closed until the Reading is over. At the end of each Reading I thank Dr. John and those who have worked with him to bring this Reading through, and then "bring Grace back" by a reverse count from 10 to 1—again with the three finger snaps on ten, nine and eight, for these represent procedures of opening and going through certain definite doors of the inner consciousness. The counts one through seven represent steps rather than doors and hence have no fingersnaps which symbolize knockings on the doors.

"Do you remember anything that happened?" is the question most asked of Grace following a Reading. The answer is yes, she does. She has been trained to carry consciousness into these Readings. Indeed, the major training of Grace by both Dr. Clark and myself, as far as it flows into these Life Readings, was to get herself out of the way while keeping consciousness. I believe this is more healthy, for one thing; to go into a dead trance, where all consciousness is lost, and to do it perhaps six or eight times a week, for periods of almost two hours, could possibly upset the sleep-waking rhythm of the body in an unhealthy way. And we do wish Grace a long and useful life!

But interestingly enough, although she usually has been aware of everything that has gone on in the Reading, the details of it begin to fade from her mind within about a half hour. If you had your Reading one day and were to ask her details from it the next, she would stare at you almost blankly, for most of those details would have quite fallen out of her consciousness.

Evidently I, too, apparently am in a semi-psychic state at the same time. While conducting the Readings. I know everything that goes on. I have before me the sheets on which are outlined the questions I want to make sure the Reading covers, and the persons primarily involved in this person's life.

In a Regular Life Reading we ask of past life relationship, if any, and the purpose of the present life relationship, with approximately fifteen of the persons closest to the individual getting the Reading: parents, brothers and sisters, husband or husbands, wife or wives, children, other close relatives, close friends, business associates, even enemies, if any; and unlimited questions. In the Shortform Life Reading we must

limit it to the four persons most significant in that person's life, and to the three major questions most important.

I have all this carefully organized and in mind and on the worksheets before me when the Reading starts, and while the Reading progresses. Also, from my experience in conducting these Readings, I often see questions to ask that the one getting the Reading has missed! But although this is perfectly clear in my mind before I'll start a Reading and while the Reading is in progress, within an hour afterwards it has begun to fade from me. This is not simply because we give many Readings, either. I have done much counselling, and with a counselling client I can usually remember elements which may have emerged months or years before. Apparently, although I think and feel that I am "all here" in these Readings, I, too, am in some sort of semi-psychic state. In fact, the addition of the Prayer-sitter was to protect me from depletion and exhaustion more than Grace! She is the central, all-important figure in this work, and we have protected her from the start. But I was being drained, in the early work. With the addition of a third person we now are all without ill effects from the Readings, dividing up amongst us the energy-requirements.

Grace usually will excuse herself quite quickly after a Reading has been given, and go to the kitchen for a bite to eat; protein is the type of food which she has been told replenishes the particular energies drained from her in these Readings. We are not vegetarians; nor do we believe celibacy is a requirement for spiritual work. On Valentine's Day in 1958, after Grace had lost her home in 1956 and I had lost mine some years earlier, she and I were married. Grace Wittenberger, though she continues to use her maiden name professionally, is now Mrs. Franklin Loehr, and my co-worker in various other phases of our far-reaching Religious Research program.

At this point, before giving examples of the situations covered in the Life Readings, I might describe Grace Wittenberger herself. She is just under 5 foot 2 inches in height, and weighs about 120-122 pounds, which puts her pretty close to the petite class, I believe. She likes homemaking, delights in trying unusual dishes, is an excellent cook, and is always rearranging the lovely decorative items with which she adorns each room of our home. I believe she would have made a fine interior decorator or chef! She takes pride in keeping her two children, Joy Carol and David, neat and

clean, and endeavors quite persistently to keep them well-mannered despite the great freedom which is the customary allowance for children today.

Grace is also an excellent prayer-teacher in her own right. She has taken the four methods of prayer which we dug out ("isolated" is the technical scientific name for it) as having objective power, in our prayer-plant work. And joining her own lifelong, firsthand experience with prayer to our years-long laboratory research in it, she has taught prayer classes throughout America which have changed not only the concepts but also the prayer methods and habits of those taking her classes. Sometimes she does this in connection with our joint lecture tours, sometimes in classes and on tours of her own. She also occasionally teaches a class in spiritual-psychical development, for selected members only, in which almost always nearly everybody comes into some expansion of consciousness, some opening, usually called "psychic."

Although people do not stare at Grace Wittenberger as she walks down the street (if they knew what she can do, they probably would! And many a man, and some women, do take a second look), she is well groomed, takes fine care of herself, and is the type of American woman recognized as nice-appearing and capable. If we were the type who took unto our own profit the returns from the Readings and our lectures, etc., rather than putting all we could into further research (and Dr. John has insisted that we pay all time charges, transcribing, and other expenses from only half the receipts of the Life Readings; the other half going into further research), Grace probably would emerge as "elegant." In my own humble and husbandly prejudice, I think she already is. Grace has been an officer in the Women's Association of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church on Wilshire Blvd, Los Angeles, of which she is a member; has taught Sunday School there; and has been an officer of the Southern California organization of Presbyterian Women. She is the type who gets asked to be president of Church women's groups and of PTAs. But she remains a quiet person, and not a "personage." Her parents, who had three sons, had hoped that one of them might follow in their father's footsteps and become a minister. It looks instead as though their daughter Grace is the New-Age minister successor of her father!

And oh! the human dramas that come to us! We do not ever tell who gets a Life Reading, unless that person tells us to, or uses it publicly himself. One evening several years

ago I was visiting my father in Iowa. As the evening wore on he suddenly remembered and said, "Oh, Marcus Bach is speaking tonight, down at the high school auditorium. Would you like to hear him?" I had long known and admired Marcus Bach, and my father was one of his friends long before Marcus became the famous, successful man he is, so we both went. We arrived sometime after 8:30. Marc was well into his talk, and as we came in, he was telling of the Life Reading he had had from us in California. In it, he said, he had been told that his present wife had been his simple, mystical Swiss father, in a lifetime in the 17-1800s, in which Marcus, first as a guide to Alps Mountain climbers and then as keeper of a house for climbers, had in the spiritual silences of long hours in the mountains broken loose from a religious crystallization of thought in a 1500s Italian life. "I don't know if this is right or not," said Dr. Bach, "but I think about it often, and I like to think about it. It makes a lot of sense to me." He has spoken of his Life Reading a number of times, as others who have heard him have told us.

Another one who has told us we may tell anyone of her Life Reading, is Jean "Babe" London, one of the movie-figures of the great years of Hollywood. She played often with Laurel and Hardy, also with other personages all the way from W. C. Fields to Van Johnson. She broke into movies as the "fat girl" in the Christy Comedies, rival of the early "Our Gang" children's reels by Hal Roach. In her Reading she had asked, among others, concerning a certain man. As I came to him in the Reading, and submitted his name, Grace was "bounced out", as we say, not opening her eyes or sitting up, but clearly returned to her own consciousness instead of being spoken through with the slightly deeper voice, the more measured cadences and literary expressions, of Dr. John. "That's funny," said Grace. "When you spoke his name, it was as though a big book was opened before me here. But before I could read any of it, the book was closed and a big black cross was put on it." I knew we probably wouldn't get anything further, even with continued questioning, and since "Babe" indicated for us to go ahead, I proceeded to the other persons and questions on her worksheet. After the Reading, she told us that particular man had been a theatrical acquaintance of hers who had become suspicious that a girlfriend was two-timing him, had shot

the girlfriend, and had himself been executed in the gas chamber at San Quentin!

Even more "evidential", perhaps, is another item from Miss London's Life Reading. As Grace "came out" she said, "Oh, as I was going in, 'they' (referring to our 'Friends Upstairs') showed me a pair of baby shoes. They've never done this before, and they didn't say why. When I asked them, in my mind, why they were showing me these, they sort of said, 'Well, this is just to let you know that we really know whom we have here.' " Miss London jumped as though shot, and told us this story: When she was a little girl, the fashion had been to have life-size dolls for which real baby clothes had to be procured. Her mother had gotten her such a doll, and the clothes for it. She had treasured and loved that doll, but in time it wore out and was discarded, along with the clothes, *excepting for the baby shoes, which she had kept!* She made a special trip within the next few days to show us these shoes!

Another rather startling piece of evidence occurred when we were giving several days of Readings in another city. This incident occurred at the start of the first Reading of the second day. Nothing untoward had happened the first day, and nothing like this had ever happened in the Readings before. We started simply enough: the prayer; counting Grace in; my first question, "We ask for John; is John here?"; and perhaps ten seconds of silence during which he takes over the direction of Grace's vocal chords, then replies, "Yes, I am here. Good morning." I then made my usual start, "Good morning, John. We have with us (or, if the person is not present, as most are not: "we bring at this time . . .," and then give the name, birthdate and residence of the person for whom the Reading is to be given) Susan Johnson." This name is fictitious, of course; we publish one Reading a month for our Religious Research Foundation supporting members, but we always change names, birthdates, etc. to protect the anonymity of the person. "Where would you like her Reading to begin?" This is my opening of a Reading.

Most of the times John replies, "With relationships," and I then give the father's name and birthdate and ask if there was any pastlife acquaintance of the person with the father; then the mother; the other children; the marriage picture and children, etc., tracing each past-life relationship through, together with the purpose of the present life relationship and suggestions for making each relationship most meaningful, and

for handling any problems involved. Or sometimes Dr. John begins by saying, "We shall give the picture of this one as a soul," and outlines the particular pastlife developments which have brought this person to the present incarnation, after which we go for relationships. Either way, of course, the picture of the person getting the Reading builds up, with the particular pastlives that feed into the present.

A little pause is customary after I submit the name, birth-date and location, but this time the pause lengthened beyond the ten or fifteen second mark, beyond the half minute mark, until it seemed to me several minutes of silence had ensued! I busied myself with the papers, and tried to look as though this were quite ordinary, but I was really wondering just what was happening. The woman getting the Reading looked average enough, but finally the silence ended. Grace was bounced back, and her words were, "There isn't any Susan Johnson! There's lots of records here." Dr. John has often told us his function is not that of a mind-reader, but as a specialized research librarian in the Akashic or eternal records. "There's lots of records here," Grace went on, "*but there isn't any Susan Johnson.*" I had a start, a bit of difficulty maintaining my professional composure, I suppose I should say; the lady herself looked blank. And then all of a sudden she jumped and said, "Oh, no! I was christened Manila Belle Johnson!" She was born just after an important event in American political life, the victory at Manila Bay, and her father had given her the first name of that event, and the second name "Belle."

"Oh, yes!" said Grace. "Here's Manila Belle Johnson." And Dr. John once again took over and the Reading proceeded. Moreover, the suggestion was given that she resume her first-given name, and for a very interesting reason. An older sister (this lady was the youngest of ten children, nine of them girls) had protested the name "Manila Belle" from the first, and a family council had renamed the child "Susan" before she was a week old. This all happened in New York in 1898, whereas the Reading was being given in California in 1956. The name "Manila Belle" had not been used for fifty-eight years, and was completely unknown to the Californian friends of Miss Johnson. But Dr. John pointed out that she was really a masculine soul in one of her (or his) first feminine incarnations (one reason for non-marriage), and that the name "Belle" means "the girl of the occasion" as in the expression, "The belle of the ball," etc. The big historic

occasion of the week of her birth had been the American naval victory at Manila Bay. Her father had named her the Belle, the girl, of the occasion. There was purpose in this name, and it was suggested she gradually resume it, which struck a responsive chord in her, too.

Every imaginable sort of human situation—and a lot I had never imagined!—comes up in these Readings. I used to read the "Whodunits," the murder-mystery stories, as a general relaxation. But now I find them dull. Even Alfred Hitchcock runs a poor second! The real-life story of so many of those coming for Readings is so much stronger, more full of suspense and uncertainty, more *real*!

In general, those sending or coming for the Grace Whittenberger Life Readings might be divided into two classes: those seeking to understand themselves better, and those with definite, difficult problems. I believe that second group is the larger: a difficult or handicapped child, marital frictions beyond the usual, a long and perhaps life-time run of seemingly "bad luck," emotional relationships that baffle and perplex, etc.

With one middle-aged couple that came, for instance, the particular problem was their high-strung, slightly deaf teenage son. They were told in their Life Reading that he had been a passenger on the ill-fated Von Hindenberg Zeppelin, and lost his life when it caught fire and crashed. Normally such a one would be "kept on the other side" long enough for the keenest edges of the experience to be dulled, but this one had insisted on coming back very quickly because he wanted to be in on the early age of flying. Some days after the Reading they phoned me to say they had just remembered how the boy, when a youngster, had loved the little planes his father had brought him many times, but had gone into a crying spell of great fright when he had been brought a toy zeppelin.

Many marriages have been held together by the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings. These marriages were not simply patched up, but the underlying causes of the friction were brought to light, and the reasons for maintaining the marriage given, and suggestions of how to handle the difficulties. Occasionally it is suggested that a marriage which is on the rocks be terminated, because (1) there is no hope of the present personalities re-establishing a good relationship, or because (2) the constructive stage of that marriage is past and there is no productive reason for continuing the shell of

it, or because (3) that particular marriage should never have been entered into in the first place.

Although Physical Readings as such are not given, physical-health questions are often asked in these Life Readings, and if there is a pastlife cause for the present life physical condition it is traced out and suggestions made for meeting it. Psychological situations which society calls abnormal—transvestism, hermitism, unusual interest in some particular place or problem, homosexuality, etc.—are often found to have a perfectly normal cause in a pastlife experience, or in the purposeful experience scheduled for this soul in this particular lifetime.

Each of us must incarnate many times in both masculine and feminine lives, but until an individual understands and accepts this, and gains experience by doing it a number of times, the transition lives may be difficult ones. As an example, a masculine soul coming into a feminine lifetime but becoming frightened, as puberty approaches and with it the more intimate details of a woman's life and love, may turn to overeating both to assuage the anxiety and to produce an obesity which will make him—excuse me, her—unattractive to men. A feminine soul coming into an early masculine experience may put on all the swagger of a leather-coated, wild-riding motorcyclist, a surface show of supposed ultra-masculinity to hide the femininity beneath. I think the homosexual and transvestite groups now organizing have much reincarnational carryover!

And much of the tension which seems to mark the present new generation, according to the Readings, is a carryover from the frightening and frightful conditions under which many of them recently met death in World War II.

The other major group of those getting the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings do so not from any immediate, pressing problem, but because of their deep quest for self-understanding. Who am I? Why was I born to my particular parents? Why did I have the home life, and the brothers and sisters (or no brothers and sisters) of my early years? Why this marriage, or these marriages, or no marriage? Why these children, or no children? Why these life situations? Why my interests, my problems, my life pathway? And why my particular personality traits, abilities, difficulties? Who am I, and why? These persons, even though they may not have had some great pressing problem answered by their Life Readings, often write us the most appreciative letters of all,

reporting the great satisfaction their Readings bring in unfolding themselves to themselves. These are seekers, and their seeking is rewarded with both knowledge and spiritual growth.

A particular case comes to mind. A certain man, with an otherwise good I.Q., is so obsessed with the need to be always right and always in control of the groups he sets up, that he simply cannot understand why he loses friends and alienates people all through his life. A life Reading said that in the pre-Civil War American South he had been a capable and strong-minded woman, mistress of a large plantation, with many slaves who of course had to obey her without question, and with menfolk around her whose code of chivalry made them almost equally vulnerable to her control. In this life, although slavery was abolished almost a century ago, the old patterns of conduct held over within her—or him, now—to the point where certain paranoic traits are beginning to show up strongly. (Here, incidentally, is a new approach to the study of paranoia, schizophrenia, and neuroses.) This personality simply has not made the transition, his Life Reading (gotten by a friend for him) said, from living under that former set of circumstances which she thoroughly enjoyed under which she was quite a dictator, to another set of circumstances where the old ways won't work. Moreover, the Reading went on, he probably never *will* learn in this life, and it will only be when the personality, after death, assesses the failures of this life, that the learning will come. The minister in me consigns him with prayer to God, Who loves and is capable beyond any human agency. The researcher in me says, "Well, after all, there's nothing wrong with him that reincarnation can't cure." But he's not making it this time!

How do we know these Life Readings are true? I don't know how you can answer that absolutely. Nearly everybody has lived simple, humble lives nearly every time, and records are seldom kept very long of humble people. In nearly 2100 Grace Wittenberger Life Readings to date, we have found scarcely a handful of the personages of history. Vital statistics were simply not kept until recent years, and in many backward countries are still not kept for the common people. Personal historic records are scarce, even for fairly recent lifetimes. But there are two very definite scientific methods which can be applied to Life Reading material:

(1) *Credentiaing*. The Edgar Cayce Life Readings, for

instance, are *credentialed* by his Physical Readings. He gave a total of approximately 15,000 Readings of various sorts. About 12,500 of these, nearly eighty-five percent, were not Life Readings but Physical Readings, actual diagnoses and prescriptions for physical conditions. Many of these Physical Readings were definite "hits," sometimes dramatically and life-savingly so. Because of these Physical Readings, which did allow for definite checks and proof and which did score very high, his Life Readings are *credentialed*. In other words, the source which produced the Life Readings was the same source that produced the Physical Readings; and the Physical Readings could be, and in a large measure were, authenticated. Therefore, a scientific researcher, or any intelligent person, would give serious attention to the approximately 2500 Life Readings which came through Edgar Cayce, even though they could so seldom be checked on.

In our case, our prayer research with plants was the kind of scientific research which is authenticated. The fact that the same source which brought forth this proved work is now bringing forth the Life Readings, gives an initial *credentialing* to the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings. It was because Einstein's earlier theories had proved right, that President Roosevelt and others listened to his findings about the tremendous power in the atom that probably could be released. This led to the further proof of his rightness, of course, in the actual explosion of the atom bombs and the present developments of peacetime uses of atomic power. But the assurance that led to the atom-research was the credentialing of the sources which brought it.

(2) *Results*. The second reason for giving serious research consideration to the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings, is their results in the lives of these who get them. Jesus Himself suggested this ground of judgment, you remember, when He said, "By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" (Matthew 7:16). Approximately ninety-nine percent of the persons reporting on their Grace Wittenberger Life Readings tell of the assistance the Reading has been in the present day-by-day living of that person. Some report more helpfulness than others; with some, the Life Reading has been the actual and sometimes the dramatic turning-point of a life.

A daughter who thought she didn't want college, and whom her family thought was not college material, was told she should go to college, and the reasons were given and

the particular line of study and lifework for her was suggested. The thing suggested caught her interest, and even though she was in her final year in high school she made the necessary changes, applied to three colleges for admission, was accepted by her first choice, enrolled for the particular line of study suggested, and her entire life has thus been changed.

That is only one example. Others have reported helpfulness in other ways, from their Grace Wittenberger Life Readings. A few have reported it did not help them at all, though from the emotional tone of several of these letters, one might surmise that the Reading actually scored closer to the truth of their being than they would accept. As one researches the results of the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings, as they are applied in day-by-day living over a period of years, the results have been overwhelmingly good.

An alternative hypothesis, which of course I had to hold in mind in the early years of these Readings, was that it was some hidden part of Grace's subconscious mind producing these Readings. But as I saw Reading after Reading get to the heart of person after person, I had to admit that if this were Grace herself producing these Readings, either consciously or subconsciously, then she was the most expert, helpful, and miraculous psychological and spiritual counsellor I had ever seen! This, incidentally, was the conclusion voiced by a prominent Psychology Professor recently, who read the Life Reading given for his staff assistant; that if this were the subconscious mind, or some area of subliminal consciousness, of Grace herself bringing forth the Reading, then she was the most quickly perceptive and broadly penetrating psychologist he had ever run across. I trust it is no disparagement of Grace to say that I, after almost twelve years of working with her, and five years of marriage to her, simply do not believe she herself is that smart! It is my firm research conclusion that she taps into a source of knowledge definitely higher than our own for these Life Readings.

The Grace Wittenberger Life Readings are definitely not for the idly curious; you can't come in off the street for a Life Reading, as to a sidewalk palm-reader. And they simply are not for many people. A person has to reach a certain stage of consciousness-development before he is interested in having a Life Reading. One of the teachings repeated many times in the Readings is that in the first lifetime or two on earth a soul, if it has already received quite a bit of develop-

ment in other realms, may carry quite a spiritual and psychic openness with him into earthlife, but that very quickly this must be temporarily put aside until the soul has mastered the physical requirements of being a successful, adequate earthbeing. Each lifetime of every soul has its own particular purpose and place. We don't have to be everything and do everything in one lifetime, thank goodness! But the particular job assigned to some particular lifetimes is to *identify* with earthliving in order to make a success of earthliving. In such a lifetime, the spiritual interest may be quite low, and properly so. Then somewhere as the soul progresses in its earthlives, there comes a life, or a succession of several lives, in which it "awakens to itself as a Soul in earthliving." From this point on, religious, spiritual, metaphysical and philosophical interests grow in importance.

Incidentally, the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings do not go along with the idea that we have thousands or millions of earthlives, nor that there is some arbitrary period of time, such as a thousand years, between lives. If we don't learn what Earth has to teach us, in 100 lifetimes, we're simply not going to learn it here! Moreover, our lifetimes are fitted in as the proper settings of homes, social, scientific and historic developments, come about. And not everything is cut-and-dried—not at all! Many lifetimes find a person quite free to make a lot of choices; these choices then establishing the karma for future lifetimes. (Karma is *not* "all bad"; it is simply the natural consequences of our choices, the reactions that follow our actions. Karma may just as well be good as bad. The central requirement is growth, not punishment.) Free-will is not only present, it is decisive, for it is not what happens to us that counts, but how we react to the experiences of life that sets our own development and also reveals how far we have come.

Often we have been asked specific questions, such as will California be destroyed in 1964 (or 1961 or 1958, etc.), to which Dr. John's soft answer has been, "We still consider Los Angeles real estate a good investment." Another question often asked is, "How may I prepare now for a favorable reincarnation?" The essential answer to that question is, to *live this lifetime well*.

In our Shortform Life Reading, designed for those who feel they cannot afford the Regular Life Reading, the person may ask of the four persons most important to him (pastlife connections, if any; and purpose of the present relationship

with them), and three major questions. One of these questions, however, must be, "What is my major purpose or purposes in this incarnation?" For Dr. John's interest, and our own as well, in these Grace Wittenberger Life Readings, is not the excitement of curiosity nor the titillation of speculation, but to bring help from the past to the very practical, very important job of living this present life in the very best possible way. The person who is truly concerned with doing the best job he can in this life: finding his purpose, discovering his abilities, achieving the learning, fulfilling the relationships, performing the service for which he came—that person is welcomed, honored, and assisted by the information brought him in the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings. For this present lifetime has an important place in the ongoing of your soul, the spiritual evolution of your individuality. In general, the best way to prepare now for a favorable reincarnation is to find and do and be that which you are to do and be and become in this lifetime; so that your spiritual development can then move on to its next chapter, and not have to do this chapter, or parts of it, over again.

Research in the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings had now begun. Research Copies of every Reading are kept in the research lockfile, from which selected Readings are published (without names or identification, of course) monthly for members of the Religious Research Foundation. Reports from these Readings are likewise being prepared. Both Hugh Lynn Cayce and Gina Cerminara helped us set up our research procedure, saying, "You might as well learn from our mistakes." But the greatest research is the individual life research by the persons getting the Readings themselves. Just how the scientific proof of the Readings will evolve is not as yet apparent, even as the scientific proof of the nature of the interior of the sun, or the full scientific understanding of the nature of light and energy, is likewise not yet apparent to even the finest minds of mankind. Moreover, it is quite possible that a Life Reading which is essentially true may also be in error in some details. I have kept a cross-check on the Readings throughout the eleven years we have been giving them, and I have spotted a half dozen discrepancies so far. One woman had asked, for instance, if she and a certain man friend had ever known each other before, and was told yes, in England they had been husband and wife, named Reginald and Victoria. Some months later the man came for

a Reading, asked concerning this same woman, and was told they had been in England as wife and husband (roles reversed), named Regina and Victor. This was close, but a discrepancy, and in the research approach I am interested in the discrepancies, even though they are minor ones and only a few of them. So I do not say that the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings are 100% foolproof.

But I do know that the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings have brought major helpfulness to nearly everyone who has gotten one, and tremendous helpfulness to many. I do know they have at the very least presented a sensible picture of the relationships, problems, and purposes of thousands of persons, and a framework in which these persons have often found themselves with a greater integration of personality, a clearer sense of purpose and work, a new understanding of their relationships, a deeper love for those around them, a higher view of themselves. I do know the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings have changed lives—more change, and for more good, in more lives, than I had reached and changed in all my years as a parish minister and Chaplain. And I do know that the picture of human life presented by these Readings makes absolute sense, holds high challenge and fulfillment, makes no impossible demands but a more insistent general demand for goodness and growth, and shows Man most clearly in the relationship that religion has preached, as a spiritual being, verily akin unto the Creator, a child of God, growing into a greater fullness of godlikeness as we increasingly master experiences, life, and our selves.

The personal tribute of a husband is hardly the proper way to end a report on an unusual person with strange powers. But for the unusual person whose strange powers are of such a highly spiritual orientation; for one who is herself a mystic; for one who got up at 4:00 a.m. every day for ten years for two hours of receptive prayer; for one who is still a young woman, with the prospect of the Grace Wittenberger Life Readings continuing for years, and coming well into the five-figure mark; for one who has done such profound, life-changing good for so many, yet keeps such a believable, live-withable (yes, and lovable) simple person—well, a tribute may indeed be the appropriate way of ending this introduction. But let that tribute be, from a poetess friend who has known Grace for twenty years:

"Always a miracle
Sitting on your shoulder!
A word, a glance,
Innocent, or bolder!
Suddenly your laughter—
Sunshine poked through rain!
And a tilt of happiness sweeps my heart again.
Teasing or pleasing, I don't care,
Ever the enchantress,
With stars in your hair!"

Such is Grace Wittenberger, an unusual person with strange powers, indeed. Not of a past generation but of our own generation, a simple, lovely woman and a very human, delightful wife.

Such is Grace Wittenberger, Life Reading Medium.

We have all experienced pain so intense that we wish we could literally leave our bodies and escape from it. Being in two places at the same time has long been a universal desire—and a universal impossibility. For just about everyone, that is, except the noted journalist and psychic investigator William Seabrook.

In the following chapter, Seabrook tells how he effected the strange power taught him at the celebrated Melewt Monastery in the mountains of Tripoli—the power of projecting an astral body, or divorcing the corporeal body from the spirit.

The navigator who could appear in two places at the same time

THE *Cossack* is a 42-foot yawl, teakwood-finished, built in Germany in the great days of Kaiser Wilhelm—and was owned for a while in America by the New York publisher

* For information concerning Grace Wittenberger Life Readings, or the Religious Research Foundation, write:

Life Reading Research Center
Religious Research Foundation of Am., Inc.
437 North Kenmore Avenue
Los Angeles 4, California, U.S.A.

and yachtsman, Harrison Smith. He sold her not long ago, and now has a newer boat, the *Cossack II*.

During the summers when I was crewing on the old *Cossack*, in the late twenties, she used to lie at the Yacht Club in Port Washington. She was a grand boat and, before my time, had crossed the Atlantic more than once. She had cruised in the Isles of Greece, outridden North Atlantic storms, and come through high adventures in the Bay of Biscay. We sailed her frequently in the Sound, occasionally up through the Cape Cod Canal, occasionally to Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and Bar Harbor. Hal himself was skipper, and we generally sailed with an amateur crew of three or four. One August he and I alone took her out of Port Washington, planning to pick up the other members of the party at New London. Arriving at New London, we found a wire saying they hadn't been able to catch their train on the day they'd planned, but would join us later, up in Maine. So we decided to go on. Normally it would have been nothing for the two of us to handle her. Hal was a veteran skipper. Being shorthanded, we could put in anywhere we pleased to anchor and sleep at night. But we got caught in a memorable storm off Monhegan Light, and he wisely decided that the safest thing was to run for it, way offshore, and ride it out. The *Cossack* could take it. The *Cossack* could take anything in open water. And there would have been no sense in risking piling her up inshore, trying to make a harbor. It was never dangerous. It was merely an exciting little adventure, in which we didn't risk losing anything but sleep. But the storm continued; the wind came mostly out of the northwest. We were blown well out to sea; and stayed out there three days and nights. Nobody worried. There was nothing to worry about—except provisions. We had been going to buy them later when the party was complete, and the only reserve we had aboard was some old cans of corned beef. The goddamned stuff must have been aboard for a couple of years. But we weren't very hungry. We were both walleyed from loss of sleep, for close to ninety hours. The boat couldn't take care of herself in that weather, even running before the wind. One of us had to be continually at the wheel, with the other continually on call. Most of the time we were both on deck. Then, when it had quieted a little, we took alternating four-hour shifts, one of us at the wheel, while the other tried to snatch four hours of sleep below. What with the excitement, our liking each other, our talk of

Moby Dick, our struggles to heat the goddamned corned-beef hash and keep the coffee pot from turning over, I don't think either of us ever thought about being physically tired; and I don't recall that we were ever tired, in a body-muscle sense at all. But we were walleyed, dopey, and at the same time keyed to a sort of supersensitivity, from prolonged loss of sleep. We felt, thought, and saw things with a sort of acute superlucidity which made it seem as if a veil or fog had been lifted from our minds and from the normal outline of the masts against the thick sky. We talked about it. Anybody who has, in the war or elsewhere, gone for an abnormally long time without sleep, under exciting circumstances which make sleep still impossible, will know what I am talking about. It gives the same sort of seemingly mystical clarity of inner vision that dentist's gas or anesthetics sometimes do, in the transitional moments, going in and coming out.

At eight o'clock on the evening before what was to be the last day of the storm, Hal relieved me at the wheel, and I went below to lie down and try to sleep. I found I couldn't sleep. My mind was racing. In thinking of the curious abnormal state our minds were in, I began to recall a period I'd spent, engaged in long study, with a famous group of Eastern mystics who have been specialists for a thousand years in curious, abnormal states of mind. While in Arabia, I had served a novitiate in the celebrated Melewi Monastery in the mountains behind Syrian Tripoli. The Melewi, known only as "Whirling Dervishes" to our Western world, are the highest order of the Sufi, and are considered to be the most learned of all the mystical religious groups of Islam. Their whirling, which has caught the outside world's eye, has been circused, toured, and exploited—just as the Sistine Chapel Choir has, and for the same simple reason that its music, vestments, and its dancing, too, are beautiful. But to them, whirling is a way of inducing the mystical trance states in which they believe themselves endowed with supernormal senses, vision, and power. But it isn't all dancing and music by any means in a Melewi Monastery. A lot of it is plain, hard study. And I was thinking now of the efforts they had made to teach me the elemental principles on which they base their belief that the mind (or soul) and the body can be separated, that the mind (or soul) can go out beyond the body, can "shuffle off his mortal coil" temporarily, as it were, leaving it and returning to it, as one does with a house or a garment. By study, I don't mean that you memorize

abracadabra or the ninety-nine names of Allah backward. They don't go in for hocus-pocus. In one of the first lessons, the monk in charge of my instruction had held a lighted candle to my hand, so that the flame touched, and said,

"Tell me what I am doing."

"You are burning me!" I yelped like a resentful kid.

"No," he said, "flame cannot touch *you*. You might have answered that I was burning your hand. And that, in a sense, would be moving toward the truth, but not far enough. Your hand is not you. And neither are the nerves running from your hand to your brain. And neither is your brain. Nor is your body you; nor any part of it, nor the sum total of it. If you devote your life to this, as I suppose you won't, you can reach the point where it would be *a* hand, rather than *your* hand that was being burned."

Presently he had reached over and deliberately torn the sleeve of my robe. Again he said,

"Tell me what I did."

I was going to say, "You have torn the sleeve of my robe," but recalled that they had handed it to me when I began the novitiate and had not let me pay for it, since everything in the monastery was common property. So I replied,

"You have torn the sleeve of a robe."

"That is better," he said. "And your body is no more you, no more your property either, than this robe is. Your body is simply a material object which you inhabit temporarily as you inhabit this garment. It is like your worldly wealth, if you happen to have any. You use it. It is, of course, not *you*. But it is not *yours* either. Nothing is you or yours, except your *self*—your *I*."

"Suppose," I had said, "that instead of a candle, you had lighted a bonfire and burned my body to ashes. . . ."

"Suppose," he said, "I threw this robe of yours in the bonfire instead. In that case you would be naked—of your robe. If your body were burned, you would be naked—of your body."

"It would hurt like fury," I said, and he replied, "It would indeed, unless you had become an adept. Have you forgotten that your own Christian saints have smiled and felt only the calm ecstasy of purification and deliverance as flames devoured their bodies? It is the same with our highest adepts."

"I'd hate to have to try it," I said, and my monk had answered with smiling candor, "I shouldn't like to try it myself. I doubt that I am sufficiently holy. But under easier cir-

cumstances, I have learned to detach the *self* from the material body, and if you remained with us long enough, we could teach you to do it too."

Of course, I hadn't remained in the monastery long enough—since "long enough" might have meant twenty years, a lifetime—but they'd taught me quite a lot, and once, I vividly now recalled as I lay there wide-eyed, sleepless, I had put a part of that teaching into practice, in America. I'd begun to be bothered with an impacted wisdom tooth. It turned out to be such a honey that my own dentist sent me to that emperor of tooth-pullers, Hasbrouck, who gave me gas and cracked it loose and pulled it out in pieces, along with some slivers from the jawbone. He'd poked novocain or something in it too, so that when I came out of the sleep, I felt nothing more than a slightly sore jaw, as if I'd been hit with a club. He'd said,

"In two or three hours when the shock wears off, it's going to hurt you, probably badly. I'm giving you these three morphine pills. . . ."

He told me what to do, and how to take one or more of them if need be. I went home in a taxi, feeling as if I'd been in a barroom fight, but feeling pretty good about it, with the morphine pills in my pocket. I lived in an apartment at Floyd Keeler's house, 52 West 12th Street, and Katie was South at the time, if I recall correctly. At any rate, I was alone there, midafternoon, still feeling pretty good. I lay down, as I'd been told, put a compress on the jaw, laid out the little box of pills with a glass of water, regarded their protective presence with contentment, and nearly dozed.

Around five P.M., it began. It wasn't much of anything at first—just a dull, increasing ache, but enough to make me think I'd better be taking one of the pills pretty soon. Then, all of a sudden, with no other warning, it started really doing its stuff—and it wasn't like anything I'd ever felt or dreamed of. I'd had my thumb caught in a car door once, but it couldn't touch what was happening now. It knocked me upright, as if my head had exploded, and I let out a screech. Before I could grab for the pills and glass, it subsided, and then began coming back, this time in waves instead of explosions. The pain was god-awful, but I felt astonishment, surprise, almost a slight detachment, about the waves. They suffused my inner universe. They began bright red, then began to glow, became white flame, and then turned black

as the wave receded. I wondered if anything like that happened to women having babies. Was it like that when they screeched? There was nobody to hear me, so I let out a couple of good screeches. I thought, "If the black continued black, if the edges of light round the black went completely away . . . I suppose that would be fainting." The red waves came . . . turning to flame again. I thought, "God almighty, if I could get outside this, it would be really interesting." I remembered what the Melewi had tried to teach me, and thought now would be a time to try it. I'd just about forgotten the morphine pills. I hate pain, and am as much of a coward as anybody, but what was happening to me was one of the most violent and interesting things that had ever happened to me in my life. So I tried to do what they had taught me. There's no incantation hocus-pocus in it. There's a bit of technique which they call "shifted concentration," but what it boils down to is simply the persistent use of the will, toward detachment. I set about trying—and ended by never touching the morphine pills, because in a very few minutes, I had done what they taught me, completely. There it was—the waves and the pain, the red, the glow, the white flame; the stabbing pain and then the ache making everything turn black—the sequences kept occurring exactly as before—but instead of experiencing them in the sense of being torn by them, it was like calmly *remembering* them.

This part is perhaps a little difficult to describe. But it had seemed to me it was exactly like going through violent, secondhand experiences, in reading a novel, or in calm remembrance. It doesn't give you any physical pain or any psychic pain either, to remember when your thumb was caught in a car door, or when you had an inflamed appendix, or if you're a mother, when you had a baby, but you can remember all the details, how much it hurt, how it waved and varied. You can become fully re-aware of the pain, but the re-awareness doesn't pain you. Well, it was almost exactly like that, except that the awareness and the occurring were taking place simultaneously. They continued simultaneously for several hours, during which I lived in that truly "magical world" of Melewi detachment. When it finally died down, I was merely tired, and went to sleep. If I'd had a scientific mind, which I lack, I think I'd have sacrificed a thumbnail by banging it once with a hammer, while in that state, to see whether the detachment held—whether it

would be *my* thumb, or just *a* thumb I whacked. But I overlooked the opportunity.

And now I lay sleepless, keyed nervously to abnormal tension, with my mind racing back to those experiences, while wind and wave pounded the *Cossack*, held on her course by Hal up there on deck at the wheel; I looked at the luminous dial of my watch to see when I'd be going to relieve him. It lacked only ten minutes to midnight when it would be my shift up there. I was about to go in the galley and make some coffee first, when I thought, or rather felt, with a sudden quick flash, Well, if I could do one of the things the Melewi taught me, perhaps I could now do another. Suppose I can. Suppose it's true. Suppose I try. Suppose I do it!

I lay back in the bunk, and closed my eyes, and began forming words. I can *send* my body up there to the wheel, a body with its eyes to watch the compass, a body with its hands to steer. I will send it. But *I* am not that body. *I will* remain here, to sleep. *I will* repose here, lying in the Melewi astral body, to sleep.

It was bright, cold daylight, with the sun glaring through the morning haze. The wind was still high, but the storm was abating. I was there at the wheel, and the boat was steady on her course. Hal, I learned later, had been shouting at me, then pounding me on the back, then trying to pull my hands away from the wheel. They were cold and blue like the hands of a dead man.

I said, "Good morning."

Hal said, "Good morning hell, Willie, what on earth happened to you? I thought you had passed out. Your eyes were wide open, and the boat was steady on her course . . . the wind hasn't changed . . . and she's been on it all night. But when I came on deck, I thought you had passed out. I should have come up at four, you know, but I went sound asleep, and you didn't call me. I guess you must have passed out with your eyes wide open, just before I came on deck."

I said, "What time is it?"

He said, "It's long past six."

We looked at our watches. It was nearly seven o'clock. He said, "Are you sure you're all right now? Can you get below all right?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm fine. By the way, did I come up last night, or did you come down and get me?"

He said, "What do you mean, Willie? It was just midnight, and I was just going to yell down when you came up. Don't you remember?"

I said, "Did I say anything to you?"

"No."

"Did I do anything strange?"

"Not unless your not saying anything was strange. I asked you if you wanted some coffee, and sort of wondered why you didn't answer."

So that was that. Whatever I'd done, I had done it. I had no recollection of anything that had occurred in the seven-hour interval since I'd repeated the word "sleep." One part of me, with feet, eyes, muscles, hands, functioning like a robot's, had gone up on deck and been there at the wheel doing its physical-mechanical job. Another part of me had been in a deep and dreamless slumber—somewhere. I'm not insisting where, because I don't know where. The Melewi teach that it had been asleep in an "astral body" which was left lying below in the bunk, while the soulless, three-dimensional body of flesh and blood climbed up on deck. They teach that the astral body would have been invisible and intangible to the normal eye and touch, but that an adept could have literally seen its shadowy outlines. They teach that Hal—that is, any person with senses and perceptions solely normal—could have sat, or slept, in the same bunk, completely unconscious of any other presence. But that a cat or dog would have known. I'm not sure I believe any of that part of the Melewi teaching. I am inclined, on the contrary, to doubt it. I know simply that a part of me had slept soundly through the night, while another part of me, steering by wheel, wind, and compass, had held the *Cossack* steady—and had kept her on her course.

To foresee the future by means of cards, crystal balls, spirit controls, etc. is indeed a strange power to possess. But stranger still is the power of precognition, the ability to transport oneself into the future while the temporal body remains in the present.

Such a power was Justine's, as described in the following article by William Seabrook. Her journey into the future was accomplished by the unique method of Dervish Dangling, a posture fully as remarkable as the power it produces.

The woman who moved through time

WHAT PROFESSOR RHINE calls "precognition," the glimpsing of events to come, the glimpsing of future events through the current "slit" or nick of time, is perhaps the most disturbing and exciting of all seemingly extra-sensory phenomena.

The young lady I am going to call Justine seemed on rare occasions to possess this power, but could apparently evoke it only when prolonged fatigue and strain of some sort had brought about the separation and detachment of her subjective "self" from the sensory envelope of the objective body.

What happened on these occasions seemed essentially similar to what had happened to me, under the fortuitous strain of fatigue and prolonged loss of sleep, when I succeeded in detaching my inner "self" from the robot body which had sat meanwhile like a zombi at the wheel of Hal Smith's yawl and steered it all night through a storm. Except that where my supposed astral "self" had merely lain unconscious, Justine's seemed, in detaching itself from her wearied robot body, to move backward and forward in time-space, to strange and sometimes beautiful adventures. The technique I had used on the yawl had been taught me by the Melewi dervishes, and the technique which I employed habitually with Justine for several years is one which the Rufiah, an allied dervish sect in Tripoli, has been employing for many centuries.

We had tried all sorts of fantastic methods, and had finally hit on "dervish dangling" as the best and least dangerous. In Tripoli, in the dervish convents and monasteries of Arabia, it's as normal and respectable as our flagpole sitting at county fairs, fasting on Fridays, or kneeling in long meditation in a church or chapel. If it seems here to transgress the bounds of the bizarre, it's only because we were doing it in New York City. I never covered it up—everybody always knows everything anyway—and friends who occasionally did walk in on it were violently perturbed on a number of absurd occasions.

But we both knew what we were about, and we both liked it. We were in love with each other, and if we hadn't enjoyed the games we played—we'd certainly never have gone to all that unselfish trouble for the dubious advancement of general knowledge (un-laboratory-controlled, in our case, and consequently doubly worthless), in so doubtful a new scientific field as extra-sensory perception.

Our games sometimes risked getting out of hand. But it is often when things in this category are on the edge of getting out of hand—on the edge of going too far—that they produce the most interesting results.

I shall tell here at the beginning, instead of saving it for a later climax, the result of what happened one night when the dervish dangling got out of hand, through my carelessness, and catapulted Justine through what seemed to be the "slit" in time to a seeming experience in precognition whose denouement came many months later in a place three thousand miles away.

Justine was on tiptoe that night. I had arranged everything with unusual care, because we'd begun early and had a chance to let it run, if it ran, for seven or eight hours—even longer. We hadn't got round to inventing the mask yet, so I had turned out all the lights, as she preferred, had drawn the velvet curtains of the big studio window, so that the room was almost in complete darkness. A soft light, less than the softest moonlight, came from the street outside through the thinner curtains of a smaller window. We had tried it on former occasions with one arm, as the Rufiah do—passing one wrist through the loop of a soft, heavy rope dangling from a ring in the ceiling and then revolving until the rope tightens to give the right tension—but she had found it worked better and left her mind more free when she was fastened up by both wrists and "stayed put." This left her helpless as a modern Andromeda—too helpless, in fact, because she didn't like being fussed over, or eased, or interfered with. So we had worked out an arrangement with the telephone books. On that night, all three of them—the Manhattan, the Brooklyn, and the Classified—were solidly under her feet when it began, so that as she stood with her wrists fastened above her head, she was slightly on tiptoe, but with her toes firmly on the phone books. If the rope sagged, as is sometimes did, or the soft straps round her wrists slipped a little, she could push one or more of the books out from under, with her toes, without my interference, to restore the tension.

Sometimes, in a long evening, nothing at all would happen, and we'd give it up. On other evenings when she went through the "door," she would sometimes tell what was happening in that other world in time-space, beyond our three-dimensional horizon . . . if there is any such other world. Just as often she'd be silent the whole time, and tell me about it only afterward, if at all. In the near-darkness, it frequently took a lot of patient waiting. I've sometimes gone out and left her alone for a whole evening. I might as well have gone out during the early part of this evening, for nothing happened until close on toward ten o'clock, and then I heard her shuffling the phone books with her toes, pushing one of them out from under, as I imagined, to increase the tension a little.

Soon she began to talk . . . dreamily at first. She was through the "door," and was having a lovely time. She seldom went through that door into any horror or violence. She was not like Nastatia Filipovna. In her trances, or whatever they were, she nearly always encountered things that were good and beautiful. If there is any such other world, beyond our normal ken, there's at least one moral-weighted aphorism true there as here. Wherever you go, you have to take yourself with you. It's only if you have the soul of a werewolf here that you will turn into a werewolf, or encounter werewolves, on the other side of the "door." The things Justine encountered, in addition to being beautiful, were also sometimes surprising and amusing. She had never been in Europe then, but she was wandering along a quai, overlooking a river, and behind the quai was an enormous castle or palace. There were crowds, streetcars, shops, motorcars, people on bicycles. I thought it might be London, as she described with delight the things she was glimpsing. She was walking. She stopped to look at little boats that passed in the stream. I wanted to ask her what language the street signs were in, what language the people in the streets were speaking—but we'd learned that such interruptions often short-circuited the contact. As she talked on, describing, and exclaiming at the quaintness or beauty of the buildings, I got the impression that it wasn't London. I wondered if it might be Budapest, or possibly a part of old Florence. It was on a big river, and it was lovely as she described it. But I wasn't very excited about it. Whatever specific city it turned out to be, she could easily have seen it in newsreels, in photos in the *National Geographic*, or in any casual, forgotten magazine—or perhaps

in some old book she'd seen as a little girl and long since forgotten with her conscious memory. That's why supposed "clairvoyance" of this or any other sort is difficult to prove or make stand up.

She turned into a side street, leading away from the quai and the river, attracted by the sound of music, and presently came to a carnival, with merry-go-rounds, confetti, clowns, Ferris wheels, booths, tents. It wasn't exactly a carnival either. There was a menagerie, she said; there were animal cages, there was a dancing bear with a pointed hat on its head; there were clowns. It was like a circus, only the clowns and animal wagons weren't under the tents. It puzzled her, but she was enjoying it. She was seeing one of the big street fairs on the continent—perhaps the *Foire de Neuilly*. But what if she was? She could have seen it first (and consciously forgotten about it while it stuck in her subconscious) in a topical news-reel—or for that matter in a screen play made in Hollywood. She went into one of the tents presently to see the trained lions. There was a woman lion-tamer, on an elevated stage, behind bars, putting a lion through its tricks. Justine presently chuckled a little. It was a funny lion. It was an *old*, tired lion, and it looked as if it had been kept in moth balls. The lion-tamer was "cute," in her boots and red jacket. She was pretty. She was pretty, even if she did have blondined hair and too much red paint on her cheeks. Now she was going to put her head in the lion's mouth. Yes, she was lying down with the lion. Oo, yes she did! She'd put her head right inside the lion's enormous mouth. And afterward the lion had got up and yawned. It had come to the front of the cage and yawned. "If that was *my* lion," Justine giggled, "I'd teach it to *roar*."

Justine was silent now, in the semidarkness, for a couple of minutes, and then let out a gasp and giggle, and said, "I don't believe it! It didn't happen!" I was wondering what she didn't believe, what didn't happen, when she burst into gales of laughter, and cried,

"Yes, it did happen! It really did happen! The others thought it was a joke first, a part of the show. And I did too. But it really happened. That woman in the front row with the baby was simply too funny!"

Justine had presently left the street fair and was going back to her hotel, or wherever she was going in the trance, and had taken a taxi. She was still calm, apparently still enjoying herself. Her voice was calm, smooth, pleased. I had

forgotten, almost as completely as she had, the other Justine who had been standing all that time with her wrists drawn up above her head, there on her tiptoes, on the phone books. And now, in a period of silence, I didn't like the sound of that other Justine's breathing. And I switched on the light.

It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the last shuffling of the phone books, or any other movement, had been before 10 P.M. What she had done had been to push or kick all three of the thick phone books aside. For more than four hours, she had dangled there clear of the floor, suspended by the wrists, her whole weight hanging by her wrists, with her toes swinging nearly two inches clear of the floor. The lips from which that always calm, tranquil, amused, and at times gay and laughing, talk had been streaming, were bitten and bruised by her own teeth, and her face was contorted as that of a girl who weeps when no tears flow. Her eyes were glassy, clear, ecstatic, wide open in the light. The light bewildered her, but she was still far away. When I lifted her and loosed the straps around her wrists, she said, "Don't! Don't! I'm seeing. . . ."

I carried her to a couch, made her drink a little brandy, and began chafing her wrists. We never quarreled—but that night she was so angry that she threatened never to come back.

I said, "Look at your wrists! They'll be black and blue tomorrow, and your thumbs will be numb for a week."

She said, "My thumbs! I thought you were so brave and daring, and you tell me my wrists will be black and blue! They're *my* wrists and my thumbs. Something wonderful was happening to me. It was different from anything that has ever happened before."

I said, "You played a dirty trick on me there in the dark. I wouldn't have done that to you—for four hours. And I wouldn't have let you do it to yourself. . . ."

She said, "You lost your nerve and I'm ashamed of you. I tell you this was different."

How different, how on the edge of something possibly tremendous if it could ever be controlled—how perhaps actually *over* the edge, Justine had been that night, I didn't know, and I still didn't know the following summer, when more than six months had passed, and she was on her first visit to Europe, and we were spending a week together in the south of France.

One afternoon we drove to Avignon, and were walking

along the quai toward the old bridge, with the Papal Palace on our left, when she said:

"But this is it! This is where I was that night, the night we quarrelled because you brought me back too soon. There's the man on the bicycle, with a derby hat, those three girls with shawls, that priest on a bicycle. I remember how funny the priest was, in robes, with a beard, on a bicycle. . . ."

I was a little bit scared, and still skeptical. I thought, "She can have seen Avignon without ever being in Europe before. The Papal Palace, the quai, the famous bridge, are travelogue stock subjects." And I thought of another point too, which I maliciously made.

"You never mentioned any priest on a bicycle, or a man with a derby hat on a bicycle either."

"Didn't I, Willie?" she asked. "I don't know what I said that night. Did I tell you about the street fair? Listen, you can almost hear the music now. The merry-go-round will be up that second corner, round another turn, with the tents and clowns."

We made the first turn, and I began to hear the merry-go-round, and it gave me goose flesh. The back of my neck felt cold. I was goose pimples all over, and we were holding each other's hands pretty tightly when we walked into that street fair. I tried to get a grip on myself, I kept thinking, "No, it can't be. There's a fair here every summer, same fair, same clowns, same animals, same dancing bear, same lion-tamer. She must have seen it in a film somewhere." I kept telling myself she must have seen it in a film somewhere, when we came to the lion-tamer's tent, and went in and sat down. I kept telling myself that the lion-tamer is always a little woman in boots, red jacket, with blondined hair, and too much rouge on her cheeks. It was always an elderly lion, and she always lay down and put her head in its mouth. But did it always yawn, as it was now doing? It must have yawned, in whatever film or travelogue Justine had seen and forgotten. For it was yawning now. It was surely a part of the act. Justine said, and I began to have goose pimples again, "If it was *my* lion, I'd teach it to roar."

Then as we sat there, she said, excitedly, "It's going to turn now! It's going to come to the front of the cage and turn its back! Yes, it's going to do it!"

"Do what?" I asked, and she whispered, "*It's going to wet those people down there in the front row.*"

The front row benches were six feet away from the barred

stage, and on a lower level. The great cat lumbered, sidling to the front bars, turned its back, half squatted, and loosed a mighty stream of amber liquid, that arced through the air and splashed on the clothes and faces of the people in the middle of the row down yonder.

The audience was amazed, then giggling, then shouting with joy, and Justine burst into gales of laughter. She clutched me and said, "Watch that woman with the baby! She's going to get up now. . . ."

The woman, a bareheaded peasant in a black shawl, holding aloft a wailing brat whose face she was wiping, arose, climbed on the bench, and screamed furiously in the Marseillais dialect:

"You saw it! I call you to witness! In the face! In the eyes of my darling innocent! In the face, it pissed! In the face of my little Poupounel! For this I paid two francs and fifty centimes!"

The audience howled and egged her on. I said to Justine, "Could you understand what she said?"

Justine said, "No, I couldn't understand a word of it, *either time*. But it was simply too funny, wasn't it? I'm glad you've seen it too."

I was more disturbed, perhaps, than I have ever been about anything. I was thinking of the "slit" in time, of the Einstein corollaries, of a phrase written by Columbia University's greatest mathematician, Dr. Cassius Jackson Keyser, "Simultaneity of events is relative, not absolute; the sense of time is only an imperfect sense of a fourth dimension in space." Yet I was unconvinced. There's a tenet in philosophic logic known as "Occam's Razor." It says, "*Essentia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*." I thought, "It *can* be that this whole thing has happened before. It can be a part of the act . . . just as the yawning might be a part of the act . . . and it *can* have been caught in a film—or Justine can have read it."

Next morning I went and tried to shave the little lion-tamer with Occam's Razor. She thought I was a lawyer, or making a complaint, and said I'd better talk with her husband, who was the manager of the show. I convinced them that I was a journalist, and that all I wanted to know was whether the thing had been part of the act—or if not part of the act, whether by chance it had ever happened before.

"But *mon dieu*!" they protested, of course it had never

happened before! They had only bought the old lion in January. They had bought it because it was an old "trouper" born in a cage, born in the show business.

Had they ever heard of such a thing happening before with *any* lion? They laughed. "Not through the bars of the cage! Not on the audience! It had been funny, if one hadn't been splashed. Impossible, unexpected things animals did were always the funniest. One night with those three performing bears at the Médrano . . ." the woman was saying, and I asked,

"Did you work at the Médrano?"

"All my life," she said proudly. "*This is the first season I have ever worked in a street fair.*"

Justine I had long talks about it, and felt that perhaps we were on the edge of something tremendous. We both knew that if we could control, even to some slight extent, and then *focus* these glimpses through the slit of time, if that was what they really were, we'd soon be having rings on our fingers and bells on our toes and elephants to ride on, if we preferred elephants to Rolls-Royces. That's the hell of this whole business—that if anybody possessed and could control any phase of clairvoyance, he could become more powerful than J. P. Morgan or the Pope. The fact that nobody ever has used clairvoyance or precognition with practical effectiveness, whether in Duke University or on a mountaintop in Tibet, is the strongest evidence to me that extra-sensory perception, if any, has never yet been controlled or focused to a degree worth getting excited about.

If Justine, for instance, could ever see and read *next year's* stock-market page in the *Herald Tribune*, or *next week's* or *tomorrow morning's* for that matter, she could be richer than a maharaja's maharani before the next sun went down.

But whatever fleeting power she possessed, though it came flitting back at times, we could never control to the slightest extent. And as for *focusing* it—the only practical thing it ever brought us was a barrel of iced fish, once, from Canada. It was just like talking with the ghost of Euclid, at a mediumistic séance, and having the ghost of that great genius tell you that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. It was tremendously exciting, but it got you nowhere.

Seeing past, present and future by gazing into a crystal ball is just one variation of the strange power of scrying (from the word "descry"), which embraces the faculty of visualizing persons and places in any period of time by looking into any highly polished surface or calm body of water. Science has never found an explanation for this extraordinary occurrence.

In the following article Harold Steinour, a dedicated student and scholar of parapsychological affairs, recreates some of the most unusual feats of these curiously gifted people.

The woman who visualized perfectly a room she had never seen before

" 'ON SUNDAY, at five o'clock,' he said, 'you were seated under a standard lamp, making tea. A man in blue serge was beside you; his back was towards me; I saw the tip of his moustache. You wore a dress (described) that I never saw you wearing.'

" 'Were the blinds up?' asked the lady.

" 'I don't know; I was at St. Andrews,' said Mr. Balfour.

"The lady said that all the facts were correct. . . ."

On Sunday, Mr. Balfour had looked in a crystal ball for the first time, and had seen what he described. The lady of the crystal scene was a Miss Grant, to whom he addressed himself as above, on the following Tuesday. The story was told by Mr. Andrew Lang, who had lent the ball to the gentleman's sister.

"Mr. Lang, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, was "One of the greatest journalists of his time." In his book, *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, he pointed out the wealth of testimony to psychic phenomena. But in that book, published in 1894, he was on the fence as to the validity of these events. Then, later, he became interested in crystal gazing. When he looked into a crystal ball, he saw a crystal ball, nothing else; but a surprising number of his friends and acquaintances whom he induced to make the effort saw much more. They had distinct hallucinations; generally, the ball went cloudy, then black, and then a scene appeared.

Quite commonly the scene was a fanciful one, or something from the subconscious memory—nothing psychic. But Mr. Lang kept on, interesting others in experimenting. In 1897 he met a young lady who, for want of a better pseudonym, he called Miss Angus. She told him of "three or four curious hallucinatory experiences of her own, which were sufficiently corroborated." Lang got her a crystal ball. When she first looked into it, she saw a scene, but it didn't amount to much. "But she presently (living as she was, among strangers) developed a power of 'seeing' persons and places unknown to her, but familiar to them." So, in 1898, when Lang told of her crystal gazing prowess, he said, "These experiences do seem to me to be good examples of what is called 'thought transference;' indeed, I never before could get out of a level balance of doubt on the subject, a balance which now leans considerably to the affirmative side."

By 1905, when he wrote an introduction to a book on crystal gazing, he was ready to go the whole way, and said, "I believe that some crystal gazers are, somehow, enabled to 'see' things that are actual, but of which, crystal gazing apart, they have, and can have, no knowledge."

That a crystal ball can induce visual hallucinations is now well established. Indeed, those who can see in a crystal have been estimated at five per cent of the population. Some think this figure is high, but Andrew Lang seems to have had no difficulty at all in finding many good crystal gazers.

The magic, if any, is not in the crystal but in the subconscious mind of the crystal gazer, which is somehow brought to the fore by the act of looking into the crystal. Other polished or mirror-like surfaces, especially ones, such as water, that can be looked *into* often serve as well.

For this reason, crystal gazing is too narrow a term with which to define the art. A broader term, though now practically obsolete, is *scrying*, which derives from the word *descry*.

Scrying is an old, old art, known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and known in one form or another to practically all peoples, including the American Indian. In many cases, children were exploited as scryers, apparently because they were especially good at it. It was used as a form of divination, often accompanied by incantations and much ritual.

But this is not a history of scrying, so let us return to Miss Angus and see how she made a true believer out of Lang. Early in his acquaintance with her, he had an experience which he reports as follows: . . . "I asked Miss Angus 'to see

what I wanted her to see,' adding that I would fix my mind elsewhere—namely on a card in a pack—and that a Mr. Johnstone, an undergraduate, would guess at the card. He guessed the ace of hearts, which was the card I had selected. Meanwhile Miss Angus, seated at some distance off, was looking at the glass ball. She described the remote object which I wanted her to see very minutely, adding an important detail which was not in my knowledge. I thought that this must be an error, but on making inquiries in the proper quarter I found that it was correct. I confess that on this occasion (and on only one other in my life) a feeling of chill seemed to run down my spine!"

The following incident, which occurred soon after Lang gave Miss Angus the glass ball, is told by her:

"A lady one day asked me to scry out a friend of whom she would think. Almost immediately I exclaimed 'Here is an old, old lady looking at me with a triumphant smile on her face. She has a prominent nose and nut-cracker chin. Her face is very much wrinkled, especially at the sides of her eyes, as if she were always smiling. She is wearing a little white shawl with a black edge. But! . . . she can't be old as her hair is quite brown! although her face looks so very very old.' The picture then vanished, and the lady said that I had accurately described her friend's *mother* instead of himself; that it was a family joke that the mother must dye her hair, it was so brown, and she was eighty-two years old. The lady asked me if the vision were distinct enough for me to recognize a likeness in her son's photograph; next day she laid several photographs before me, and in a moment, without the slightest hesitation I picked him out from his wonderful likeness to my vision!"

Lang added that the other lady, the inquirer, confirmed the story "but leaned to a theory of 'electricity.'"

The next case indicates clearly the role of the subconscious mind in the matter; the conscious mind of the intended agent was ineffective, the transmission being from the subconscious mind of another person—or so it seems. The story as told here is by this other person. She refers to Miss Angus as Miss A.

"I met Miss A. for the first time in a friend's house in the south of England, and one evening mention was made of a crystal ball, and our hostess asked Miss A. to look in it, and, if possible, tell what was happening to a friend of hers. Miss A. took the crystal, and our hostess put her hand on Miss A.'s

forehead to 'will her.' I, not believing in this, took up a book and went to the other side of the room. I was suddenly very much startled to hear Miss A., in quite an agitated way, describe a scene that had most certainly been very often in my thoughts, but of which I had never mentioned a word. She accurately described a race-course in Scotland, and an accident which happened to a friend of mine only a week or two before, and she was evidently going through the same doubt and anxiety that I did at the time as to whether he was actually killed or only very much hurt. It really was a most wonderful revelation to me, as it was the *very* first time I had seen a crystal. Our hostess, of course, was very much annoyed that she had not been able to influence Miss A., while I, who had appeared so very indifferent, should have affected her.

—November 23, 1897."

Having introduced Miss Goodrich-Freer in previous chapters, it would be a great mistake not to include an example of her own experiences with the crystal. Here is one that she tells in her book, *Essays in Psychical Research*: "I was talking with a friend one day, each of us idly handling a crystal the while. We were talking of a house she had never seen, and I was describing the entrance-hall. Presently she said, 'Wait, I see it; let *me* go on. Is there a curtained archway opposite the front door? and is there a gong in a recess by the stairs?' This was perfectly correct, and knowing my friend to have a considerable psychic faculty, I wondered how far this might be clairvoyance. On the other hand, so keen is my own power of visualizing, that I had all the time a vivid picture of the scene in my own mind. I looked into the crystal and planned my little test. 'Go into the dining-room,' I said. A correct description followed—a carved-oak mantelpiece, crimson chairs with high backs, and so on. 'The table is laid for lunch,' she proceeded, 'but why have they lighted the candles in broad daylight?' The fact was that as soon as I saw that her attention was fixed on the table, I lighted the candles in my crystal picture! Hers followed suit, proving some, at least, of her impressions telepathic."

When a child, Miss Goodrich-Freer had seen pictures in clear water, and had seen red-coated soldiers in a crystal ball the first time she looked in one—having been told that she would see them. She says, "Indeed I have all my life seen pictures and visions without any crystals at all, but then I

am an exceedingly good visualizer. . . ." And again, "I have already explained more than once, that I am so strong a visualizer that my impressions, when at all vivid, constantly assume an objective form, and I see them before me as a picture, often allegorical." She could usually induce in the crystal any scene that she wanted to see. And with all this strange endowment, she seems to have been, in her mental attitudes, as normal and sensible a young intellectual as can well be found. One can scarcely read her book and form any other opinion. She appears in early S.P.R. literature as Miss X. Why, I do not know, for her identity was soon well known; and she published her book as "Miss X (A. Goodrich-Freer)."

Another young lady who could crystal gaze to some purpose is known in S.P.R. literature as Miss A. She was even less a run-of-the-mill crystal gazer than Miss X. Frederic Myers says that crystal gazing formed only a small part of her "phenomena." She was later identified as Kate Wingfield; you will find more about her in Nandor Fodor's *Encyclopaedia of Psychic Science*.

Unlike Miss X, Miss A called herself a poor visualizer, and being near-sighted and seldom wearing glasses she rarely saw a room or scene very clearly—except in a crystal. The crystal scenes were clear and sharp. Here is one of them as told by Sir Joseph Barnby, whom Frederic Myers calls "the well-known musician." About that, I wouldn't know, but the *Britannica* confirms it.

According to Sir Joseph: "Whilst looking in her crystal during one of the days I spent at Longford, she described, amongst a number of things unnecessary to mention, a room which appeared to her to be a bedroom. She appeared to be viewing the room from just *outside* the *open* door, for she said: 'If there be a bed in the room it must be behind the door on the left;' in any case the room was a long one and the end of it was occupied by a large window which formed the entire end of the room. She added: 'There is a lady in the room, drying her hands on a towel.' She described the lady as tall, dark, and slightly foreign in appearance and with rather 'an air' about her. This described with such astonishing accuracy my wife, and the room she was then occupying at Eastbourne, that I was impelled to ask for particulars as to dress &c. She stated that the dress was of serge, with a good deal of braid on the bodice and a strip of braid down one side of the skirt. This threw me off the scent, as before I had

started for Longford my wife had expressed regret that she had not a serge dress with her. My astonishment, therefore, was great on returning to Eastbourne to find my wife wearing a serge dress exactly answering to the description given above. The sequel to this incident comes some sixteen months later on, when my wife and I attended a performance given by the Magpie Minstrels (a society of musical amateurs) at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. We arrived early, and after placing my wife in a seat I moved about the room speaking to friends here and there. In the course of ten minutes or so, Lady Radnor and Miss A. entered the room. During the greetings which ensued, Miss A. called my attention to a standing figure, saying; "You will remember my seeing a lady in her bedroom while looking in my crystal; *that* is the lady I saw.' *That was my wife!* I only need add that she had never seen my wife." Lady Barnby wrote in confirmation regarding her dress. The original incident occurred in 1889, and the statements were written in 1892. They were published in volume 8 of the S.P.R. *Proceedings* and in *Human Personality*.

Dreams are strange things in themselves. But the strangest of all types of dreams is the veridical, or truth-telling dream. This type of dream is a rare occurrence in anyone's life, for it informs us of the truth of an event in time—past or present or future—we could not have known about in any other way!

Harold Steinour, in the following article, gathers together several of the most dramatic evidences of veridical dreams ever to be recorded and attested to.

The power to dream the truth

A FAMOUS dream, apparently psychic, was reported in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R.¹ for 1885, and in Myers' *Human Personality*. The account has since appeared in many another book. It was written for the S.P.R. some ten or twelve years

¹ Society for Psychical Research

after the event by the man who had the dream; and his wife gave supporting testimony.

The man who had the dream asked that his name be withheld; he was a practical business man and not overly anxious to be thought soft headed. He was known, however, to Edmund Gurney who personally interviewed him, and whose views on the responsibilities of an investigator are well known. This man lived in London, but was owner of a "mechanical business" in Glasgow where he employed a number of men. Among them was one Robert Mackenzie. Because of past kindnesses, Mackenzie practically worshiped the plant owner, a fact well known to the latter. Early one morning the owner had a dream which, because of its peculiar nature, he hesitated to call a dream. Here is what he said: "About ten or twelve years ago my employees had their annual *soirée* and ball. This was always held, year after year, on a Friday evening. . . . Saturday was . . . a succeeding day of festival. . . . On the Tuesday morning following, immediately before 8 A.M., in my house on Campden Hill, I had the following manifestation—I cannot call it a dream; but let me use the common phraseology. I dreamt, but with no vagueness as in common dreams, no blurring of outline or rapid passages from one thing disconnectedly to another, that I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert Mackenzie, and feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. . . . 'Yes, sir,' he replied; 'but I must speak with you at once.' 'What about?' I said. . . . 'I wish to tell you, sir,' he answered, 'that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want you to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive me for what I am blamed for, because I am innocent.' Then, 'I did not do the thing they say I did.' I said, 'What?' getting same answer. I then naturally asked, 'But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?' I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer in the Scottish dialect, 'Ye'll sune ken' (you'll soon know). This question and answer were repeated at least twice—I am certain the answer was repeated thrice, in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream, *qua* mere dream, might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom,

much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, 'Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workmen's ball—Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!' With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, 'No, he has not committed suicide,' 'How can you possibly know that?' 'Because he has just been here to tell me.'

The plant owner had been struck by the peculiar appearance of Mackenzie's face: "It was of an indescribable bluish-pale colour, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I could not account, but by the following post my manager informed me that he was wrong in writing me of suicide. That on Saturday night, Mackenzie, on going home, had lifted a small black bottle containing *aqua fortis* (which he used for staining the wood of bird cages, made for amusement), believing this to be whiskey, and pouring out a wine-glassful, had drunk it off at a gulp, dying on the Sunday in great agony." Looking up the effects of acid poisoning, the narrator satisfied himself that what he had seen was in good agreement. His wife's testimony, also quoted in full in the *Proceedings*, confirms her part in the story, and shows the great impression the experience made on both of them. She said, "I need not go over the words, which have often been repeated amongst us since,"—and that sufficiently explains the ability of her husband to give them verbatim.

I wish to emphasize that, even aside from the psychic aspect, this was not regarded as an ordinary dream. It had a sharpness and logical coherence that were unusual in the dreamer's experience, and there was no forgetting it afterwards. It was an uncommon dream and all the more significant on that account.

These dreams apparently psychic are commonly called "veridical." This term, is employed by psychical researchers in the literal sense, as truth-telling, but implying also prior ignorance of the information conveyed.

The Mackenzie dream resembles the death-coincidence type, but the coincidence is not a very close one. The early S.P.R. investigators who studied death coincidences considered that telepathic perception might somewhat precede the death (owing to the unusual physical state of a dying person), or lag behind by remaining latent in the subconscious until it had a good opportunity to rise to the sur-

face. They therefore allowed twelve hours each way in counting coincidences. The Mackenzie dream considerably exceeds that limit, but it is an arbitrary one and does not rule out the possibility of telepathy from Mackenzie before he died. Some, however, will prefer the spirit hypothesis.

Actually, the Mackenzie of the dream did not say that he had died. He was an enigma until the letters came and supplied the missing parts of the puzzle. It is hard to believe that his striking "Ye'll sune ken," thrice repeated, is a figment of false memory. It is just the sort of thing that would be remembered.

But, said Podmore, "we shall value above all other testimony that of diaries and contemporary letters." So our next case is one in which a notebook entry was made before the dream message was confirmed.

The narrator was Frederick Wingfield, residing in France. His letter is dated December 20, 1883. The essential part reads as follows:

"On the night of Thursday the 25th of March, 1880, I retired to bed after reading till late, as is my habit. I dreamed that I was lying on my sofa reading, when on looking up I saw distinctly the figure of my brother, Richard Wingfield-Baker, sitting on the chair before me. I dreamed that I spoke to him, but that he simply bent his head in reply, rose, and left the room. When I awoke I found myself standing with one foot on the ground by my bedside, and the other on the bed, trying to speak and to pronounce my brother's name. So strong was the impression as to the reality of his presence, and so vivid the whole scene as dreamt, that I left my bedroom to search for my brother in the sitting-room. I examined the chair where I had seen him seated, I returned to bed, tried to fall asleep in the hope of a repetition of the appearance, but my mind was too excited, too painfully disturbed, as I recalled what I had dreamed. I must have, however, fallen asleep towards the morning; but when I awoke the impression of my dream was as vivid as ever, and I may add is to this very hour equally strong and clear. My sense of impending evil was so strong that I at once made a note in my memorandum book of this 'appearance,' and added the words, 'God forbid!'

"Three days afterwards I received the news that my brother, Richard Wingfield-Baker, had died on Thursday evening the 25th of March 1880, at 8:30 P.M., from the

effects of the terrible injuries received in a fall while hunting with the Blackmore Vale hounds."

Wingfield sent his memorandum book to Gurney. He said his brother, a fine horseman, was in good health and hence not a subject of concern. The notebook entry was for the 25th of March, 1880. That this was the date of the death was confirmed by newspaper notices. As further corroboration of his testimony, Wingfield forwarded a letter written by Prince de Lucinge-Faucigny, who had visited him on April 4, 1880, had been told the story and had seen the notebook record. All this Faucigny confirmed. Questioned further, Wingfield added, "I have never had any other startling dream of the same nature, nor any dream from which I woke with the same sense of reality and distress, and of which the effect continued long after I was well awake. Nor have I upon any other occasion had a hallucination of the senses." The story was reported both in the *Phantasms of the Living* and in *Human Personality*.

It seems highly probable that the dream was as unique in Wingfield's experience as he thought it was, for, as Gurney remarks, "It represented a single figure, without detail or incident. It was, so to speak, the *dream of an apparition*; . . ." In other words, it was very much like an apparition such as is experienced in the waking state, and experienced but rarely. It made just as strong an impression and seemed very real. It was, perhaps, in the "borderland" between sleeping and waking. If, as Wingfield says and as seems likely, it was his only experience of the kind, then the odds against its being due to chance are high. For, why should he have had it on this particular night out of the many thousands in his life, and why should it have been of his brother instead of some other relative or friend?

Actually, Winfield did waver when he made his notebook entry, and put down beside the initials of his brother those of a friend to whom the figure "bore some slight resemblance." This can be taken as evidence of his honesty, for a man who is simply making up a story does not usually go out of his way to dim its luster. It is also of interest that the prince testified to seeing the notebook in 1880, which is before the founding of the S.P.R. There is good reason to believe that this is an honest story, and if so it makes a tight little package, with the death-coincidence firmly established. Suppose it had been your own experience, the one startlingly realistic dream of a lifetime, profoundly foreboding, and so

fatally confirmed; would you have said, "Phooey! Just chance"?

These psychic stories of spontaneous events are somber, and so are most—but there are exceptions. For instance, the S.P.R. has a case on record where a Bishop's wife dreamed that after morning prayers she found a huge pig in the house. Next morning the pig put in an appearance in precise accordance with the dream. Frederic Myers investigated, and the story passed muster.

My next story, too, would not appear tragic to a hunter, though ducks might be of a different opinion. Gurney had it from a Miss Busk (address given), whose ideas regarding it were rather different from his, though interesting. He reports: She "is strongly adverse to the telepathic theory, and holds the view that all the alleged coincidences are accidental, and the more numerous they are, the more clearly accidental must they be"! Here is her story as told in the *Phantasms*:

"I dreamt that I was walking in a wood in my father's place in Kent, in a spot well known to me, where there was sand under the firs; I stumbled over some objects, which proved to be the heads, left protruding, of some ducks buried in the sand. The idea impressed me as so comical that I fortunately mentioned it at breakfast next morning, and one or two persons remember that I did so. Only an hour later it happened that the old bailiff of the place came up for some instructions unexpectedly, and as he was leaving he said that he must tell us a strange thing that had happened: there had been a robbery in the farmyard, and some stolen ducks had been found buried in the sand, with their heads protruding, in the very spot where I had seen the same. The farm was underlet, and I had not even any interest in the ducks to carry my thoughts toward them under the nefarious treatment they received."

The case received confirmation from Miss Busk's sister, and is certainly not the kind of coincidence that many people would expect on a chance basis. Miss Busk to the contrary, chance would be a frail reed to lean on if one had many experiences of this kind.

Most convincing as having actually happened, and at the time claimed, is the veridical dream that, itself, produces the action confirming the dream message. A well-attested case of this kind was investigated by Richard Hodgson, through correspondence. Cases have to be taken as we find them, and

this one is an outhouse case of 1891, before plumbing was as universal as it is now. The veridical experience was not strictly a dream, but a vision during a fainting spell, or swoon.

Michael Conley, an Iowa farmer, went to Dubuque for medical treatment and died suddenly a couple days later in an outhouse there. When his twenty-eight year old daughter, at the farm, was told of his death, she fainted. When she came to, she said her father had appeared to her, in a white shirt, black clothes, and satin slippers. He told her of a roll of currency that he had sewn into the gray shirt he had worn at Dubuque, and he said the money was still there. He had used a piece of her old red dress, he said, to hold the bills in place.

The family attached no significance to the "vision," but as the daughter had been made very ill by her experience the doctor advised that the clothes be sent for, in order to quiet her. These clothes, having been "covered with filth from the place where he was found," had been thrown out on the ground back of the morgue. Told that they were wanted, the coroner bundled them up without being aware of the money. Yet when the son arrived and the clothes were examined, the money was found, held in place by the red cloth. Questioned, the daughter said she had not previously known of the improvised pocket, nor had she ever before received information through dreams or visions. The piece of red cloth had been sewn in place with "long, straggling, and awkward stitches" just such as an old man might make.

Nor is this all. The white shirt, black clothes, and satin slippers worn by the apparitional Mr. Conley were his burial attire, of which the daughter had no normal knowledge. The coroner, according to the local pastor, said that she "even described minutely the slippers which were of a new pattern that had not been in the market here, and which the girl could never have seen a sample of." The pastor, the coroner, a newspaper man, and a neighboring farmer all gave written testimony to the facts as reported. The pastor gave a detailed account of his questioning of the daughter, saying that her brother corroborated all she said. She had had little formal education, was very emotional regarding the experience, and was averse to writing out an account herself, saying that she had told all she knew.

It is a striking case, and to get good perspective the various items of testimony, all of which were obtained shortly after the event, should be read at first-hand. The full

account appears in volume 8 of the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.* and in *Human Personality*.

The following case I find even more impressive. In my opinion, its psychic probability is exceedingly high. Our old friend William James, who investigated it, called it "*a decidedly solid document in favor of the admission of a supernormal faculty of seership*—whatever the precise meaning may later come to be attached to such a phrase."

If we may take a line from Poe, it was "in the lonesome October" of 1898 that a young woman, Bertha Huse, left her home in Enfield, New Hampshire, early in the morning and never came back alive. She was seen to go in the direction of the Shaker bridge over the nearby Muscova Lake. This was on Monday, the 31st. Later in the day about a hundred and fifty persons searched for her, at the lake and in the surrounding woods. On Tuesday a diver was hired and searched alongside the bridge until Wednesday noon. But Bertha was not found, and the search was given up.

Let us now go back to the previous Sunday, in the neighboring village of Lebanon some four or five miles away. There lived a Mr. and Mrs. Titus, the latter of whom had not been in Enfield for some two or three years, and had never seen Bertha Huse. Yet on this Sunday she told Mr. Titus that "something awful is going to happen." Where she could have got such an idea was no mystery to Mr. Titus who knew that she went into trances, and that her mother also "had the power," in the form of automatic writing. On Monday morning as he went to work she told him that the awful event *had* happened, but she could not say what it was, and only that night did they hear of Bertha's disappearance.

On Tuesday night, Mrs. Titus began to talk in her sleep, and seemed in fact to be talking to the diver, for she said, "She is not down there but over here to the left." The next night she began again to talk in her sleep, and this time Mr. Titus took a hand in the matter by questioning her in low tones. She answered him when he spoke of the girl, but not on other matters. When she awoke she remembered her dream, or whatever it was, and asked to be taken to the bridge. They drove out on it. She got out of the buggy, walked to a particular spot, and said, "George, she's down there." The next thing was to get the diver to go down. He felt that it was all a lot of foolishness. He was persuaded, however, by the man who previously hired him, and, with a

crowd of villagers looking on, made ready to descend. Mrs. Titus told him the precise spot. He claimed he had "*been* down there," but she said no, he had been down at neighboring spots but not *there*. She also said, "She is head down in the mud, one foot sticking up and a new rubber on it." The diver went down and of course found Bertha, or we would have no story. He found her, head down, in a deep hole; his hand touched something and "it felt like a foot." He said, "I did not look in that place yesterday as the brush and debris were so thick there that I could not see; in fact, all I could feel of the body was the rubber projecting from the timberwork." Later, he made a grimly humorous admission: "I stopped short where I was. It is my business to recover bodies in the water and I am not afraid of them, but in this instance I was afraid of the woman on the bridge. I thought to myself, 'How can any woman come from four miles away and tell me or any other man where I would find the body?'"

The case is reported in full in the first volume of the *Proceedings* of the new A.S.P.R. as reorganized in 1906.

Occasionally a dream foretells something far in advance, and occasionally too, a foreboding dream is repeated, as if for emphasis. The following S.P.R. case, reproduced by Myers, in *Human Personality*, rests mainly on the testimony of one woman, called Lady Q, and yet it derives considerable confirmation from her stepfather. In the denouement, when he came to break the sad news, she said, "The Colonel is dead—I know all about it—I have dreamt it often." Then, still before he himself could speak, she "told him all about it, place, the time of day (morning), and the clothes" that her uncle wore. Frederic Myers interviewed her personally; she made her report about four years after her last dream.

She had the dream first in 1882, a dream of her uncle being found dead at the side of a certain bridle path, and being brought home by two men employed on the place, and well known to her. As he was carried up the stairs his left hand hung down, striking the banisters, and instilling in her an unreasoning horror.

She begged her uncle never to go by that path alone, and he humored her by agreeing not to do so. Two years later she had the same dream again, and she suspected her uncle of failing in his promise. He admitted to some laxity, and promised to do better. In 1888 the dream was repeated, but with variations. She saw her uncle dead in the same place, and brought home in the same way; but now a man in black

appeared, whose face she could not see, but who stood beside her bed and told her of her uncle's death.

Not long after that, her stepfather, dressed in black, came to see her and stood by her bed, to which she was still confined after childbirth. It was then that she addressed him as already noted. Her uncle had indeed been found dead on that same bridle path of which she had dreamed, had been brought home by the two retainers, and been carried upstairs. There was evidence too that his left hand had knocked against the banisters. The stepfather testified that Lady Q's report was correct "as far as what happened when I went to London."

There were also some fanciful elements in Lady Q's dreams. These she explained on a symbolic basis, and cited other veridical dream experiences in support. Indeed there is quite a literature that strongly indicates that certain death symbols, or signs, are peculiar to certain families, or persons. The message comes up through the subconscious, which is noted for its symbolism.

My final example of veridical dreams is a reciprocal case. It was told long after the event, but was testified to by both participants, and by a sister who got her facts from still another source, a third party who had a ringside seat at the performance, if I may call it that. It was certainly a performance from his point of view for he was awake and saw an apparition. The case was investigated by Richard Hodgson through correspondence, and was taken quite seriously by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, who by all accounts was one of the best brains that the S.P.R.—with all its big names—has had.

Mr. S. R. Wilmot, a businessman of Bridgeport, Connecticut, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the *City of Limerick* in 1863. After several very stormy nights during which he got little rest, he sank into refreshing sleep. Then, as he says, "Toward morning I dreamed that I saw my wife, whom I had left in the United States, come to the door of my state-room, clad in her night-dress. At the door she seemed to discover that I was not the only occupant of the room, hesitated a little, then advanced to my side, stooped down and kissed me, and after gently caressing me for a few moments, quietly withdrew.

"Upon waking I was surprised to see my fellow-passenger, whose berth was above mine, but not directly over it—owing to the fact that our room was at the stern of the vessel—leaning upon his elbow, and looking fixedly at me. 'You're a

pretty fellow,' said he at length, 'to have a lady come and visit you in this way.' I pressed him for an explanation, which he at first declined to give, but at length related what he had seen while wide awake, lying on his berth. It exactly corresponded with my dream."

This cabin-mate, whose name was Tait, we shall hear more of later. Mr. Wilmot, when he reached home, was asked by his wife, 'Did you receive a visit from me a week ago Tuesday?' Asked how that could be, she said '. . . it seemed to me that I visited you.' Pressed for particulars, she told of having been quite anxious about him because of the storms and how, on the Tuesday (the night of the dream), she had laid awake thinking of him, and then it seemed to her that she went out to seek him. As Wilmot reports it, "Crossing the wide and stormy sea, she came at length to a low, black steamship, whose side she went up, and then descending into the cabin, passed through it to the stern until she came to my state-room. 'Tell me,' said she, 'do they ever have state-rooms like the one I saw, where the upper berth extends further back than the under one? A man was in the upper berth, looking right at me, and for a moment I was afraid to go in, but soon I went up to the side of your berth, bent down and kissed you, and embraced you, and then went away.' " The description of the steamship, says Wilmot, "was correct in all particulars, though she had never seen it."

Mrs. Wilmot in her own testimony said, ". . . I had a very vivid sense all the day of having visited my husband; the impression was so strong that I felt unusually happy and refreshed. . . ."

The sister, Miss Eliza Wilmot, had been on the ship too, and testified that Mr. Tait asked her one morning if she had been in the previous night to see her brother, and that she was astonished at the question "as he shared the same state-room." He said, well, he saw "some woman in white, who went up to my brother. . . ." Mr. Tait, it would seem, was a very puzzled man. Mrs. Wilmot called her experience a dream; if she was right, Mr. Tait certainly saw a dream walking.

The case, a remarkable one however you look at it, was reported in volume 7 of the *S.P.R. Proceedings* and in *Human Personality*.

Though some dream cases are striking enough, it is none the less true that veridical dreams, as a class, do not attract

the same attention or impress us to the same degree as veridical hallucinations experienced while the person is awake. This is obvious from the Wilmot case which, if taken at its face value, gains enormously from the fact that Tait, while awake, saw an apparition of what was being dreamed about.

To think that one has seen for an instant an apparition, a phantom realization of a human being, is strange enough, infrequent enough in life. But to see phantoms that are as real as real life itself, to see phantoms that supply merely by "being" a revelation of the truth one could not have come by by any other means—this is a truly strange, a truly rare power possessed by very few indeed, and one unexplained by science today.

Are these phantoms a trick of the mind and nothing else? A mental projection of an unconscious thought that one sees when one is blinded to reality? Or do images of human beings actually travel in two-dimensional time and space?

The stories of some of the most extraordinary phantom manifestations ever recorded—truth-telling phantoms particularly—appear in the following chapter, again one written by Harold Steinour.

Seeing phantoms in the flesh

THE GENTLEMAN who saw the apparition that I shall first introduce was in bed late at night. Although he believed himself to be awake, the authors of the *Phantasms of the Living* would have called this a "borderland" case. When one is awake and yet not wide awake, he is in a borderland of consciousness especially favorable to hallucinations of the senses.

The case was published in the *Journal* of the American S.P.R. in 1945, with testimony from the percipient (Mr. Hayworth), his wife, his mother, and a friend who was told the experience at the time, which was April, 1934. The place was Dallas, Texas. Hayworth is a pseudonym, but all the names are on file.

Hayworth had come in late, and lay in bed thinking—and then it happened. First he had an impression of seeing his mother and younger brother, but this passed quickly. Next, he heard—and saw—his father enter at the door. He sat up in bed. There was plenty of light from the street, and he saw his father distinctly and noticed in detail how he was dressed.

The elder Hayworth lived in California, and the son took this to be a surprise visit, for he did not doubt that he was actually seeing his father "in the flesh." But the father's face was sad and he did not speak. He stretched out his hand, which the son took. The younger Hayworth received a hand-clasp "much harder" than usual, and then the father vanished. Soon the doorbell rang. A telegram was delivered, and Hayworth read, "Dad died at eight-thirty. Wire answer by Western Union can you come." The death was by heart attack.

The son had been surprised by the fact that his father was in work clothes; looking at them curiously, he had seen in the shirt pocket a pencil, another pencil or pen, and a caliper ruler. He did not go to California until two months later. He then asked what clothes his father had worn on his last day, adding quickly, "Did he wear a tan shirt and trousers, with brown suspenders, and have one or more pencils and a caliper ruler in his shirt pocket?" His mother opened the closet where the clothes still hung. They had been correctly described, even to pencil, pen, and caliper ruler, all still in the shirt pocket. Can chance coincidence account for that caliper ruler and all the other details? People talk of the long arm of coincidence, but here, indeed, is a boarding-house reach!

Those who have seen the tugs operate at the mouth of the Chicago River may find special interest in the next case.

On October 24, 1889, Mrs. Agnes Paquet, living outside Chicago, awoke with a sense of depression. After the children were off to school, she took down a tea canister in the pantry and, as she turned, she saw her brother, Ed Dunn, standing a few feet away. He was employed as a fireman on a Chicago Harbor tug, and she saw him as though on deck. Here is her story: "The apparition stood with back toward me, or rather, partially so, and was in the act of falling forward—away from me—seemingly impelled by two ropes or a loop of rope drawing against his legs. The vision lasted but a moment, disappearing over a low railing or

bulwark, but was very distinct. I dropped the tea, clasped my hands to my face, and exclaimed, 'My God! Ed is drowned.'

"At about half-past ten A.M. my husband received a telegram from Chicago, announcing the drowning of my brother. When he arrived home he said to me, 'Ed is sick in hospital in Chicago; I have just received a telegram.' To which I replied, 'Ed is drowned; I saw him go overboard.' I then gave him a minute description of what I had seen. I stated that my brother, as I saw him, was bareheaded, had on a heavy, blue sailor's shirt, no coat, and that he went over the rail or bulwark. I noticed that his pants legs were rolled up enough to show the white lining inside. I also described the appearance of the boat at the point where my brother went overboard.

"I am not nervous, and neither before nor since have I had any experience in the least degree similar to that above related."

Mr. Paquet had attempted to break the force of the first shock but, as we have seen, was too late. He went to Chicago and found that Mrs. Paquet had correctly described what she had seen of the tug. The crew verified her description of Mr. Dunn's attire, except that they thought he had a hat on. "They said that Mr. Dunn had purchased a pair of pants a few days before the accident occurred, and as they were a trifle long before, wrinkling at the knees, he had worn them rolled up, showing the white lining. . . ."

The captain of the tug was reticent as to just what had happened and said he thought Dunn had fainted or become dizzy. Mr. Paquet attributed this point of view to the fact that "he had no right to order a fireman—my brother-in-law's occupation—to handle the towline." Indeed, Paquet learned from a friend that a sailor (Frank Yemont) had told of seeing the accident from the bow of the vessel being towed, and how Dunn "was caught by the towline and thrown overboard . . ."

The written statements of both husband and wife were made only a few months after the fatal accident. They are given in volume 7 of the S.P.R. *Proceedings* and in *Human Personality*. Yemont could not be located.

I am choosing examples from a multitude of well-investigated cases, and endeavoring to illustrate different features by each. The next case has special interest in that the person whose apparition was seen was not known to the percipient

but was later identified. A number of such cases are on record.

Helen Alexander, a maid, was ill with typhoid fever in Devonport, England, in October, 1880, and was being attended by another maid, Frances Reddell. During the small hours of the morning, Frances heard a call-bell ring, and saw enter through the room door a short, dark, and very stout person whom she "instantly took to be the mother of the sick woman. She had a brass candlestick in her hand, a red shawl over her shoulders, and a flannel petticoat on which had a hole in the front." The woman looked at Frances sternly, "as much as to say, 'Why wasn't I sent for before?'" Frances, who had been getting medicine ready, gave it to the patient, and when she turned around again the woman was gone. Two hours later, Helen Alexander was dead.

This took place in the home of Mrs. Pole-Carew by whom Frances Reddell was employed. Helen Alexander was a comparative stranger there, being maid to a visiting Lady Waldegrave. Her illness had not seemed serious until too late; her mother had not been sent for, had not been told of the illness, and her very existence was unknown to the household. Yet the apparition *was* of her; Mrs. Pole-Carew in her testimony said:

"Reddell told me and my daughter of the apparition, about an hour after Helen's death, prefacing with, 'I am not superstitious, or nervous, and I wasn't the least frightened, but her mother came last night.' and she then told the story, giving a careful description of the figure she had seen. The relations were asked to come to the funeral, and the father, mother, and sister came, and in the mother Reddell recognized the apparition, as I did also, for Reddell's description had been most accurate, even to the expression, which she had ascribed to annoyance, but which was due to deafness. It was judged best not to speak about it to the mother, but Reddell told the sister, who said the description of the figure corresponded exactly with the probable appearance of her mother if roused in the night; that they had exactly such a candlestick at home, and that there was a hole in her mother's petticoat produced by the way she always wore it." A further note says that the hole was made "by the busk of her stays."

It was learned that the mother, although not having been informed, had said upon going up to bed on the night of the death, "I am sure Helen is very ill." The written reports of

Frances Reddell and Mrs. Pole-Carew were obtained about two years after the event. They appear in the *Phantasms* and in *Human Personality*. Frances Reddell was known to the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton, who said "she appears to be a most matter-of-fact person, and was apparently most impressed by the fact that she saw a hole in the mother's flannel petticoat. . . ." Frances apparently had the instincts of a psychical researcher.

The apparitions in the cases reported thus far appeared at about the time of a death. The one now to be cited appeared long after death, and yet was veridical. In volume 6 of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. and in *Human Personality* where the account is given, the percipient is referred to only as Mr. F. G., but Professor Josiah Royce and Richard Hodgson vouched for "the high character and good position of the informants."

In 1876 when he had the experience, Mr. F. G., was a traveling salesman, and was sitting in a hotel room in St. Joseph, Missouri. He says: "The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busily smoking a cigar and writing out my orders, I suddenly became conscious that some one was sitting on my left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick, as a flash I turned and saw the form of my dead sister, and for a brief second or so looked her squarely in the face; and so sure was I that it was she, that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and as I did so, the apparition instantly vanished. Naturally I was startled and dumbfounded, almost doubting my senses; but the cigar in my mouth, and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was wide awake. . . . She appeared as if alive. Her eyes looked kindly and perfectly naturally into mine. Her skin was so lifelike that I could see the glow or moisture on its surface. . . ."

Profoundly impressed, he took the next train home to tell all about it, with results as follows: "My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated; but he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or *scratch* on the right-hand side of my sister's face, which I distinctly had seen. When I mentioned this my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed

seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said . . . how she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, &c., and this she had never mentioned to a human being from that day to this. In proof, neither my father nor any of our family had detected it, and positively was unaware of the incident. . . . A few weeks later my mother died, happy in her belief she would rejoin her favorite daughter in a better world."

Endorsement was received from the father and a brother. The reports were made in 1888. In 1890, Hodgson saw and talked with Mr. F. G., who said he had recently had one other impression that seemed to be veridical. In his 1888 report, he said, ". . . the event made a more powerful impression on my mind than the combined incidents of my whole life. . . . I was never in better health or possessed a clearer head and mind than at the time it occurred."

These various apparitions came and went but said nothing. The one I now present talked—and to some purpose. He came, early one morning in 1891, to the photographic studio of a Mr. Dickinson, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, who reported as follows: ". . . a gentleman called to inquire if his photographs were finished; I asked him if he had the receipt . . . and he replied that he had no receipt, but his photograph was taken on—(giving the date), and that the prints were promised to be sent to him before this call. Having got the date and his name, I referred to my book and found the order as he stated. I read out to him the name and address, to which he replied, 'That is right.' In my book I found a date given on which the negative was ready to be put into the printer's hands, and the date being seventeen days previous, I had no hesitation in saying, 'Well, if you can call later on you will get some,' and I called his attention to the fact that it was very early. . . . He said, 'I have been traveling all night, and cannot call again.' With that he turned abruptly, and went out."

Dickinson resolved to send the photos by mail, and consulted an assistant, Miss S., when she arrived. She was surprised, saying that an old man had called for the photos on Friday (the previous day), and had been told that they could not be ready for a week. Dickinson decided to do something about it and asked her to get the negative. He looked at it carefully, and said, "Yes, that is it; that is the

chap who called this morning." On Monday he undertook to print it himself, but the negative fell and broke. Thereupon he wrote the man (whose name was Thompson), explaining and asking for another sitting. On Friday of that week the old gentleman of the previous Friday came again, asking about the negative. Miss S. called up to Mr. Dickinson, who said he was too busy to come down, but that she knew the terms he had made to Mr. Thompson. "But he is *dead!*", she said. Mr. Dickinson found time to come down, and at once. "Here," he said in his report, "I saw an elderly gentleman, who seemed in great trouble. . . . 'Well, it must have been dreadfully sudden,' I said sympathetically, 'because I saw him only last Saturday.' The old gentleman shook his head sadly, and said, 'You are mistaken, for he died last Saturday.' " They had some discussion, but the old gentleman still thought that Dickinson was mixed up, and "this he said: No one was authorized to call, nor had they any friend or relative who would know of the portraits being ordered, neither was there any one likely to impersonate the man who had sat for his portrait." Dickinson talked to the elder Thompson a week later, and said of that interview, ". . . he told me that his son died on Saturday, January 3rd, at about 2:30 P.M.; he also stated that at the time I saw him (the sitter) he was unconscious, and remained so up to the time of his death."

Miss S. and the elder Thompson signed supporting testimony. Dickinson's report was dated within two months of the event, and the other reports were made about a month later. Professor Henry Sidgwick later interviewed Mr. Dickinson, and obtained a few more points of interest, such as the fact that Dickinson did not hear his visitor leave, but that he had no idea at the time of anything abnormal. Frederic Myers, who reproduced the testimony in *Human Personality* (after its appearance in volume 5 of the *Journal* of the S.P.R.), said that an investigation was made to determine whether Thompson, junior, could actually have appeared in person, or whether someone might have called in his behalf, "with the result that both these hypothetical explanations of the case seemed to be excluded."

Although the Thompson apparition was a death-coincidence phantom, it was "different." The experience suggests that the mind may reach out at such a time (and in a psychic way) not only to a distant friend but to anyone, or perhaps even to a place in which interest centers. In any case it

seems highly improbable that Dickinson, who apparently did not even remember Thompson's sitting, should have conjured up the apparition on a purely subjective basis, and should have chanced thereby to produce a death coincidence. He was in good health, and had never previously had any smiliar experience.

A relatively recent case that is strikingly similar in some respects to the one just narrated, but which happily is without the tragic element, is told by Harold Sherman in his book *You Live After Death*. Mr. Sherman is the man who collaborated with Sir Hubert Wilkins in telepathy experiments when Sir Hubert was searching the Arctic in 1937-8 for lost Russian fliers. Mr. Sherman stayed in New York and acted as receiver in the experiments, having previously shown apparent psychic ability. Some remarkable successes are reported by Wilkins and Sherman in their book *Thoughts Through Space*. Mr. Sherman, however, participated only indirectly and not in a psychic capacity in the case to which I now refer. The book in which it appears is essentially philosophic in nature, but chapter four presents a well documented veridical hallucination—one with rather weird implications. I can give only a brief sketch of it here.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman were living, in 1941, at an apartment house in Hollywood, California. A friend, a retired policeman and detective, lived with his family in Monterey Park some fifteen or twenty miles away. He was Harry J. Loose, once a well-known Chautauqua lecturer on crime, but known to Sherman as a man "who possessed and could demonstrate, at will, unusual mental faculties."

Returning to the apartment house at mid-afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, the Shermans were surprised to find a note, marked 2:30 P.M., reading, "Mr. Loose was here—will see you on Sunday." The Shermans visited with the Looses regularly on Sundays, and were all the more amazed that Mr. Loose, who was in poor physical condition, should have braved the holiday traffic to come across Los Angeles to see them—without notice.

At 3:30 P.M., Sherman phoned Loose to express regrets at having been out. The response was, "Harold, there's been some mistake. You have me confused with someone else. I didn't come to see you. I haven't been out of the house today." In further conversation, Loose said, "I haven't even had my shoes on all day. I'm dressed in my work pants and the old brown sweater and slippers you've seen me wearing here at

home. And my car hasn't been out of the garage." The man at the desk, he said, must have made a mistake.

Sherman, greatly puzzled, replied, "That's funny, I can't figure out how Mr. Cousins could have made such an error. In the first place, he's never met you because he doesn't work Sundays—the only day you ever come over here. I can't imagine how he'd get your name. . . ."

Sherman talked to Cousins, and found that the man he had seen was dressed in conformity with Loose's own description. Cousins said further, "I looked up and saw him standing at the desk, not having noticed him come in. He gave me this message for you, speaking slowly and with great difficulty, as though he had false teeth and was having trouble keeping them in place. He spoke clearly, however, and wanted to know, after I'd written down his message, if I had it correct." Cousins reported that afterwards a woman guest standing by said, "He was a strange one, wasn't he?" Cousins then looked to see if Loose was still there and might have heard her, but he was gone. It had been Cousins' thought that Loose might have "rested on the sofa before leaving as he seemed out of breath and not natural."

On the following Sunday, Loose told Sherman that he was greatly disturbed by what had occurred. He then said, "Harold, I think the time has come to tell you a few things about myself that I was afraid you would not understand and believe. For some years now I have had the ability to leave my body and consciously to appear in spirit form at distant places on visits to certain individuals. During the time I am absent from my physical body, it remains in a deep sleep state and is cared for by Mother Loose. . . . To try to arouse me during those periods would be a great nervous shock."

Loose went on to explain that these visits were prearranged, or planned, and that afterwards he remembered what had happened. What perturbed him was that now, apparently, he was leaving his body without knowing or remembering it. To obtain still better evidence on whether this had actually happened, it was planned that Mr. Loose should dress as he was on Thanksgiving Day, visit the apartment house, and confront Mr. Cousins to see if he would be recognized. Poor Mr. Cousins! He had a nervous moment or two, but Sherman, who was in the offing, quickly put in an appearance, explaining that this time Mr. Loose was in the *flesh*. "Mr. Cousins gave a sigh of genuine relief. 'Well,' he said, 'I'm glad to know

that. I didn't know *what* to think this time.' " Loose asked if he was dressed as Cousins had seen him before. Cousins said he thought that the shirt was lighter-colored than before. Loose said yes, the other one was in the wash.

Loose was thus reluctantly convinced, and said he would have to try to maintain better control in the future. He admitted that on Thanksgiving Day, some time before 2:30, he had sat in his big chair "thinking of you folks," had become drowsy, and "must have dropped off to sleep." Sherman obtained permission to publish the experience after Loose's death, which occurred November 21, 1943. Letters testifying to the pertinent events were obtained (still in 1941) from Mr. Cousins and from those who were present at Mr. Loose's house on Thanksgiving Day. They are reproduced in full in the book. The letter signed by those in the house testifies that to their knowledge Mr. Loose could not have left the place and been at the apartment house at 2:30 P.M. on that day.

An experience like that is something to think about, surely. Interpret such events as you will, there is a considerable literature on "leaving the body." And some do remember about it afterwards. Take, for example, Mrs. Wilmot of the previous chapter. Mr. Sylvan Muldoon, who can himself leave the body, has collected and published experiences of this kind from many different sources.

It is not unusual for two or more people to see the same phantom at the same time. Indeed, the Loose case is an example of this, for both Cousins and the woman guest saw the apparition. Another "collective" case was reported in 1928 in the *Journal* of the A.S.P.R. On the Sunday following his suicide, a spectral but natural-looking church warden was seen to stand beside the two wardens who had just finished taking up the collection. He was seen by the Rector and by two ladies of the congregation. The Rector staggered back and one of the ladies screamed. Of course, for such a collective experience to have high psychic probability per se, there should be no obvious predisposing cause of general nature, and no obvious way in which effective suggestion may have passed by normal means from one mind to the other. A case is told in *Phantasms of the Living* where practically a whole household saw an apparition of a deceased Captain Towns, as if reflected in the polished surface of a wooden cabinet. After two persons had discovered the image, the others came, or were called, singly, and were

asked to say what they saw. Thus normal suggestion seems to have been ruled out; but perhaps not, for the Captain, whose house it had been, had been dead only six weeks. However, some seven people were involved; that they should all have been so subject to hallucination by suggestion would seem to be a minor miracle in itself.

One more case must suffice for this chapter, and I have chosen a fairly frequent type: death-bed visions by the dying. For not only are man's last hours apparently productive of apparitions of himself that are seen by others, but also of visions that he himself sees. This is perhaps only natural. Still it is of considerable interest that these last visions, as earthly life is receding, are commonly of deceased friends and relatives whom the dying person believes have come to welcome him to the farther shore. And sometimes the vision has an element, apparently psychic, that gives some support to his viewpoint.

The following story was a favorite with Dr. James Hyslop, long the head of the American S.P.R. It was reported by Dr. Minot J. Savage, who investigated it, and who gave Dr. Hyslop the names and addresses of the persons concerned. It is reproduced in several of Hyslop's books, and in Sir William Barrett's *Death-Bed Visions*. In presenting it, Barrett said that he was acquainted with Savage, "a distinguished man," and, prior to his death in 1920, "a valued member of our S.P.R." Here is the story:

"In a neighboring city were two little girls, Jennie and Edith, one about eight years of age, and the other but a little older. They were schoolmates and intimate friends. In June, 1889, both were taken ill of diphtheria. At noon on Wednesday, June 5th, Jennie died. Then the parents of Edith, and her physician as well, all took pains to keep from her the fact that her little playmate was gone. They feared the effect of the knowledge on her own condition. To prove that they succeeded and that she did not know, it may be mentioned that on Saturday, June 8th, at noon, just before she became unconscious of all that was passing about her, she selected two of her photographs to be sent to Jennie, and also told her attendants to bid her good-bye.

"She died at half past six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, June 8th. She had aroused and bidden her friends good-bye, and was talking of dying, and seemed to have no fear. She appeared to see one and another of the friends she knew were dead. So far it was like the common cases. But

now, suddenly, and with every appearance of great surprise, she turned to her father, and exclaimed: 'Why, papa, I am going to take Jennie with me!' Then she added, 'Why, papa! Why, papa! You did not tell me that Jennie was here!' And immediately she reached out her arms as if in welcome, and said, 'O, Jennie; I am so glad you are here!'

This case is not unique in its psychic implication. In Barrett's little book are other cases in which the dying person expresses surprise at seeing, in the welcoming party, deceased friends whom he did not know were dead. "Oh, why there's Vida." "There is little Harry calling to me." "George Hanley!" "Well, well, you too—, and you—, you as well!" ". . . and Edward too." ". . . and Priscilla too." All had departed this life, but unknown to the dying persons.

The literature of unusual people with strange powers contains many almost incredible stories of mediums who through their "controls," or spirit-world associates, perform amazing feats in defiance of every known law of science.

Among the most remarkable of these mediums was Margery Crandon who with the help of her deceased brother Walter accomplished such astonishing effects as telekinesis, putting objects in motion without contact or physical means; the materialization of a fingerprint of a spirit being; the creation of an ectoplasmic hand, and many other startling attainments.

Margery Crandon's marvelous abilities are brought to life in the following article by S. Ralph Harlow, retired professor religion and biblical literature at Smith College and a student of many years of parapsychological phenomena.

The woman who could put objects into motion without ever touching them

THE MARGERY mediumship started with an atheist's conversion and a wife's irritation with her husband's new hobby.

Margery Crandon, an alert, vigorous, intelligent young woman set out to "fix her husband" one morning because her initial amusement with his interest in the paranormal had turned sour. She thought his viewpoint was simply ridiculous

and was determined to prove it. She failed, but she started a chain of events that eventually resulted in some of the most startling psychic experiences on record.

Margery Crandon was the wife of Dr. L. R. G. Crandon, a famous Boston surgeon who was for almost two decades a professor of surgery at Harvard University Medical School.

The Crandons lived in a three-story brick house at 10 Lime Street, at the foot of Beacon Hill, in one of the most exclusive and oldest sections of Boston. Their home revealed their cultural and intellectual interests. Their library was large and extensive, and Roy Crandon had indulged himself in his fascination with Abraham Lincoln. His private collection of Lincolniana was superb, one of the finest I have ever seen, with its marble and bronze busts, photographs, papers, and biographies. He was respected as a Lincoln scholar. He was a Harvard graduate of fourteen years earlier than I, and had received both his masters' degree and his medical degree from Harvard.

Although both his wife and his mother-in-law were deeply religious and had been active in the Congregational Church and in the City Missionary Society, Dr. Crandon was an atheist. Once, when we were talking about the days before Margery's discovery, he told me, "I couldn't believe. I had cut up so many dead bodies and had never found a place where a soul might have been."

I replied, "We don't *have* souls; we *are* souls, living for a time in a physical body." And he then agreed with me.

But while Dr. Crandon was still an atheist, the great English physicist Sir Oliver Lodge came to this country to lecture about life after death, and Dr. Crandon went to hear him. When he heard Lodge voice his conviction that man is immortal, Dr. Crandon was puzzled. Lodge was an eminent scientist; his discoveries in the field of electricity had advanced civilization by decades; he was certainly not naïve or unaware of the rules for scientific research. Yet, as Dr. Crandon recalled to me, here was Lodge, the scientist, taking a strong stand on a subject as nebulous and unbelievable as the spirit world.

"I couldn't understand it," Dr. Crandon told me. "It did not fit into any pattern I had previously known about scientists. So I asked to meet him after his lectures. We talked for some time that first night. And we met again. We became friends. Sir Oliver suggested some reading for me, and I began, feeling somewhat foolish, but certainly intrigued."

Crandon found that many of the books on Sir Oliver's reading list had been written by well-known scientists. And the more he read the more he came to doubt his previous stand on immortality. He shed his atheism, became convinced of the survival of the soul, and shifted his active mind from Lincoln to psychic research.

At first Margery was amused by what she considered her husband's hobby. She had no interest in the subject; she had never experienced a psychic phenomenon, and her background was such that it could not intrigue her. She was satisfied in her Congregationalism, and her well-to-do family had never been concerned about such matters as the paranormal. Most of them had been motivated in much the same fashion as was her brother Walter, then dead, who had been a civil engineer.

But as Roy Crandon's "hobby" became more absorbing, and as he began to spend more and more time talking about it to Margery and their friends, Margery became bored and then impatient and irritated. "I decided to show him how foolish it was," she told me, "and I made an appointment with the minister of the First Spiritualistic Church in Boston. He was a medium and I telephoned him to ask for a sitting. He said to come the next morning.

"I knew perfectly well nothing would happen, for it was all silly, and the next morning, before my appointment at the church, I went riding with a friend. We didn't even bother to change from our riding clothes, and went in just the way we were."

They entered the minister's study, where he went into trance, and there the course of Margery's life was changed.

Within minutes two strange voices began to speak through the unconscious medium. Each said his name was Walter. One purported to be her dead uncle; the other asserted he was her dead brother, Walter Stinson.

Margery Crandon was amused but intrigued. This was indeed a magnificent trick, but how had the medium known about her uncle and her brother? She said, "One of you says you are my brother Walter. If this is so give me some evidence that will identify you." She turned to her companion and waited; she shifted her riding boots on the floor.

Walter said, "I hope you won't have the trouble with *those* riding boots that you had in Canada when you and I went riding." Then he correctly named the ponies they had ridden that day.

Margery was astounded. As she told me later, "His reference to trouble with my boots was absolutely weird, for he could be referring to only one thing. And the minister could not have known about it, any more than he could have known the names of the horses,

"Walter and I had been riding; we lived on a ranch in Canada then, and my horse got mired in a swamp. I had to dismount, and then like a fool I got stuck, too. I was wearing very tight riding boots and I couldn't even wriggle my foot out. So Walter dismounted and cut the boot off my leg with his pocketknife."

During the remainder of the sitting Walter told his sister that he was one of "a group of spirits in the other world which was interested in giving proof of survival to the living. But we want to do this along scientific lines; we're not much interested in bringing messages from the departed—that's old home stuff. But we are willing and eager to demonstrate our abilities with physical objects; we can do things that the living cannot do and which you cannot explain, and we would like to prove this."

Walter instructed his sister to form a circle of friends who would have patience and who would be in sympathy with the purpose of the experiments. He asked that this circle of friends sit in a darkened room around a table, with their hands on the table top, "keeping a closed circle by having contact with each other through fingers lightly touching."

Margery Crandon was more than slightly confused when she returned home to tell her husband what she had heard. Such an experience was completely alien to her, and it was far from what she had expected. Her husband suggested that they follow Walter's advice, and she agreed. For several nights the Crandons and several close friends sat silently in the dark touching fingers lightly and waiting for response. But there was consistent failure.

Then one night about a week after they had begun they heard faint taps on the table. Each night the taps grew stronger, and they became dependable—they were heard at each sitting.

The results were limited to these taps, now vigorous, for about a month, and then one night Margery suddenly went into trance and a voice, quite different from her own, began to speak faintly through her. It said it was Walter, her dead brother.

From that night on the Margery mediumship—and Walter

—made such rapid progress that it was soon known around the world. Psychical research societies in many countries seized upon her remarkable abilities to pursue their studies, and 10 Lime Street was visited by hundreds of psychologists, scientists, and scholars. She was investigated by professional men from more than thirty countries, and gave sittings in England under the auspices of the British Society for Psychical Research.

I met Margery one summer in the early twenties when I was teaching in the graduate school of Boston University. While reading a Boston newspaper I noticed an article about a remarkable case of psychic mediumship which was taking place in the home of the eminent Boston surgeon Dr. L. R. G. Crandon. I telephoned Dr. Crandon and told him of my interest in psychic phenomena. I told him that I had studied under William James and that it had been James who had awakened my interest. I cannot say that Professor James's name acted as a password, but I do suspect it had some influence. At any rate Roy Crandon said, "I'll be delighted to meet another Harvard man. Let's set a date for you to come over."

Thus began twelve years of association with the famous and controversial mediumship of Margery—one of the most intriguing, fascinating, and mysterious events of my life.

To experience the events at 10 Lime Street was not only to get glimpses of wondrous, unexplainable things; it was to meet some of the outstandingly curious minds in the nation. At nearly every one of the many sittings I attended in the Crandon home I met outstanding scientists, psychologists, ministers, and professional men from all parts of the world. And frequently I took friends with me—men such as Julius Seelye Bixler, who taught with me in the department of religion at Smith and later became president of Colby College, and the late William Allen Neilson, president of Smith College. Both men showed an intelligent interest in the Margery phenomena, and Seelye Bixler had thoroughly studied William James and James's interest in mediums.

There was a routine to a sitting at Lime Street. After the evening's guests had assembled in the first-floor sitting room and introductions had been completed, we all climbed the stairs to the third-floor séance room. This was an austere, almost barnlike chamber about sixty feet long and fifty feet wide. In its center was a large, bare, rectangular oak table that could seat about twelve persons. At one end of the table

stood Margery's cabinet, an especially constructed, fraud-proof compartment that resembled a public telephone booth. Its upper half was glass-enclosed; it had a single door that locked; and at each side there were apertures through which Margery thrust her hands so that they could be securely tied from the outside.

The room had only one door, and after it was closed, and Margery was securely locked in the cabinet, visitors frequently piled books waist-high against it so that in the tense excitement of the dark séance no one could enter secretly.

Although most of the visitors to 10 Lime Street had immense faith in the integrity of both the Crandons, they were also intelligent people who were quite ingenious in guarding against any possible hoax or fraud. We had no reason to doubt the Crandons—they never received a single cent of payment for the thousands of sittings, and a mammoth, prolonged hoax by these two people was alien to their characters—but we were insistent upon eliminating every possible rational explanation for what we witnessed. For if we eliminated the possible and the phenomena still persisted, then perhaps, indeed, were we treading on the edge of new knowledge.

And the Crandons agreed that such precautions should be taken. They, too, were searching for answers and were eager to receive the evidence that Walter had promised and was producing. This is the reason why the cabinet had been built—designed by a frequent visitor who wanted to eliminate the possibility that Margery or her husband or a confederate were manipulating the phosphorescent rings or identifying the concealed objects we brought with us and revealed only in total darkness. This was the reason for the books piled against the door; this was the reason why, when Walter began to speak clearly and loudly from all parts of the room and whistle with such piercing clarity, Margery often filled her mouth with water or with marbles before she went into trance, and emptied her mouth when the sitting was completed.

Before each sitting a woman visitor, frequently a medical doctor, would strip Margery to the buff and examine her thoroughly to make sure that she was not concealing anything in any of the orifices of her body. Then Margery would be dressed only in slippers and a wraparound robe that had been searched. In the cabinet she sat on a plain wooden library chair with her ankles strapped to the chair legs, often

with adhesive tape, sometimes with wire and lead seals. Her neck was held by a band of leather fastened to the back of the chair so that she could move her head only a few inches. At some sittings visitors sat next to her, outside the cabinet, holding her hands even though they were taped or wired or tied, so that there could be not the slightest possibility that she could, Houdinilike, wriggle from her bonds. And frequently Dr. Crandon was subject to similar control, with visitors holding his legs and arms to prevent any possibility that he could be responsible for the phenomena in that room.

Yet when the lights were out and we sat around that table in pitch blackness or in the faint glow of a dim red light we witnessed some of the most strange phenomena ever seen by humans.

When I first began to visit Lime Street the mediumship was in its early stages; Walter's voice was faint and his performance limited. The voice still came through Margery's vocal chords; it was not Margery's voice, but her body was being used as a mechanical device. As time went on the voice grew stronger and later began to speak from any part of the room. No longer was it dependent on Margery's throat; it became what is known as an independent voice.

I was present many times when Walter's voice was as clear as that of any person in the circle. And it was absolutely fascinating and startling to hear him wander about the room. At times his voice would be close to my ear, whispering some very personal comment about me or my family; at other times it would come from a far corner of the room, or from outside the room, beyond the door piled waist-high with books, or from the center of the table. It was utterly unlike any voice I have heard through ventriloquism; it was clear and sharp and distinct.

Once one of us asked Walter to explain his voice. "How can I talk to you?" he laughed. "Simple. I take ectoplasm from Margery while she is in trance. I make a voice box out of it and use it to create sound vibrations. Your own voice box does the same thing; so does a radio speaker. But while you use your own bodies to create your voices, or metal and paper and electricity in a radio, I use Margery's ectoplasm and my own vibrations."

Ectoplasm, we all knew, is filmy, plastic material which emerges at times from the mouth, nose, ears, or other orifices of a medium in trance and is able to take form and to exert physical pressure. I have seen it many times, sometimes as a

solid substance and at other times as a vapor. Before the medium comes out of a trance the ectoplasm returns to the medium's body.

Walter frequently utilized the ectoplasm from Margery's body, and some of his demonstrations were astonishing. One night two professors from the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology arrived with their arms full of equipment. One carried a delicate chemist's scales in a glass-enclosed cabinet which was capable of being locked. The other carried two cameras, one with a conventional glass lens, the other with a quartz lens.

The chemist's scale was placed in the center of the table with its scalepans precisely balanced and its cabinet securely locked. Then we sat back, each professor ready with his camera and its flash equipment. Margery went into trance and Walter greeted us in his usual flippant, boisterous manner.

"Well," he said, "you want a new trick performed tonight."

One of the MIT scientists said, "What do you think you can do?"

And in the dim light of the small red bulb Walter said, "I'll make an ectoplasmic hand and I'll move your scalepans up and down while the cabinet is still locked. And you can take pictures with those two cameras you brought if you like."

Usually when Walter formed an ectoplasmic hand we would see a thin vapor emerge from Margery's nose and mouth. It would soon penetrate the glass wall of the cabinet and come to rest on the table top. Gradually it would become less ethereal, more solid, and then at its end would be formed a tiny, perfect human hand, even to fingernails. It was the size of baby's hand. But tonight we saw nothing.

We waited and finally I asked, "Walter, can you tip one scalepan down until it touches the bottom of the cabinet?"

"Certainly," Walter's voice replied.

Now in the dim red light we could see the left scalepan begin to dip and its companion rise from the point of equilibrium. We could see nothing else, no weights, no ectoplasm, no possible source of physical energy. Two flash cameras exploded in the darkness as the visiting professors took their pictures.

"Walter," I asked, "do you mind if we attempt something else?"

"Not at all, Parson," he replied.

Then one of the professors unlocked the cabinet and I

placed a penknife and a key ring on one scalepan. It plunged to the bottom of the cabinet and we relocked the case.

"Now, Walter," I asked, "can you bring the scales to a level position?"

And the scales tipped to a perfectly level balance. Another visitor asked the weighted scales to go to the top and the empty pan to go to the bottom. The scales responded as requested.

When the sitting ended the two MIT men returned to their laboratories and developed the two plates they had exposed in the dimly lighted room. The film exposed through the ordinary glass lens showed us only what our eyes had seen: a chemist's scale without weights yet with the scale beam tipped askew. The other picture, taken with the quartz lens, revealed a tiny hand resting on the lower scalepan. Although we know that a quartz lens transmits ultra-violet light while an ordinary glass lens is opaque to it, this is only a tantalizing fragment of information; it advances us little toward an explanation. We could not see the ectoplasmic hand ourselves; the ordinary camera lens could not see it, but the quartz lens could.

On another evening when Walter had produced an ectoplasmic hand while Margery was in a deep trance, I asked him if he could follow my instructions in manipulating the hand.

"I'll try," he replied.

The ectoplasm, so far as I could observe, came from Margery's nose, terminating in a perfectly formed tiny hand on the table in front of me. I placed a handkerchief on the table and asked Walter to raise it and wave it. The hand immediately took firm hold of the handkerchief and waved it in the air. After it had been returned to the table I asked that the hand pull it off the table. This was also done, and I retrieved it from the floor and again placed it on the table. third request was that the handkerchief be drawn across the full length of the long table. The hand took hold of the linen and swished it swiftly as I had requested.

Dr. Brewer Eddy then produced a twenty-five-cent piece and asked Walter to take it from his hand and place it in the hand of some other member of the circle. Immediately the tiny ectoplasmic fingers lifted the coin from Dr. Eddy's hand, and Walter's voice said, "Parson, hold out your palm." I did so and the quarter dropped into my fingers. "Now I'll take

it back," Walter said and I felt the hand touch mine. It was cold and lifeless, but it moved and it exerted pressure.

Now science has always claimed that telekinesis, the movement of objects without normal physical force, does not exist in the scientific realm. Similarly some psychologists assert that there can be no survival of personality when the physical brain ceases to function. Yet I have seen telekinesis, at 10 Lime Street and at other places, and these facts defy orthodox science and psychology. And often as I attempt to equate the laws of physical science with the questions of psychical research I remember the words of Bishop George Berkeley, the great eighteenth-century Irish philosopher: "The only reality of this apparent world is what our senses bring us."

Walter's personality was indeed intriguing. Margery once told me that in life her brother Walter was a comparatively irreligious materialist, with an engineer's very practical turn of mind and a wry, flip sense of humor. In death he had changed little. He almost invariably addressed me as "the Parson," and my friend Dr. Brewer Eddy—a man filled with almost boundless nervous energy—he twitted by calling him "the flea," because he was restless and fidgeted in his chair. Walter seemed to take great joy in telling jokes concerning the people in the circle, and his laughter at our discomfiture was infectious. He was a most human and most humorous spirit.

He took obvious pride in his whistling ability, and there was some justification for his immodesty. Never have I heard such a remarkable whistler; he warbled, he had range, he had volume, and he had an almost unlimited repertoire. Often he whistled while he performed his acts of levitation and telekinesis, and sometimes his whistling was most disturbing. Once, after promising to demonstrate just how independent he was of physical matter, he whistled himself through the closed door and out into the hallway. We heard his whistling through the door and then it returned to the séance room. Apparently he could pass through an oak door and whistle from the other side as easily as I can pass through a bank of fog. Yet Margery herself could hardly whistle a note—many girls have been raised to believe that whistling is unladylike—and during many of Walter's whistling concerts Margery's mouth contained water or marbles or both.

Walter seemed proud that he could produce phenomena that could not be explained by any known natural causes. He seemed delighted that his accomplishments confounded

some of the world's most alert scientists; his pride was that of a well-trained athlete successfully defending his title against a challenger in a well-fought contest; like that of a fine cabinetmaker who has added another superb piece of furniture to his inventory. Often he emphasized that his one main interest, similar to that of those "working with me on this side," was to give irrefutable evidence of survival in scientifically controlled experiments.

I have seen, not once but many times, a luminous ring of cardboard passed into Margery's cabinet by some member of the circle who unlocked the slot in the booth's door, and then watched the ring be seized immediately by a visible terminal of ectoplasm that waved it over Margery's head and swooped it in circles on the inside of the cabinet. And this happened while Margery was in trance, while her head was fastened to the chair with a leather collar, her ankle's strapped to the chair legs, and her hands securely fastened and held by sitters outside the cabinet.

Walter scorned what he apparently considered amateur, unsophisticated, and unscientific evidence of survival—the delivering of messages from departed friends. Although he never used the phrase, he left us with the impression that he disliked being a messenger boy. I remember once when I asked him, "Walter, can you contact other spirits who have passed over?"

His reply was succinct and sarcastic, obviously referring to the telephone. "Can you talk with persons who live across the continent or in Europe?" And then he changed the subject and ignored my inferred request.

However, occasionally he would yield, although it was obvious that he considered such things as wasteful and distasteful. Once he consented to attempt to contact a very dear friend of mine. "I'll give it a try," he said brusquely, and then added, "Just tell me his name and where he died."

"His name," I said, "is the Reverend H. Roswell Bates. I was his assistant for three—"

"Never mind the history," Walter interrupted with some impatience. "Just tell me where he died."

"In Peru," I replied.

There was a piercing, warbling whistle and then silence in the séance room there on the third floor of a fine old house at the foot of Beacon Hill. And while I waited for Walter I thought of Roswell Bates. We had been like brothers. For three years while I was at Union Theological Seminary

I had been his assistant at the Spring Street Presbyterian Church in New York City, where he had been minister. Before his marriage we had shared quarters in the Neighborhood House next to the church. If there was any man I had known well, and whom I missed very much, it was Roswell Bates.

In about ten minutes Walter spoke. "Your friend Bates is very good-looking." I could not deny this, for Roswell had been a handsome man.

"Bates can't talk to you himself," Walter said. "He doesn't have the power to communicate." And then in the short silence that followed I heard a faint whisper: "Hello, Ralph."

"Well," Walter said, "he *does* have some juice." There was silence for a while and then Walter said, "But I guess it's all gone. I'll relay for you, Parson. What do you want to know?"

I said, "If this is indeed my friend Roswell Bates, I want him to give me a message that will identify him to me."

The message electrified me. It was: "He says to tell Ralph that he has a dozen socks and ties and they all match." There could be no doubt about the identity of the person sending the message.

Often when we had lived together in Neighborhood House I teased Roswell about his socks and ties and his underdeveloped sense of color. He was just as likely to wear a blue tie with yellow socks as he was to mix purple and brown. Not that this was a tremendously important matter, but Roswell preached at many schools and colleges and at student conferences, and girls seem to notice such matters and be distracted by them. Often he asked me to help him select color combinations that would not clash, and my advice had been what was then common college practice: make ties and socks match, brown with brown, green with green, or shades thereof.

This little problem had become quite a joke with us, and once at a conference, I wrote a song about his dilemma. One verse was:

Here's to Herbert Roswell Bates,
His socks and ties are always mates;
His panamas and flannels white
Attract the students, day and night

There was really only one person in the world who could

have sent me this message now coming from Walter through Margery. If a stranger had stopped me on Broadway and handed me that communication I would have known instantly the identity of the sender—Roswell Bates. And at the Crandons' the possibility was so slim that Margery or Dr. Crandon or any other person there could ever have heard of Roswell Bates, let alone this tiny facet of his personality or the song I had written so many years before. It was information that only Roswell could have known.

That evening Walter relayed other information from Roswell: personal information about his family and about the work he was doing on the other side of death.

Some years later at another sitting Walter again reluctantly yielded to my request for "old home stuff" and brought me into contact with my sister Anna. That night we had been experimenting in total darkness with wooden letter blocks, Walter manipulating them to spell out words and messages. When he agreed to contact Anna we heard movement in the pile of blocks on the table and heard four of them drop at my feet.

Then Walter said, "Your sister Anna is here. Turn on the light." We did so and on the floor near my chair were four blocks, perfectly aligned, spelling "Anna." We thought Walter might end the contact with my sister there, but he continued, relaying Anna's words, and she talked with me for some minutes about her husband and four children.

I was fortunate to be present one night when Walter demonstrated one of his most unusual experiments. This was the production of his own thumbprint in dental wax, and over a period of years Walter produced more than a hundred prints. It started one night when one of the most persistent investigators of the Margery mediumship asked Walter if he could leave behind him some physical evidence of his identity. "Can you make fingerprints?" he asked.

"I don't know," Walter said, with some doubt in his voice. "But let's try."

Subsequently, using only dental wax, a cloth, and two pans of water—one boiling and one cold—fingerprints were produced with startling regularity, not only at 10 Lime Street but in private homes where the control of the experiments was even more stringent than at the Crandons', if such was possible. They were pressed into the hot-water-softened slabs of wax, and were both positive and negative; sometimes they were mirror prints.

The method was simple enough. The night I witnessed the phenomenon the Crandons were following the steps as outlined by Walter. Before the lights were turned out, a kettle of boiling water and an empty bucket were placed on the floor near the table. An empty pan, a pan filled with cold water, and a linen cloth were arranged on a table. Then, after Margery had gone into trance in complete darkness—even the red lights were extinguished during these experiments—a member of the séance group produced the slabs of dental wax that had been marked for identification and to prevent substitution. Boiling water was poured into the empty pan, and the linen cloth draped across the top so that it would fall to the bottom yet leave its ends out of the hot water.

Then one of the marked wax slabs was slid to the pans and Walter took over, whistling and talking while he worked. We could hear the splash as the wax dropped into the water and Walter continued to chatter while the heat softened it. After a few minutes we heard more splashing and Walter said, "Whew, the water's pretty hot tonight!" We knew he was removing the slab by lifting the dry ends of the cloth, because when the fingerprint experiments had first begun he had complained that the hot water was harming the ectoplasmic hand, and had suggested some other method of removing the wax slab from the pan.

I heard movement on the table, as he made his thumbprint in the soft wax, and then a splashing sound as he slid the slab into the cold water to set the imprint. He said, "All right, turn on the lights. I think we have a good print tonight." And we did—a perfect imprint of a human thumb.

Extended investigation by the research officer of the American Society for Psychical Research established evidence that this print and almost all of the others produced by the Margery mediumship were identical with the lifetime right thumbprint of Walter Stinson, Margery's brother. A few of the prints could not be identified, and some of them, Walter said, were the impressions of colleague spirits who aided him in the experiments at 10 Lime Street.

Perhaps even more remarkable than Walter's ability to produce fingerprints was his facility at what is called cross correspondence by researchers in psychic phenomena. In this spectacular phenomenon, an experience repeated in many parts of the world through many different psychic mediums, a so-called "spirit" communicates simultaneously with several

mediums separated by long distances, sometimes hundreds of miles. He chops his message into as many parts as there are receivers or mediums, and sends one part to each of them. When the portions are joined they make the complete message. In essence this is thought transference, but instead of being between humans is it between a spirit and several humans.

The particular case of cross correspondence that I witnessed involved three groups—those of us with Margery in Boston; a group 400 miles away in Niagara Falls, New York, with the medium Dr. Henry Hardwicke; and a group 175 miles away in New York City with George Valentine, a man of remarkable psychic power. With each group sat members of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Walter's task this night was to transmit a portion of his message to Margery and have her record it while in trance, and to send the other portions to Dr. Hardwicke in Niagara Falls and to George Valentine in New York City, both of whom would also be in trance.

We saw Margery go into trance about 9:30, and Walter chatted with us for a few minutes, greeting those who were in the circle and commenting, "Well, I'm going to have to move like lightning tonight. I've got to watch over you people here even while I go to Niagara Falls and New York. Now here's what I'm going to do. I'll give Margery an arithmetic problem and part of a sentence. The answer to the problem and the words necessary for the completion of the sentence will be deposited in New York and Niagara Falls. You have your arrangements made for getting the other parts back here to you?"

We nodded in the séance room, and almost immediately—at 9:50 P.M., according to the official transcript of the sitting—Margery picked up a pencil and wrote, "11 x 2." Beneath it she wrote, "kick a dead;" then stopped writing. That was all, and Walter was no longer with us at 10 Lime Street. All members of the group signed this sheet to validate the experiment, and Dr. Crandon telephoned the Valentine group in New York City.

There Dr. T. H. Pearson, then chairman of the research committee of the American Society for Psychical Research, reported that at exactly 9:50 Valentine had written, "equals 2," and "No one ever stops to." The message was signed, "Walter."

Not much later a telegram from the Hardwicke group in

Niagara Falls reported to us. At precisely 9:50 Dr. Hardwicke had gone into trance. With his right hand still in contact with the left hand of his neighbor, he picked up a pencil and wrote rapidly and accurately on two sheets of paper in the center of the table. One sheet read, "2." On the other was the word "horse."

We assembled the three parts. It was not difficult, for not a word was missing or confused. The arithmetical problem read, "11 x 2 equals 22." The sentence, which Margery later told us was one of Walter's favorite sayings when he was alive, was, "No one ever stops to kick a dead horse."

Walter—or the Margery mediumship, or both—was indeed remarkable. In twenty-seven consecutive sittings, some of which I witnessed, Walter made more than two hundred correct identifications of playing cards selected at random in the dark from a newly opened deck brought to the sittings with the manufacturer's seal still intact. Not once was he in error, and the mathematical possibilities of such a performance are astronomical. Through Walter, Margery developed the facility of automatic writing while in trance, and the scrap book which contained the results included messages in ancient Norwegian, which were identified later by a visiting Norwegian scholar, and portions of the Chinese classics written in Chinese ideographs and later verified and translated by two Chinese scholars at Harvard.

Especially because I am a minister my experiences at 10 Lime Street have given me much to ponder. Often I ask myself, "But what spiritual significance is there in all this?" Not long ago a friend wrote me that she was disappointed in her study of psychic phenomena because "the persons who claim to communicate do not seem to have reached a much higher spiritual level than when they were on earth." Apparently she expected a sudden and miraculous change, a transformation from prejudice and selfishness into generous and spiritual idealism.

I find nothing in the teachings of Jesus to substantiate her desire. The Scripture says, "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." Selfish people remain selfish; prejudiced minds remain closed to liberal thought; but unselfish spirits and those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness, shall be filled." It may take a long time and many experiences to transform an evil spirit into holiness. Those that love darkness will hardly rejoice suddenly in the light.

As a minister I am concerned not only with evidence of

survival but also with the *quality* of that survival in terms of the *values* retained or gained. What does seem significant to me in this study of the paranormal is that evidence of survival and of continued personality is being discovered: proofs that memory, affections, and relationships survive the death of the physical body. This is what religious faith has maintained through the centuries—that man is built on the scale of two worlds, one transient and fleeting, the other eternal and immortal.

Without survival of personality, Christian immortality, with its emphasis on the importance of the individual's awareness of values and relationships, is impossible. If after death we are simply absorbed into an unconscious existence—the Hindu's concept of immortality—or merely remembered in the minds of loved ones left behind, or "immortalized" in deeds done in the flesh, there is no immortality. Not the immortality of which Christ spoke and St. Paul bore witness to; not the faith which has been nurtured and sustained through the centuries.

What are the things that are implicit in the gospel we preach and which we dare to believe is true? They are the value of the individual in the sight of a living God, the evolution of the spirit in sonship with that God, the infinite possibilities for greater and more significant service in an afterlife, for so many of us are denied that opportunity in this fleeting earthly life. And we do dare to believe, acting on faith where we have no proof, and here is where the intellect acts heroically.

Such equating the psychical with the spiritual does not help us much with an analysis of Walter, nor answer our questions about the "higher spiritual level" of those who purport to live in another world. But perhaps I have given an incomplete picture of Walter simply because his ability as a performer was so spectacular. Although he was indifferent to religion in life, and even after death, and treated ministers at his sittings with irreverent humor, he did often make significant—although unorthodox—expressions of religious faith.

And once he sent a religious poem through Margery. He had written it, he said, because he had been informed of a conference of ministers and religious leaders to be held at the Isle of Shoals in New Hampshire. Margery sent me a copy of it, and it reads:

The noblest work on earth, within my ken
 Is ministering to the souls of men.
 And if our vision's true and God is near,
 His voice will speak to you and you will hear,
 "Go ye out to all the world and preach for me
 The Gospel of Immortality."
 For God's in every man and man's divine
 For He hath said, "Let thy light so shine,"
 That unto all others a beacon it shall be,
 Helping and guiding on toward Immortality.
 Thou canst not help or guide the least one on
 If thou are not sure thyself the way is true;
 That is the reason I have come to you
 To make it simpler, clearer, unto thee,
 To find the way to Immortality.
 If thou hast helped just one poor, lonely soul
 To heal a wound and make it whole,
 Then hast thou seen God, and God shall dwell
 with thee,
 Making thee sure of Immortality.

When this poem—truly ghostwritten, to use the vernacular of our times—was transmitted, Walter asked that it be read at the religious conference. And his request was granted by a Unitarian minister who had been present at 10 Lime Street when the poem was received.

What is behind the imagination-staggering mystery of the power of apport, the ability to transport objects over thousands of miles without ever leaving the room?

Conditions under which apport has been accomplished have been thoroughly regulated; sleight of hand seems to be ruled out as a possible explanation. Science offers no theorems to explain its occurrence.

In the following chapter Dr. Harlow recounts some of the most impressive demonstrations of apport he has witnessed over his many years as a student and observer of every variety of psychic phenomena.

The man who transported objects through space without ever leaving the room

HIS VOICE in the darkness of the séance room in Philadelphia was deep and gruff and heavily accented, and he said he was Thunder Cloud, the spirit of an American Indian who had died some years previously.

I was there to witness the psychic power of Leonard Stott, a mild-mannered Philadelphia steamfitter with no advanced education but a simple and devout religious faith. It was Edward C. (Ned) Wood, a Quaker who has been my friend for more than forty years, who had brought me to meet L. S., as Stott was known among researchers in the paranormal. Also with us that night was Gilbert E. Wright, then a research chemist for General Electric in Schenectady.

L. S. had already gone into deep trance and through him came the independent voice of Thunder Cloud. He spoke for a while, his heavy voice impressive but saying little of importance that night, and then he was gone. There was silence for a while and we could hear only L. S. breathing softly in the darkness. Then we heard a young girl's voice, and Ned Wood whispered to me, "It's Barbara. Barbara Hutchinson. She comes almost as often as the Indian."

It was not the conversation or the messages that were important that evening; it was the apport that Barbara performed. As calmly as if such an extraordinary event were commonplace, and indeed it seemed to be at the Stott's house, Barbara said, "I will bring you a fresh rose from a distant garden." Within a few minutes we heard something drop lightly on the table in front of us, and when we turned on the light there lay a beautiful, freshly cut red rose, its petals still damp with dew.

I visited Leonard Stott three times, and each time some object was apported, brought into the closed room, supposedly by spirits using paranormal techniques. Of course I had experienced apports previously, and had studied them ever since my mother had showed me the underlined forty-nine-word message apported by my sister Anna two weeks after her death. And therefore I was not too surprised by these almost routine demonstrations by the spirits who came to us through L. S.

But one apport, experienced there by Gilbert Wright, was indeed remarkable. It was brought by Thunder Cloud, and in the words of Gilbert Wright, who corresponded extensively with me about the experience, it was "placed in my hands without feeling or fumbling as though the donor could see in the dark." It appeared to be a "clod of hard earth, half clay and half sand, with a sprig of wild asparagus growing out of one corner and a sprig of clover out of the other. Both were fresh!"

The clod weighed slightly more than four pounds, and when Wright returned to his home after the sitting he examined it more closely. The soil (four ounces of it, according to Wright's meticulous records) was so thick that Wright did not suspect that it might be concealing other objects. Carefully he began to pare the soil away from the lump and found 1) a large stone ax weighing two pounds, 2) a stone maul weighing fourteen ounces, 3) a large arrowhead, and 4) a small arrowhead.

"I spent half an hour," he wrote me, "scraping off the dirt which adhered very tightly. I had literally to dig the dirt from the grooves in the stone implements before they became visible." He carefully preserved the soil for later analysis and submitted the stone artifacts to an Indian expert for identification. The expert reported: "The stone implements are of argillite, a mineral resembling basalt. They were used by the Coastal Algonkins about 1000 A.D. The maul is a particularly good specimen. Few museums could boast a better. . . . The soil came from Camden, N. J., or somewhere in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It is called a micaceous steatite. A bed of it stretches up the Susquehanna Valley to Lancaster, Pa."

Later an amateur anthropologist and collector offered to buy the ax and maul for fifty dollars. Arguing with himself, Wright wrote me, "Now assuming these implements to have been fraudulently introduced into the séance room, where did the Stotts get them? Had they been stolen from a museum, they would have been clean. They could not have been purchased from a pawn shop for the same reason. The only relevant theory that is left, if we take the oblique view, is that the Stotts have found a deposit somewhere, probably in their own back yard. But how did they recognize the find in the first place? In the condition in which they were received (by Wright) they were not recognizably artifacts. I

couldn't have recognized them and I am scientifically trained, and, I believe, more observant than the Stotts.

"Besides, I cannot see how they could have been brought secretly into the séance room. There was nothing of that sort in the room when we entered. The sprig of asparagus might have been pinned up behind the curtain and likewise the clump of clover, but the floor was of linoleum and there was no sand on it. If fraudulently introduced, they must have been concealed in a bag and that would have been too bulky a parcel to conceal about one's person. Lastly they are worth about fifty dollars for they are all excellent specimens. So, on the oblique theory, the Stotts accept a dollar fee (for the séance) and hand out goods to the value of fifty dollars. That doesn't make sense!"

And later Wright wrote me about other apports he had received. "Under strict test conditions I have received an ancient coin, an issue of India and approximately two thousand years old. I have received two absolutely fresh poppies when none were available at that time of year in that particular zone. I have received an English farthing, an Egyptian curio—presumably from Cairo—ten artificial gems, a small seashell, a child's sleigh bell; and I have had the phenomenon of apportion take place in my own apartment in broad daylight, a package of cigarettes vanishing from a closed desk and dropping in the middle of the floor in front of us, a small bell being torn from a curtain where it was sewn and placed on the middle of a studio couch, and many other phenomena."

A friend recently remarked to me that this would indeed be a fascinating and inexpensive way of collecting a small, private museum. And this would be true if the *method* of acquisition was obviously not more important than the acquisition itself. For we cannot explain the apport, although we know it exists. Some apports, of course, are the result of shameless and deliberate trickery, and these we can dismiss. But what of those that so far defy explanation? Can we believe that they are what they purport to be? Are they really the use of physical principles that even our best scientists have not yet discovered? And more important, are they actually performed by spirits or "angels" or personalities who have survived the experience of death? For if they are, then we do have proof of immortality.

It was an apport that was the clinching bit of evidence for my good friend Dr. Sherwood Eddy. Despite years of re-

search and experience, including experience with apports for other persons, he waited several years for his own apport before writing his excellent and convincing book, *You will Survive after Death*.

Sherwood Eddy and I have known each other for more than fifty years. Together we have journeyed on land and sea throughout the world, and always we have shared our deepest thoughts and problems. I have much to thank him for, but I am most grateful to him for introducing me to Dr. E. A. Macbeth, a New York medium, and to Father Tobe, Dr. Macbeth's spirit control.

Dr. Macbeth, a former practicing physician who had turned to business interests, had exceptional psychic gifts. His abilities included independent writing, in which no human hand touches the pencil or paper; the use of direct voice, in which spirits speak with their own voices and not through the lips of a medium; and for forty years he had been in regular contact with Father Tobe, a former Roman Catholic priest. Tobe, as he simply signed his written messages to us, had been born in Ireland and came to America in his early days in the priesthood. He gave the date of his death as April 2, 1852, and he is buried in Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

I joined Sherwood Eddy in several sittings at Dr. Macbeth's New York City apartment and found Father Tobe a most interesting, intelligent personality. He was warm, friendly, humorous, and understanding. Our chats with him—while Dr. Macbeth sat quietly in his armchair, listening to the conversation—were sometimes on theology, sometimes involved with the introduction of others who had passed over, and were always rewarding. But my most interesting experience in the Macbeth household was Father Tobe's demonstration of independent writing.

The room was fully lighted and I was able to observe all that took place. A small pad of paper was placed on the table in front of us and we all placed our hands on it for a few moments. Then each of us examined the pad carefully, turning the leaves to be sure that nothing was already written on it.

The pad was then placed in the center of the table with a small pencil beside it, and a green cloth was dropped over it. With three others I held this cloth lightly above the pad so that its edges draped down onto the table top and made a sort of lightproof tent for the writing materials. All the hands of those present were always in sight.

Soon I heard distinct taps on the pad, and Father Tobe's rich deep voice announced that he would then write on the pad. I distinctly felt vibrations under the cloth and could hear the pencil scratching on the pad. The writing continued for several minutes, and when it stopped Father Tobe gave three distinct taps with the pencil on the pad.

When we lifted the cloth and took up the pad we found several pages covered with fine writing in pencil. Father Tobe's message was concerned with the troubled conditions in the world, and he urged us all to devote our lives to working for peace. He also gave some personal and intimate messages to Sherwood Eddy and his wife from their daughter in the other world.

It was some time after this that Sherwood told me of the personal apport that Father Tobe had performed for him. Sherwood had witnessed several of Father Tobe's apports over the years and had been impressed by and intrigued with them. In one case Tobe had transported, in a matter of seconds, a tiny porcelain figurine across Manhattan, and later he had brought a heavy wrought-iron ash tray from Chicago to New York City while the Macbeth group was singing the first stanza of "Nearer My God to Thee."

But Sherwood felt he must have a personal experience, involving some of his personal property, before he had enough convincing evidence to write the book he had planned and had talked over with Father Tobe.

And one night when the Eddys were at Dr. Macbeth's home in Rhinebeck-on-Hudson, a hundred miles from the Eddys' Jackson Heights, Long Island, apartment, Father Tobe agreed. He described the Eddy apartment in minute detail, even including some photographs on the mantel. Then he asked Sherwood if he had a pair of enameled ash trays in the apartment. When Sherwood admitted that he had, Father Tobe said that he would bring one to the Macbeth home.

After approximately fifteen minutes, one of the trays dropped out of the air and struck Sherwood's hand. He told me that he then marked it with a cross, for identification, and that night when he returned to his apartment he found one ash tray missing, although its mate was in the usual place. The ash tray he had received from Father Tobe was the one missing from his apartment.

In the mass of psychic phenomena, apports are comparatively rare, and the few authentic cases that exist have yet to yield information of a higher meaning. Perhaps there is

some merit to the viewpoint of Gilbert Wright when he writes me:

"I am coming to the conclusion that the task of psychic research is futile. The higher can never be expressed in terms of the lower. We cannot understand clairvoyance until we become clairvoyant ourselves; then no explanation is necessary. Science, reasoning, intelligence are but tools that we use to compensate for our lack of 'sight' or 'insight.' Science has to arrive at her conclusions the hard way. In the words of Claude Bragdon: 'The consummation devoutly to be desired is not the pushing to the limits of the possible in the physical world, but the expansion of consciousness itself.' "

Automatic writing, written composition originated by a spirit-being and transcribed through the medium of a living, often unlettered person, has never been satisfactorily explained and yet it does exist.

In the following chapter, again by Dr. S. Ralph Harlow, the strange power of Mrs. John Curran who under the name of "Patience Worth," her spirit guide, wrote first-rate, unimpeachably authentic Elizabethan verse and novels, is brought to light in all its puzzling aspects.

The housewife who wrote poetry and novels dictated by a woman who lived three hundred years ago

ONE EVENING my first cousin Dr. Roland G. Usher, reading the evening paper in St. Louis, Missouri, reached the end of his academic restraint. He went to the telephone and called a friend, one of the editors of the newspaper.

"Who," he asked his friend, "who in the world is Patience Worth?"

"She writes poems for us," the editor laughed. "We publish them."

"I know," Roland said. "I read them. I read them every month or so, every time you publish them. Did you know they're Elizabethan English? Perfect Elizabethan English?"

"Well, I didn't know they were perfect but I thought they

were pretty good. You're the Elizabethan expert. What's the trouble?"

"There's no trouble," Roland said. "I'm just bursting with curiosity. Almost every one of these poems has a word or a phrase that is unfamiliar to me, and then I think, 'Ah, I've caught her.' And I go to my Elizabethan dictionary and there it is—the word does exist and it's used correctly, too. Now who is Patience Worth?"

"She's a housewife here in St. Louis. An ordinary woman with an eighth-grade education. Her name's Curran. Pearl Lenore Curran. About thirty-five. She's the wife of John Curran, the state immigration commissioner. What else do you want to know?"

Roland laughed. "Where did she learn Elizabethan English? And where did she learn to write poetry?"

"She didn't," the editor said. "The stuff comes over Mrs. Curran's Ouija board. Patience Worth is a ghost."

"Oh, come on," Roland said. "I really want to know."

"And I'm really telling you," the editor said. "I've checked it out myself. If you want to meet Mrs. Curran I think I can arrange it."

And so Roland met Mrs. Curran, witnessed the Ouija-board writing of Patience Worth; and through Roland, some time later, so did I.

Pearl Curran's meeting with Patience Worth was as unlikely as finding a beatnik minister in a Baptist church. It began on a July evening of 1913 during the nation-wide Ouija-board fad that occupied the American recreational mind in much the same fashion as have mah-jongg and canasta. Mrs. Curran and a friend, Mrs. Emily Hutchings, sat toying with a new Ouija board while they waited for their husbands to return from a meeting. They had played with the board before with no results, but this night the pointer seemed to be activated suddenly, moving rapidly from one letter to another, spelling out the sentence: "Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth my name."

"It was very strange," Mrs. Curran told me later when I first called on her. "We were not frightened, for we knew that a Ouija board was supposed to bring messages. But I thought Emily was pushing the pointer, and she thought I was doing it. And to carry on the joke I asked aloud, 'When did you live?' The pointer moved to four numbers: 1649, and then spelled out the sentences, 'I come from England

across the sea. Let me hold your ear for a lesson I would teach.' "

Patience never did clarify, in the fifteen years of her communication with Mrs. Curran, whether 1649 was the date of her birth or of her arrival in America. But a summary of her messages indicates that she was a small, redheaded English girl from Dorsetshire who emigrated to the Massachusetts Colony, lived on Cape Cod, and was killed during an Indian massacre during King Philip's War in either 1675 or 1676. Apparently she died a spinster, rather unusual during the women-sparse days of the early colonies.

As a spirit she was as unlike Margery's Walter as is an owl to a meadowlark, although both had quick tongues and sharp wits, with Patience being perhaps more acid. While Walter concentrated on physical phenomena—levitation, fingerprints, scale-balancing—which he insisted be done in darkness while Margery was in trance, Patience wanted merely to write poetry and novels. And she wrote hundreds of poems and three long novels on the Currans' Ouija board, doing so in broad daylight or bright lights while Mrs. Curran was completely conscious, and without what some critics call "the hocus-pocus of the séance room."

Mrs. Curran once told me, "The only sensation I have when Patience is sending messages through the Ouija board is a slight sense of someone touching me lightly on the top of the head, and sometimes I seem to see the scenes that Patience is describing."

In her writings Patience described seashore cliffs, a monastery, and a village connected with her childhood. She frequently referred to the sea, although Mrs. Curran had never been near the ocean, having lived her life in the Midwest. Patience spoke of birds, flowers, and trees that are native only to England, had an intimate knowledge of archaic forms of the English language, and often wrote of customs long since abandoned in England but common during the golden age of the Elizabethan period when Shakespeare and Spenser were writing their great works.

A skeptical newspaperman, Casper S. Yost, attempted to expose Mrs. Curran as a fraud, but became convinced of the reality of Patience after he had traveled to England and successfully identified many of the places she had described. In many respects the case of Patience Worth was a preview of the case of Bridey Murphy except that there was no hint of reincarnation with Patience.

As the relationship between Mrs. Curran and Patience developed, the messages came more rapidly from the Ouija board, and later Mrs. Curran discarded it because she found she could do automatic writing—writing directly on a sheet of paper as if she were a secretary recording dictation from a silent, unseen employer. Actually Mrs. Curran never acquired any equanimity about her ability; it confused her because she could not explain it, and she was afraid of being considered queer by her friends and neighbors. Her greatest interest was singing, and she had a horror of being considered a medium—which of course she was, whether she liked it or not.

My first visit to Mrs. Curran took place in 1917, shortly after I had returned from teaching in Turkey and was on a speaking trip to American colleges. I stopped off to see cousin Roland in St. Louis, where he was head of the history department of Washington University, and we went with another professor to call on Mrs. Curran, whom Roland by then had visited many times.

"I can't explain it, Ralph," he said on the way to the Curran home. "Unless, of course, it is just what it purports to be. Mrs. Curran is nice enough, and really a very solid woman, but she's not a great booklover and never has been; she's not interested in things intellectual. It's simply not credible that she could have acquired such detailed knowledge of either English history or the language of that period. In addition she's simply not capable of writing such good poetry or such good novels."

I nodded, agreeing with Roland, for I knew the background for his judgment. He had three degrees in English history and had specialized in the Elizabethan period, studying at Harvard, in Paris, and at Oxford and Cambridge. He certainly could be considered an expert witness.

When we arrived at the Curran home I saw nothing exceptional about the household or about Mrs. Curran. She was a tall thin woman, rather pleasant and gentle and not very talkative. I sensed that she was somewhat shy. Her house was typically middle class, with an upright piano and stacks of sheet music in the living room. There were a few magazines and a very small shelf of light, popular novels, but these seemed to be the limit of the Currans' interest in literature of any kind.

We chatted for a few minutes about the first visit of Patience Worth to the Curran home, and then Mrs. Curran

asked me if I would like to sit with her at the Ouija board. She sat with her fingers lightly touching the pointer and closed her eyes. I placed my fingers near hers and we waited. Roland Usher sat on my left; the other professor sat on my right, pad and pencil ready.

Soon, in the silence of the well-lighted room, the planchette began to move slowly. As it stopped at a letter Roland read it aloud and the professor recorded it. Then the pointer picked up speed, at times going so rapidly that our recorder could not keep up and would ask to have letters repeated. The first messages were simple greetings to Mrs. Curran and to us.

Then, aloud, I asked, "Patience, can you give me some message about Turkey? I have just returned from there."

Now the planchette began to move with such rapidity that I could not follow the sense of the message. Roland intoned the letters each time the pointer paused for a short moment, and his colleague began to fill page after page with letters, unspaced and unpunctuated. Mrs. Curran sat with her eyes closed but certainly not in trance, for during the rare and slight pauses she opened them and spoke to us in a normal voice.

Finally after twenty or thirty minutes the planchette ceased moving and we turned to the message. When we had broken the letters into words and the words into sentences we had a beautiful poem, in free verse, titled "The Land of the Pashas."

It told of camel bells, of the perfume of the bazaars, of the minarets of the mosques, and of other authentic characteristics of Turkey. Then, remembering my tour of the colleges, I asked Patience if she would give me something inspirational that might be useful in my talks. Immediately the planchette went into action, and an even more beautiful poem, "Inspiration," came over the board.

To my great regret I sent these poems to a friend who was making a study of psychic phenomena, and foolishly—perhaps because I did not then recognize the significance of the experience—I did not make copies. These have been lost, but hundreds of her verses have been preserved and published. For example, the following, in which is found her faith:

If Thou shouldst demand, O Great God,
Why I love thee, how might I answer?

I might say, "This morning I saw wheat tickling the
sunshine;
Yea, I saw a lark marking the heavens,
Grotesquely playing a jest with his song."
I might say that I saw a star shoot,
Leaving a little radiance streaking,
As though in an endeavor to write me a little whimsey
message.
I might say, yea, I might say that I love Thee—
What for, O Gracious God, what for?
For Thy strength?
Kennin' well that Thou mightest take twixt Thy finger
And thumb the universe and send it streaking
As ashy dust across the ether,
Knocking the mountains one upon the other,
Making echoes like thunder.
For this? Nay, methinks I'd rather
Say I love Thee for the little swishing tassels
Whipping at the waters fitfully.
I like to think of this—
That Thou are then a youth, playing so.

Her verses on death and immortality can comfort all who are bereaved and those of us who are filled with doubts about the ultimate meaning of life and death. Her interpretation of the heart of Jesus' teaching is summed up in this short verse, which she wrote for a minister:

To deal justice; to make thy heart quick with mercy
And with understanding;
To make thy hand slow in dealing aught save mercy;
To make thee companionable fully with the day
In a sure understanding;
To measure thyself first, and find how light the
measure is,
And lay that 'pon the beam of thy brother,
Ere thou measure him.

As a minister I find Patience revealing a spiritual quality far beyond that of the average church member. In hundreds of her verses, in the numerous proverbs she quoted to Mrs. Curran, in her many comments on life and its meaning, we discover in Patience Worth a wisdom and a spiritual insight such as we associate with prophetic spirits of all ages and of

all people. And she has beautiful clarity in expressing herself. For example:

There is nothing in all the preachments
Of man, which either stimulates
Or confounds me. I have known
Since my soul first beheld that great,
Stately beyond of which I was a part—
I have known, I say, that God is.

But while I feel myself qualified to comment about Patience's spiritual attitudes, I know that I do not qualify as a literary critic. Fortunately, in regard to her literary output, I need not depend solely on my own judgment. The critics of the time seemed almost to fall over themselves in their praise of her work.

Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918, a collection of the year's best, included poems by Sara Teasdale, three by Amy Lowell, three by Vachel Lindsay, one by Edgar Lee Masters—and five by Patience Worth. The Anthologists, of course, did not know that these verses were literally ghostwritten.

That year Patience Worth was named as one of "the outstanding authors of the year" and invited to a reception at the National Arts Club at which Amy Lowell and Rupert Hughes were two of the speakers. She declined the invitation with regrets. Later the Joint Committee of Literary Arts of New York recognized her as an outstanding novelist.

Her longest poem is "Tekla," a sixty-thousand-word dramatic story of peasant life in medieval England. Of it Dr. Franklin Prince, the executive research officer of the Boston Society of Psychical Research and a man who devoted years to a study of Patience and Mrs. Curran, wrote: "And let us not forget . . . that it was dictated in a total of about thirty-five hours only, intermingled with talk and a variety of miscellaneous literary material in the presence of witness, and through the mouth of a woman who up to that time had read little poetry, who had never practiced or studied the art of dramatic or poetical construction, and who through her days, during the period of dictation, was engaged in her household duties, singing at the piano, making and receiving calls, going to picture shows, and doing all the things which make up life of an ordinary American woman of moderate circumstances."

Her first novel, *The Sorry Tale*, concerned the life of Christ in the Palestine of two thousand years ago. When it was published the book reviewer for the *New York Times* was enthusiastic, praising a "young and brilliant author who has produced a novel of unusual quality." Not knowing that the author was connected to the unseen end of a Ouija board, he praised her for her exhaustive study of the history of that period and assumed that she had traveled extensively in the Holy Land. Speaking of the novel's authenticity and credibility and of the Romans, Greeks, and Jews that people it, he wrote, ". . . as Kipling makes one smell and see India, just so in *The Sorry Tale* one is transplanted back to the Palestine of Jesus' day."

Another critic wrote, "It is the most remarkable piece of literature I have ever read. I have no hesitation in saying that this production is a world literary marvel."

By the time her second novel, *Hope Trueblood*, was published the world knew the real identity of Patience Worth, but such knowledge did not seem to disturb the critics; they judged the novel on its literary merits alone. The reviewer for the *New York Herald* wrote: "Whether in the body or in the spirit, the author of *Hope Trueblood* is singularly gifted with imagination, invention and the power of expression. The psychological analysis and dramatic power displayed in the narrative are extraordinary and stamp it as a work approximating absolute genius."

When it was published in England an English reviewer, obviously unaware that Patience *already* was immortal, wrote of the author: "A new writer who will take her seat among the immortals. This is a book over which generations of men and women will laugh and weep in days to come . . . a landmark of fiction."

The passage of years has not been kind to the gush raves of the critics, for the novels of Patience Worth have not stood up to the test of time; her "absolute genius" is forgotten, and no "generations of men and women" are laughing and weeping over her characters. While the novels of her contemporaries, Willa Cather and Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Sherwood Anderson, remain a part of American literature, Patience Worth's literary accomplishments were as impermanent as her spirit.

Perhaps *The Sorry Tale* is not "a world literary marvel," except in terms of its source, but Patience once told Mrs. Curran that one of her great "earth urges" had been to write

a story about Christ, and certainly in *The Sorry Tale* she achieved her purpose.

And in *Hope Trueblood* she reveals a remarkable Christlike insight into human needs and frailties; she strips bare all the petty prejudices in the minds of little men and illuminates their potential spiritual greatness.

In 1928 Patience told Mrs. Curran that her earthly work had been accomplished and that she was leaving. She asked Mrs. Curran to grant her a final request.

In a certain hospital in St. Louis, Patience said, a baby girl had just been born to a mother who already had more children than she could afford to feed, clothe, or educate properly. She named the specific ward and identified the bed by number.

"Please," Patience asked, "please visit the mother and offer to adopt the child. She will agree. Name the child Patience Worth."

Mrs. Curran adopted the tiny baby, named her Patience Worth Curran, and raised her into adulthood. That was the last ever heard of Patience Worth.

No one who has ever sat at a Ouija board with Mrs. Curran or has studied the mysterious case of Patience Worth can possibly avoid the question: "Who was Patience?" After his long study of the phenomena Dr. Franklin Prince writes, "Either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered, so as to include potentialities of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause operating through, but not originating in, the subconsciousness of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

Whatever conclusions we may reach, no one can read the poetry, the novels, the aphorisms of Patience Worth without being deeply affected. Her comments on religion and immortality and the inspiration and faith that flow from her can make us better, braver persons—if we can meet her challenge to live by a larger faith.

In a nuclear age when repressed fear is constantly with us and when confusion limits our horizons, the messages of Patience Worth can awaken in our minds and in our souls deeper conviction that the purposes of a good and loving God are ultimately beyond defeat.

As her words echo in our souls we can gain a triumphant faith in immortality and a testament that man is created on the scale of two worlds, not one. Patience is, for me, a bridge that helps us travel from this world to the next.

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